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THE STORY OF BULLY

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The World's my book, with two leaves spread,
One under foot — one overhead;
The text runs true to each man's need;
Let him who will go forth and read.

THAN this black Bully, I never knew an ox that was an abler near wheeler — never a one that could sit back with such bull-dogged determination and put the brakes on a string of wild, wrong-headed Texas steers. One would not think there could be so much will-power in a mortal body.

He was none of your gaunt, ungainly, ridge-back cattle; he lived comfortably in a roomy physique and had legs like posts at the four corners of himself. His neck was finely wrinkled and fissured with extra pelt, as if Nature had calculated on letting out the tucks, not knowing how big he might grow. He had a wealth of swinging dewlap that swept the flowers as he passed; it looked as if he were growing sole leather as a by-product, an extraneous animal fruit of himself. In fact, for a steer, he was generously endowed with everything bovine; he looked the bull *en bon point*. Nature had put on his horns the rings of four summers.

With all his bench-legged solidity, he was not clumsy; he was perfectly muscled, from the end of his calfsh nose to the tassel of his lion-like tapering tail. His seat of power seemed to be in his built-up neck; and it was because of this gristly mass of neck that he was called Bully; for even though he was a steer he had the mien and make of a sire of the herd. From that neck his ship-shape lines spread out expansively to his four-

stomach middle, slid off over neat loins, and dwindled away in his tail. Withal he was wise and Juno-eyed — and guileless as a calf.

His hair lay sleek and short, — he was largely Spanish, — and that was a great satisfaction to me. I have seen the dust fly out of his yoke-mate, Brig, in a way that made me think I was beating a carpet, and so it was a comfort to observe that I had one ox that cleaned himself automatically and kept an ebon smoothness. For bovine nobility, general bull-comeliness, he would have stood out among a herd — but that might be said of any steer that is selected for a near wheeler.

On evenings when we had been breaking prairie far from home, and I was tired sitting on the iron seat, I would mount him and go home ox-back. Or I would go out in the morning and mount him *en pasture*, bring him home to the plough, and thence proceed leisurely across the open to the farm we were making. It is different from riding a broncho — less up and down and more round and round. It is, in truth, the nearest approach to motion in all directions at once. At every step of the rolling, weltering gait, your leg is softly compressed between his swinging paunch and that of his partner; thus you go along for miles, knee deep in ox. This feeling of the muscular labor of a ponderous bull makes it less like riding than transportation; like sitting atop a load of life.

He had a barrel-like body and a platform of a back; and I have thought, at such times, that he would have been fit

for the cavalry — or rather the bullery — of an African king. Certain of the Ethiopian potentates use the bull in battle; and I am sure that if he had ever tried this particular bayoneted steed, old Mushwush would not have parted with him for anything. For cavalry purposes he would have had to use Bully (after the African practice) with a cincture, using a girth to ride bareback. A horse has his pelt fairly well fastened to him, so that if you stick to his hide you stay on the horse; but a bull is loosely clothed in his. Therefore the results are entirely different. Hence the African practice; and it is my opinion that to have used Bully with perfect success in the cavalry it would have been necessary to use two cinctures — a girth fore and aft — to belt his hide on.

However, for straight traveling, without much evolution, a person who was a little used to ox-equitation found him a very good rocking-chair. A woman, I think, could have made out on him by sitting far forward and taking hold of a horn; but a man was more fit for him, being a sort of clothes-pin to his loose mantle.

The walnut beam of his yoke came down to Texas with some settler from the North, and was carved with Yankee care; and when I scraped down its ancient surface to the wine-colored wood, my near wheeler and his mate looked handsome in it. It was a well-modeled yoke, too; the rest of them labored against mere hacked-out timbers. Jeff Benson (the Texan to whom he previously belonged) had ornamented the yoke, in front of the eye-bolt, with a Lone Star of brass-headed tacks; and the ends of it were further decorated with tin tobacco tags by the same artist. It was a distinctive yoke, a fit recognition of his superiority; and it sat upon his neck as so much jewelry from which depended the trifle of a log chain.

This mention of Jeff reminds me of a tug of war that Bully was engaged in by the man who trained him — for it was

Jeff that caught him wild and made an ox of him. Jeff was rather argumentative in a dry way and patriotic to his own "string" — he was a tall, wiry, typical Texan, which is possibly sufficient description. He had, I might add, a slight brisket under his chin (like an ox), he chewed the cud, and spat, and Nature in her wisdom had gifted him with big hearty eloquence in certain words that oxen consider their favorite epithets. He was one of the race that seems to have been specially provided to "bust" the soil and blaze the way for culture.

Jeff, being bound with his string for a certain location on the prairie designated by four surveyors' stakes, — the boundaries of the farm he was to make, — came past the Colonel's place where Bill Pierce was putting on an addition of a few acres.

"Bet you he can."

"Bet you he can't."

"Bet you a dollar *and* a quarter he can."

The point was, whether Jeff's wheeler or Bill's wheeler could hold back the hardest. A bull, for various reasons, can and will pull still more in a contrary direction than he can or will pull forward. It is due to peculiarities of his structure, and to mechanical reasons incident to his sitting back on all fours; and furthermore, and not a bit less, to his natural disposition. The full extent of his strength and will-power can only be seen when he chooses to make himself a Sitting Bull. And so it came to the test. First it was to be seen whether Jeff, with his whip and other persuasion, could make Pierce's oxen drag Pierce's wheelers. Then Jeff's wheelers were to be put in their place and show whether they could hold back the same string, against Pierce's efforts.

Pierce had a fairly well-broken off wheeler, but his main dependence, as is usual, was the near wheeler, one Scot by name. Although I had a partiality for Bully, I must say that Scot was a very good ox — as worthy a foe as Bully could have met. Of the wheelers in that

particular neighborhood, Scot had the reputation of being the determinedest. His indurated bull neck was worn bare up to the roots of his horns with his dutiful woeing. He was a tawny, tousled, roughish sort of a Carlyle of an ox; his hair seemed to be as perverse as himself. He had a horn that was not quite straight on his head — but it was becoming and looked well on him as being the natural offshoot of a perverse brain. But it is no wonder he was stubborn. Having had to do much breaking in tough wire-grass, where a long and powerful string of raw, newly recruited cattle was needed, he had been used to hard fighting to bring them to a standstill at the end of every furrow. In this educated function of holding back with such odds against him he had learned that he had to pitch in mightily or be dragged; and this experience had made him a live dog. To see this Texas steer throw himself back with his mind made up, and stick to the task even when he was being pulled along stiff-legged, would be a revelation to any one whose notions of cattle are based on the cow in ordinary. He was none of your meek and gentle kine. Scot was older at the business than Bully, but Jeff did not care for that; he unhooked his cattle, took out his wheelers, and renewed the challenge.

I have long thought that I ought to put this tug of war fully on record, as something having a basic bearing upon the winning of our new country — something very universal and fundamental and already passed unrecorded into the *artes perdite* — especially as it would have to be done by one who has firsthand experience. But it is a delicate task to undertake, and I do not know even how to make excuse; but possibly the world will understand after I have told more about the ways of Bully. I have heard some very good deep-sea swearing; but, as history would show, the art of ox-driving has required the world's most eminent profanists. It cannot *all* be told. But it all had to be done, even in Puritan

New England; and I doubt if there is a Yankee left who could put a fid in a chain.

Suffice it to say that Bill took the bet; Jeff examined his cracker and stood off at good lash-length from the string; Bill stood at the left rear corner of the outfit to attend to his wheeler's state of mind, and then the contest began. Jeff's whip uncoiled its serpentine length and hit vacant space so hard that it fractured the atmosphere; the string started to move. Bill said "Wo!" and Scot squatted. The yoke slid up behind his ears; he threw up his head and caught the beam at the base of his horns and he laid back "for keeps," his stout legs braced and set. Jeff plied his art on the cattle ahead; Bill commanded his ox to "wo," and the chain stood stiff as a crowbar.

At each outburst from Jeff the chain wavered forward, and still harder Scot held back, twelve hundred pounds of solid resolution. He balked like a bulldog on the chain. Sometimes it would seem that Jeff had him coming — but Scot would *not*. Always, with some new summoning of will-power, some inward do or die, he would get a hold with his hoofs and bring them all to mere dead endeavor. But presently he began to slip — ten feet — twenty feet, still struggling for a chance to come back again with all fours set. He nearly did it; and then there seemed to blow up a storm of language. Jeff's eloquence rolled forth like thunder, and played along his length of leather lightning; it created havoc on the backs of the cattle like a summer storm on a shingle roof. Scot fought like mad. He went along a little farther, partly dragged and partly walking stiff-legged as he struggled to come back on his haunches; and Jeff kept driving oxen with a crack at every outburst. Scot came forward a step at a time and a slide at a time, till he had been brought a hundred feet or more. Jeff shut himself off and smiled peacefully; he caught the cracker in his hand

and looked perfectly content and harmless.

"Ye can't do *that* — not with my Bully," he said.

Bully was more leisurely (all "staggy" steers are) in his ways of going at things. He lagged slightly in his progress, and as the beam slid up his neck he threw his head up slightly in the usual way and inclined ponderously backward for the tug of war. He always held his head slightly sidewise, for some reason, catching the beam on only one horn; and he looked forth at you with the one-eyed unconcern of a Cyclops in the confidence of his power. While Bill did his best ahead, Jeff kept addressing his own ox in a subdued and private tone of "Wo, Bully." You have to address a near wheeler personally if you want him to do his best.

Despite all the power the cattle were exerting, there was no motion to show it. There were only the yokes sunk deeper in their worn, scrawny necks, the horizontal chain, and the fixed position of the sitting bull. Jeff's feelings, to judge by his looks, went up and down like a thermometer as the chain began to show signs of going forward or back. He stood with bent knees and watched; and as Bill broke forth worse than ever, he laid one hand on his ox and said very confidentially, "Wo-o-o-o, Bully." Suddenly (and to Jeff it must have sounded like the rending and tearing of Destiny) Bully got one leg out of the furrow where he was braced, and the wire-grass went ripping through the cleft of his hoof. They were dragging the whole mettlesome mass of him. They seemed to have him overcome, despite the mechanical brace of his short, thick legs. But only for a few feet; he gave his head an impatient toss, planted himself anew, and came back like the everlasting buttress of his bull determination. The harassed cattle were now straining forward as if they would choke themselves on the bows; they took steps without advancing; they veered from side to side as if the

leaders were trying for an easier opening through the atmosphere. Bill threw out his lithe bull-whip and started to pull out of there; they made Bully plough a furrow with each of his four hoofs. Jeff put his whipstock in front of the wheeler's nose and spoke to him personally — and again Bully *wood*. This time he brought his hoof back into the furrow, got all fours rooted into the upturned sward, and sat back as in a lockjaw of his whole physique. And there he stuck. His whole welterweight of ox was now in action and he was not to be budged. Jeff let the string pull against Irresistible Force for a while longer, not to have any argument about it; and then he claimed the victory. He had won. Of course there was a technical argument about this and that point of the art; and it was still going till Jeff was so far on his way again that his voice would not carry back.

This victory became part of Bully's pedigree; Jeff submitted it verbally to any one who talked ox.

In common with other staggy, philosophic wheelers, Bully had another ability that surpasseth human wisdom. On dry, hot days, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he would suddenly "wo" on his own authority, and having brought them all to a stop he would drop in the furrow. Without any ceremony whatever, he would stop them and plump down on the prairie like a big frog in a pond. The idea of taking a rest seemed to strike him in the head with the force of a sledge hammer and fell him to earth; and then he would deliberately start chewing the cud. When he did this you could not make any impression or have any influence with him until the appointed time had come. While you mauled his staunch carcass, or put your boot-heel into his strong ribs, or prodded him with the whipstock, he would ruminate in holy quiet, looking out upon the world with a mild and gentle eye. You might torture his body if you would; you could not affect his inner spirit. He had retired within himself for a season; he had

duties with his digestion. In this posture he had a distended Falstaffian paunch and an air according:—"Shall I not take mine ease in my furrow?" He seemed to have taken in his feelings where they would be out of harm's way; and I have thought sometimes that he might be one of those who believe in faith. It was strange—but it must be remembered that a much-used ox is inured to hard usage and abuse.

I must say, however, that I seldom disagreed with him. How could any one differ with him—to his face? His eyes were murky blue; and looking into his honest face I could only wonder how it was, anyway, that a black Spanish bull could see his way to be so obliging. He was indeed innocent to be so unsophisticated of his great strength; his obedience was a flattery. You could buy his affection for a mere corn nubbin, which he would reduce in his mill of a mouth,—husk, kernel, and cob; and all the time he would regard things with a doe-like eye and the tears standing out on his nose. Jeff, when he had him, was seldom disgruntled by this habit; he regarded it as a mark of brains in the steer; and being himself a philosopher, he would take a chew, following the wheeler's example, and loaf on the seat. When the time was fulfilled, Bully would arise voluntarily, and then he would be good for any amount of balk and battle. I think it would have gone hard with any other ox that tried to do that. But Bully had to have his sacred rest; and it is never good policy to have a falling out with your wheeler.

In a cold blow—a dry norther—an ox is the best of all walking companions. A dry norther is a sunny, sweaty day in Texas, and then a change that makes you feel as if somebody had suddenly stepped into the north and left the door open. It remains clear and sunny; the cold is entirely in the wind; and so, on the south side of anything it is as warm as ever. You can take your choice of climate; a walk around a haystack is like circum-

navigating the globe. It usually catches you when you are out on the shelterless prairie with your coat (if you have one) at the other end of a long furrow; and with the sweat upon you, you shiver and chatter. Here is where you take to the lee-side of your wheeler and walk along with him, stooping down in complete refuge from the cold. I have often been glad that an ox is not a long-legged, high-up horse that the wind can blow through. He is not only a windbreak but a whole broadside of animal warmth; he is both cosiness and company; he is a perfect breastwork as you stalk against Boreas, with your hand resting on his tough neck or grasping his warm horn. Nowhere, in mere walled warmth or kitchen comfort, is there this same sense of refuge and shelter—of contrast between the warmth within and the cold without; it contains the secret of human gratitude.

And here, by way of apology, I must remark that this closeness of mine to the wheeler—this unavoidable relation of "brother to the ox"—must be my excuse for writing in this vein of bestial intimacy. Even now I can feel the cold wind whisking past the edge of his dewlap that hung down like a thick curtain—his *portière* if you please. For half a day at a time I have gone back and forth hugging Bully, cold on the up furrow and warm on the down, till finally the sun, all too slowly, went down like a big red wafer and set its seal upon the day.

More and more every year we are becoming a nation of travelers. To those who would travel for both pleasure and profit I can say a good word for ploughing. It recommends itself to people in whatever circumstances, and for deeply founded reasons. When a man travels for pleasure he is likely to put himself at the task of enjoyment; when he is traveling to a destination, his journey is all a wait—his business with the landscape is to leave it behind; and I think it will be generally admitted that the culminating pleasure of a trip is in the arrival. Travels are more useful in the

reminiscence, the fond memory, than in the actual experience. Now, in ploughing prairie with a sulky, you have the greatest of all human privileges, to loaf at work; and your outfit comes at every step to the object of your going. Your journey is *all* arrival. It does not break in upon one's time at all; it exhilarates the cogitations like fishing or whittling; and by covering the ground so many times a man becomes thoughtful and thorough. It, more than anything else, makes thinking quite respectable, giving it that seeming remove from idleness that keeps the neighbors from talking; it cultivates the gift of remembering; it is altogether the best mode of travel.

In the choice of motive power, allow me to suggest the ox. The horse leans forward to pull, and even helps himself along by bobbing his head; he jerks a load out of a hard place by plunging bodily against the collar, stopping and lunging again; he strains through a hard place and then starts suddenly forward at his release; he works himself into a lather; and you, if you are the right kind of a person, cannot help feeling for him and assisting him with inward stress and strain.

The ox does not bob a horn. He simply journeys, and the load goes along. When he comes to a tough place his pasterns do not bend down; he does not squat to pull; he does not pinch along on the toes of his shoes; he seldom blows, and he does not *know how* to sweat. He does not exert himself at a patch of woven soil and then hurry up when he is past it. The chain becomes stiffer and the yoke sits solidly to his neck, and that is all; there is no sign of effort. The earth may grit its teeth and crunch as it swallows the plough, but the ox stalks on his way. With the share deep or shallow, or lifted entirely and hanging from the axle, — whether he is ploughing earth or air, — it makes no difference to him. His most ponderous task is still himself, and he heeds no incidentals.

He is out for a stroll; he does not allow

work to interfere with the even tenor of his way. His tendons are rigged to his outstanding rump-bones like so much spar and tackle, and he goes along by interior leverage; inside his old-woman hulk is the necessary enginework, and he will neither go slower for this thing nor faster for that. There is much about him besides his disposition that is self-contained; he is the antithesis of the automobile. To ride on his back is a cure for the indigestion; to ride behind him is a rest for the mind; a course of ox is an antidote for the ills of the times.

The steadiness of ox-ploughing is like sailing the prairie — out of sight of wood and water, and the earth curling up before your prow. A streak of wire-grass giving way bitterly beneath you gives the machine a tremor that imbues you with a sense of power — like an engine below decks. You are on a seat of the mighty. The yellow medlarks hurry along in your wake, keeping close to the opening furrow, steadfast as porpoises. The breeze, tempered by an ocean of flowering prairie, cocks the brim of your sombrero as you sail along, close to the wind. You sit on your seat and have a general disposition to let the world revolve.

I could, if I had a mind, write an excellent tribute to the ox, but all he needs is a record of facts. In the matter of primal motive power, it was he that founded this United States. In the two great transigrations of our people westward, what jeopardy of life and limb has instantly rested on his sturdy neck — over the Alleghanies, over the Rockies, over the deathful desert, over the steep Sierras. In that great outpouring from New England that began about 1817, the ox, as usual, pulled forward and held back mightily on the mountain-side and laid down his bones for humanity. It was he who took our multitudinous ancestor from his old onion farm at Wethersfield and hauled him with his household to the Little Miami; and there he again assumed the rôle of prairie "buster," opening up the more generous

bosom of nature. Again, in the days of '49, he took up the trail; and the history of that exodus was writ across the continent in the bones of oxen. Where is deeper reading than this — the bones of two or three yoke lying where they fell, and across their skeleton necks the heavy beams all strung along on a chain that would move a freight train. It stands for departed strength in a fight to the finish. It means that the motive power ran out of water.

And having twice subdivided our people, cutting them almost entirely off from each other in the railroadless days, the ox did his part, along with horse and mule, to bring them together again. In 1863, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, they began a memorable work. On the mountain-sides of California a thousand axes began to swing and there was a roaring of twenty-five saw-mills — a reaping and threshing of trees. The mountain groaned as it brought forth a railroad. The oxen strained down the mountain-side with logs for the ties; they kept the Chinamen supplied with rails and ties a hundred miles in advance.

Eighteen months after this, eighteen thousand men (mostly soldiers) arrived at Omaha with three thousand teams. They were starting the other end of the railroad; and the two halves would finally match the ends of their rails in Utah. Omaha was not connected by railroad with any other place; they could not haul supplies with locomotives; but Chicago was building towards it. Ahead of them was a stretch of a thousand miles with but one tree upon it; and then the plains again. The teams brought material and locomotives from one or two hundred miles; they hauled the first locomotives to the starting-place and set them on their feet, as it were; and then ransacked six states and territories for more material. Right here the ox, as a long-haul machine, handed over his task to the locomotive forever. When the ox once has the machinery of "civilization" a-going

he is needed no more; he is turned loose and forgotten. Nevertheless it was he that started the country, for he is the father of having and hauling. Tribute! The ox would not know what to make of such a thing. You may work him all day and then kick him out to graze all night; you may use him to found society and then kick him out of history. It is only left for us to try to realize the history of our country, even as seen through the medium of an animal. All hail, say I, the traction engine of our forefathers, the four-stomached, short-levered, grass-consuming, self-supporting ox.

For the purpose of the philosopher, the thinker, ox-driving is all it should be; it is equal to the fishing of the Cleve-landean school of meditation. There is little interruption of one's train of thought; and while all such practices make call for their vices, as lying and swearing, this needs only an idle vociferation that means little and comes as a matter of habit. And in the absence of line or bridle, there is naught to do but sit on the seat through long, slow furrows and keep on in one's way of thinking; there is none of the distraction of newspapers and books and lectures to keep one from thinking. Of the two primitive vocations, sheep-herding was the school of the prophet. But prairie busting with a sulky plough is the natural chair of philosophy. The former is productive of the expansive, vacuous speculations, the iteration of the metaphysical, mystical Baa (sometimes spelled B. A.); but the latter, on the substantial iron seat, is the natural ruminator of definite human fact. When a man has long been in an attitude of thought, as if he were chewing the cud of things and digesting the world at leisure, the world, no doubt, has a right to ask him what he has thought. In view of this it has often seemed to me that some one should print the main points of the Bovine Philosophy. It includes the fundamental principles of things as seen by our American form of the Man with the Ho,

I shall begin by reminding the world of the three stages of society — the pastoral, the agricultural, and the metropolitan, with especial reference to the United States. In the first stage, the cowman and the sheep-man occupy the land in a nomadic way, and fight each other for what they call their rights, the cowman objecting to the sheep because they crop grass too close, and cut it up with their sharp hoofs, thus spoiling the range. The "cowboy" is usually the aggressor, calling the other the Locust of the West; and in their fights the shepherd is often, to the surprise of many, the better man. He can fight with a fanatic frenzy peculiar to those who lead the life of the prophet.

The cowboy has been much misrepresented as a "character;" the genuine ones are seriously engaged in a trade which takes some time to learn, and it is a matter of business with them. Even more of a character than these men is the wild cow with her strange notions. Never having had occasion to think otherwise, she has an idea that man and horse are one animal — she believes in centaurs, and considers them proper. One time I dismounted in mid-range to my own legs, and was observed of a cow with a calf. She saw me do it. Imagine her feelings to see her centaur divide itself into two parts and act like that! She immediately felt it her duty to kill off such a miscarriage of nature; and while she would run from me on four legs she now ran at me. I clapped myself on my horse again just in time to avoid a horn; and she kept brandishing at me as I loped away. Such is the truly wild cow; she can run like a horse, and will fight upon occasion; and she can dodge a great deal easier than a horse. This is where the cowboy's hardest riding comes in, for it is his business to outdodge her — to drive her where he wishes her to be. In the quintessence of his calling he is the artful dodger of the plains; and from this comes the peculiarity of his long-stirrup riding, and all that makes his

ménage really different from that of other horsemen.

In this stage of affairs there comes trailing over the horizon a Jeff Benson, his bull-whip in his hand, his chain clanking against the tongue of his plough-carriage. He is "full of strange oaths;" he threatens his chain-gang at regular intervals; he cracks his whip explosively and then subsides on his seat as peaceful as any fisherman. A gentleman fly-caster cannot surpass him with the pole and line, for though he casts no flies he can reach out and knock a fly off the ear of his near leader. He is come to make a farm for a German; and from this time the nomads must prepare themselves to civilize or move back. And what is the new ploughman driving? A string of those very cattle of the plains.

This first of all ploughmen never appears with horses — always with cattle. This is in the nature of things. In the natural state of things, where there are as yet no corn and oats, the horse has stunted endurance but not muscular weight. As the draught horse is not only bred, but more truly made, out of corn and oats, he may be said to be created by the ox. The horse finds enough nourishment, strength, in the grass, to get himself, and rides nimbly over it, and that is all that is needed of him. But the ox has four stomachs — a large, economic digestive plant. He can do the heavy work; and, because he has this thoroughness with what he eats, he can even lie down in the furrow at noon and eat the dinner he has brought along in his anatomical lunch-basket. He is no trouble, no expense, has more power, and he does not pull things to pieces with sudden jerks. And so he is the one who does the work in the cornless, oatless state of affairs. Once he has done that tough task with the woven sward, conditions are changed, and he does not get the benefit of the series of crops he has started. The horse can keep the fallow field in order. The horse and the mule are preferred by a more adroit civilization; and so they

come to eat *his* oats and be what he has made them. The streets of Chicago used to be filled with oxen. And where are the oxen now?

After the cowboy, the steer has a new master. For this new master, tied on behind, to make him go in any general direction is comparatively easy, seeing that the steer is still a dodger. Jeff can throw his whip out this side or that and regulate the course. But to *stop* a steer — that is the question! The cowboy has to trip him up with the lasso — throw him bodily. And to perform with him, the parallel furrows of the field — that is still another question. Of course, if the ox were obedient he would stop when you told him or pulled on a rope. He would have to be thoroughly domesticated for that; and a new country can hardly halt civilization until a whole army of steers are somehow tamed and educated. Here was a problem in animal psychology and practical politics for the ox-driver to solve. The solution of it is that a bull is "bull-headed," and can hold back powerfully; and so one animal that has been trained according to his nature will serve to handle a whole string.

Let us follow Jeff to work. He is ploughing "around" a field, putting a furrow down one side of a strip, crossing over and coming up the other side; and so on till his furrows meet in the middle and he is done. At the end of a furrow his wheeler holds back and makes himself an immovable pivot, while the string is whipped around to cross over to the other furrow; and having arrived exactly at it the wheeler sits back again, and they are brought around accurately in the furrow. It is as if he had a corner of his team firmly fastened until such time as the other end was pushed around just right. Without the sitting back of the wheeler, the whip could only accomplish an erratic scrawl with the plough. But with this restraint upon them the driver has time to do fine work. Thus in ox-driving, as in the other arts, success

does not depend merely upon power, but also upon restraint.

It is the near or left wheeler that is the principal pivot, because in this country we plough around land to the left, not to the right as they do in England. We rebelled against their way of ploughing.

Thus your primitive team is founded with one word, "wo;" and that understood by but one ox. The ox-language now begins to grow. After hard experience the leaders begin to observe that when the word is spoken they are whipped around to the left; and then, anticipating the lash, they hurry to the left of their own accord. You take them at their word, and soon are addressing them direct. The word "wo," that formerly meant "stop," has now changed its meaning by usage and means "turn to the left."

You want your other wheeler to hold back also in emergency, and especially in turning to the right on a road; and for him to stop you have a word with a different vowel sound — "back." He knows that for his own. Finally the leaders learn that this means to turn to the right; and it comes to be their word for right. Thus it is that in a new part of the country, as in Texas a quarter of a century ago, there were "wo-back" oxen — and the English language seemed to be contradicting itself. Leaders would hurry to the left or right at the words "wo" or "back." And then they learned their names — and a more general and vociferous "wo" would bring them all to a stop without the work of the wheeler. But you were ploughing from the first. Like all *earlier* languages, it was one of fewer words and more inflections.

Here "gee" and "haw" become of interest, together with the usual "wo" and "back," which we all understand the meaning of. To the dictionary, "gee" and "haw" — terms we inherited from England — are a mystery in their origin. It is said that possibly "gee" comes from "gee-off," meaning to go away, as the leaders do when they turn. But that is simply saying that

"gee" means "gee"—hardly an explanation. The fact is that it came to us from times so remote that the origin is lost. Now the clue to this could never be had by watching "gee-haw" oxen, for a very good reason. They are domesticated oxen; and domesticated oxen are broken one at a time by putting a young steer in a team and having him hauled about till he knows the whole vocabulary, by force. It is simply handed down from ox to ox. The Texas team I knew understood ordinary English in a way different from its meaning; and the oxen of British lineage understand an English that we do not know the original meaning of at all.

This seems to explain the mystery of "gee" and "haw." Were they not the words addressed to the near wheelers away back in the beginnings of England? Does not "haw" sound like "ho," from the lantern-jawed dialect of an English yeoman? To a primitive team, as we have seen, "ho" would come to mean left, when used in their wild state. And as "haw" means left, to everybody, I think it was originally only "ho." "Gee" might have been "gee-ap"—a corruption of "get up" as spoken to the near wheeler, just as you had them whipped around.

However, I do not know anything about it—I am simply trying to help the dictionary out of its difficulty, it not having had enough experience with oxen. I know nothing about oxen except in the primitive state, when nothing was inherited from former generations; and it is this I am telling about particularly. And such was the genesis of bread and butter; for before the cow furnished butter she had to provide the bread to put it on. So endeth the Bovine Philosophy.

Except, of course, one were to view the matter curiously, poetically. On this matter one might write a volume of history and speculation. The ox, Johnsonian as he is, has never had his Boswell. Clothes have had their philosophy in Carlyle, but not the cow. No seer has arisen to expound the original labor-

saver of this steel-armed, reciprocal, thrust-and-pull, wheel-filled whirl and grind of to-day.

Because of woman's first desire, man received the curse; and having her he had so much that he had to live on one spot. At that it was necessary for him to set to work; and he soon looked about for a way to put the work on other shoulders. Consider him sitting tired and discouraged by his first garden-patch, viewing the stream as so much power running to waste, and the beasts so much more muscular than he. And then his mighty resolve as he threw down the spade and decided to labor by proxy. See him as he views the woof and warp of the sward while woman waits hopefully for him to produce society out of the clay. Imagine him in his first inexperienced essays with the bull—what wrecks and wrestlings with the wild bull! I can see, myself, how they ran away with him across a whole township of Eden, and finally left him sitting in the hoof-marked muck of a distant watering-hole. There they had spilled him.

And whilst they stand peacefully and lave their bellies in the drink, he sits there and takes thought. He studies out the bull's little weaknesses; and lo, he conceives the idea of the wheeler. I can see the satisfaction come out on his face to sun itself. Straightway he comes forth with the full-rigged team; and he goes and performs the engraved field. He can back and tack and do all evolutions—with whip and wheeler it is like paddle and rudder; there is no runaway now. He can plough with never an idle scribble or scrawl on the face of nature. He thinks he has circumvented the curse; he has taken Bos from his meditations and become boss himself. This was the beginning of motive power; and when it came to hauling stone and timber for his first dam or windmill, then was the ox his true helpmeet.

But it is no wonder that the ox has not had his life written. The three stages of society are more or less permanent,

and he is used only at the beginning of one; his appearance is but momentary when he gives the new order of things its first shove.

This Bully owed his fine form, and his position among his fellows, to a piece of good fortune that befell him in infancy. When he was a calf he was missed in the spring round-up. Thus he was spared the branding, the weaning, and all that befalls a young bull who is not fine enough in breeding to become a sire of the herd. His mother was a black Spanish cow that had got up into that part of Texas from Mexico; and I think she must have been related to heroes of the bull-ring, for Bully looked the part exactly. His father was half Durham, and so he got his short symmetrical horns. Having been missed in the spring round-up, he took all advantage of a most affectionate mother. She let him nuzzle at her far beyond the usual time; and so, on a mingled diet of milk and grass, he filled out with the full physique of a bull. When the riders found him out, in the fall, he was still following his mother about; and it was a fine sight to see a neat black cow with so flourishing a child. He was almost as big as she, and just as strong; it was hard work to upset *him* by horn and jaw to brand him. He was evidently intended for a near wheeler. Jeff took hold of him as soon as he was used to the yoke.

Even in a story of civilization, it is necessary, I suppose, to tell what became of the hero. In the course of time he fell into the hands of a man who had no more

work for him; and seeing that he was becoming older and tougher every day he was hurried away to Chicago. There they put him through the system — hair for plaster, horn for the Japanese to carve, soles for shoes and the high heels of beauty, combs for ladies' hair, fertilizer, imitation butter, lily-of-the-valley soap, more gew-gaws than Little Buttercup ever peddled. No doubt some of his tough hide became harness; and some of that worn-out harness is still hinges on corncribs, after so many years.

In Chicago there was an old Judas bull that was trained to lead the herds across the Bridge of Sighs. I have seen him, and I have thought how the near wheeler, in all the innocence and honesty of his heart, followed the crowd across that stilted runway. Inside there is a stall; and above the stall is a board on which a man stands with a sledge — at just the right height for the sledge to come down right on the star in the middle of each forehead. All day the man works, as if he were breaking stone or driving railroad spikes; and he fells herd after herd. I do not wish to be tragic; but standing before that stall I have felt like writing on it, "Here fell Bully, the father of his country." It must be remembered that I knew him well, Horatio. They made beef of him — and used the rest for the by-product. But I'll wager "a dollar *and* a quarter" they never conquered that callous bull neck of his. They never made charity soup out of that.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY EDWARD PORRITT

AMERICANS admittedly are much more frequently at the polls than Englishmen. In municipal, state, and federal elections they mark at least ten ballot papers for the Englishman's one; for nowadays, when school boards in England are no longer elected by direct popular vote, an Englishman is seldom called upon to mark more than seven ballots in the course of six years. He may be called upon once a year to vote at a municipal election. Parliamentary general elections occur about once in every six years; and when a city-dwelling Englishman has voted for the member of the municipal council for his ward and for the member of the House of Commons for his parliamentary constituency, his duties as regards voting are at an end. He is never called upon to vote in the election of mayor or alderman. The choice of these lies exclusively with the city council. Elections of judges are unknown in England. All judges, whether of the local police court, the recorder's court, the county court, the court of quarter sessions, or the higher courts that go on circuit or sit permanently in London, are appointed by the Crown, on the nomination of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who is a member of the Cabinet.

Among local executive officers, municipal auditors are about the only officials who are elected directly by popular vote. All other municipal officers are appointed by the city council, and are answerable to the city council for the faithful discharge of their duties. In an average period of six years in a constituency where a parliamentary by-election does not occur, and in a ward in which death or resignation causes no vacancy on the

municipal council, an English elector would not be called upon to vote more than seven times for men to serve his ward or his parliamentary constituency. The probability is that in these six years the English elector would do nothing more than reelect his representative, both on the municipal council and in the House of Commons. Municipal councilors are reelected again and again, and are not infrequently in the civic service for half a lifetime. If their record for efficiency and loyalty to municipal work is satisfactory they look to reelection, until they are chosen as aldermen by the municipal council, and occasion for popular election is at an end.

The English electoral system, municipal and parliamentary, and the extra-constitutional machinery which has become necessary to its easy working, makes infinitely less call on the time of Englishmen than does the electoral system of the United States — municipal, state, and federal — and the elaborate and complicated machinery which has long been necessary to its working. Yet while this is so, while the American spends much more time in elections, I think it will be conceded by any one who is familiar with political life and thought in the two countries, that in England the general level of popular political education, of women as well as of men, is much higher than it is in the United States. Interest in politics — municipal and national — is keener and more continuous in all classes of society than it is in this country; and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of the parliamentary voters to-day have possessed the right to vote only since 1885.

It was 1867 before workmen living in

the parliamentary boroughs were enfranchised; and another eighteen years elapsed before agricultural laborers and miners who dwell outside of the larger municipalities were able to vote for members of the House of Commons. The widespread interest in national politics in England seems at first sight all the more remarkable when it is remembered how late in the nineteenth century the working classes were enfranchised. But this fact in itself helps to explain much of the present popular interest in politics. From the American Revolution to 1885 there was never a time in England when there was not a movement on foot for the parliamentary enfranchisement of the working classes; and the interest of the working classes in rural and urban England in politics was kept alive and stimulated for more than a century by the piecemeal fashion in which the parliamentary franchise was extended.

Had Grey and Russell and the other Whig leaders who constituted the administration of 1830-32, made the parliamentary franchise in 1832 as wide and inclusive as it is to-day, when every man out of the workhouse or jail can exercise it who has a settled abode, it is probable that to-day there would be less popular interest in Parliament and its proceedings. But the Whigs of 1830-32 were cautious. They were anxious to impair as little as possible the political power of the governing classes — of those who had ruled England since the Revolution of 1688. Only the fairly well-to-do middle classes were admitted to the parliamentary franchise by the Reform Act of 1832; and the royal assent had scarcely been given to that famous enactment before there was begun another agitation for the extension of the franchise to the working classes. Out of this agitation developed the Chartist movement; and after much delay came the Reform Act of 1867. This applied only to the larger boroughs; and it admitted to the franchise the working classes only in those constituencies. The artisan in ru-

ral communities, the agricultural laborer and the miner, were left by the Act of 1867 where they had been left by the Reform Act of 1832. Nothing was done for them; and the consequence was that there was soon another popular agitation for the enfranchisement of the working classes in rural England.

The third agitation resulted in the Reform Act of 1885, which put the parliamentary franchise on its present democratic basis. Thus for more than a century there was an almost continuous agitation for the extension of the parliamentary franchise. During all these years the working classes were interested in Parliament because it was in its power to bestow on them a right which they were anxious to possess. From the American Revolution to the Reform Act of 1885 the working classes were looking to Parliament for this right. They were continuously in an expectant mood. The attitude of Parliament towards parliamentary reform, from the time that the question was first brought before the House of Commons by Pitt, in 1785, to the act which Gladstone carried through Parliament in 1885, was of direct and personal moment to them, — a fact which served to give them a keen and continuous interest in politics.

Foreigners visiting England towards the close of the eighteenth century frequently noted the interest of the working classes in politics, and the zest with which politics was discussed. This interest of the working classes was obvious even in the days when the stage-coach men and the carriers were the principal purveyors of news, and long before newspapers came generally into service; before the London daily and weekly newspapers, which cost seven or eight pence a copy, were passed from hand to hand until they were so thumbed and worn that they would scarcely hold together. Even after newspapers were published at a cheaper rate, and every large town had its daily, weekly, or semi-weekly journal, politics — national and municipi-

pal — filled most of the newspaper space; for it was not until the eighties of last century that sport began to obtain its present foothold in English daily and weekly newspapers, and began the contest with politics for preëminence and right-of-way in the newspaper world.

Widespread popular interest in politics in England can be dated at least as far back as the American Revolution. For more than a century this interest was intensified by each new agitation for parliamentary reform, and with each extension of the parliamentary and municipal franchise. These extensions of the franchise, of necessity, involved the creation of some machinery for parliamentary and municipal elections. But the machinery has not become so intricate or so elaborate as to overshadow the elections, and the questions and principles at issue in parliamentary or municipal contests.

There has not grown up in England, what has long existed in this country, one small and interested class exclusively intent on working the electoral machinery, and another and enormously larger class, much more loosely held together, which does little more than march to the polls to vote for the men whom the smaller and more interested class — really the governing class — has nominated for election. Hence the wholly different meaning of the word politician in this country and in England. In this country my understanding of the word politician is a man who is closely, continuously, and actively concerned in the working of the machine, or who holds an office, or is a perpetual candidate either for elective or appointive office. The word has no such narrow significance in England. It implies a man or woman who is interested in political questions and principles, — who is a student of politics in this wider sense.

There are many men in this country who would resent being described as politicians; who would regard such a designation as derogatory to their dignity and social standing. In England

no man or woman who is known to be interested in political questions would in the least resent being spoken of as a politician. Few English people to-day recall, if they ever knew, Dr. Arnold's dictum that the desire to take an active share in the great work of government is the highest earthly desire of a ripened mind. But there are people beyond count in England, in all walks of life, with whom interest in politics is as intense and as continuous as it was with Dr. Arnold. Tens of thousands of these people have no expectation of ever being of the House of Commons, or even of a municipal council. Politics is chiefly an intellectual interest with them, put into active exercise only when they go to the polls. But no man or woman in England ever apologizes for being a politician; just as no one in this country ever apologizes for being of a Browning or a Dante society, or for a love of music.

There are, and there must be, men in England who are actively interested in the organization and working of the machinery of elections. Registration of voters must be continuously attended to by party agents. At elections the vote must be got out, just as in this country. The law, however, rigorously limits the number of men who can be engaged for pay; and there are practically no remunerative offices, either in the national or municipal civil service, that can be bestowed as rewards upon party workers. These workers, paid and voluntary, form but an infinitesimal group in any electorate; and in a campaign, whether national or municipal, much less reliance is placed upon their efforts than upon the work of the men of the machine at elections in this country.

An election in England, whether for the House of Commons or for a municipal council, is chiefly an educational campaign, in which the spoken and the printed word are the far-reaching and all-powerful weapons. Every candidate must make clear to the constituency from which he would be elected the

principles for which he stands, and the policies in national or municipal economy which he advocates. If he has been of the House of Commons and is seeking reelection, he must justify the votes he has given in the Parliament that has come to the end of its term, and also the policies of the government which he has supported. He must also make popularly and generally understood the measures and policies he is prepared to support in the event of his return to the House of Commons.

It is much the same in municipal politics. A candidate seeking reelection to a municipal council must give an account of his stewardship during his three years in office, and must also inform the electors of his ward of the line that he expects to take in the ensuing three years' work of the council.

In this country, except for the campaign buttons and the banners that are stretched across the streets — banners on which are displayed only the names of the party and its candidates, — there are usually few out-door indications, even in a presidential year, that an electoral canvass is in progress. In an English city during a parliamentary election, whether a general election or a by-election, a new-comer could not get half a dozen blocks from the railway station at which he had arrived without opportunities of ascertaining who were the candidates, what claims they had on the suffrage of the constituency, and what were the political issues on which the election was being fought. An American who should arrive in Liverpool during a parliamentary contest could fully and accurately inform himself on all these points in a walk from the landing-stage to Exchange or Lime Street Station.

The printed word, in its largest and most outstanding form, still survives in English electioneering, in all its glory and splendor of coloring. On all the bill-boards, from the time the electoral campaign begins until the returning officer's writ is in the possession of the successful

candidate, are the portraits of the candidates, the addresses of the candidates to the electors, the record of the government that is seeking a renewal of its lease of power, the criticisms of that record by its political opponents, and the promises of the party that is seeking to dislodge the government and to take its place.

All other advertising disappears from the bill-boards during an election. The politicians are in exclusive possession. Proprietary-goods men and other trade advertisers willingly surrender their rights in the bill-boards; for they know that at election times it is a waste of good money to attempt to dispute possession with the politicians. For two weeks the public is solely occupied with politics; and at these times the bill-board has nearly as great an educational value as the platform or the newspaper press. These factors in an election are used as assiduously as the bill-board. So is the post-office; but the bill-board, while it commands the attention of people who read the newspapers, attend political meetings, and receive electioneering literature by mail, also reaches people who do none of these, and in this way all classes in the community are brought within the influence of the educational machinery of a parliamentary election.

It is now twenty-four years since I first went through a presidential election in the United States. It was my first visit to the United States; but even yet I have not got over my surprise at the complete absence of bill-board electioneering literature in the city of St. Louis, in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, and at the meagreness and indefiniteness of what are called "cards," that were issued by congressional and state candidates in Missouri at that election. The English elector expects much more than a card from his parliamentary candidate. He knows without a card to which political party a candidate belongs; and he expects from a candidate who is seeking his vote a carefully written and detailed manifesto in which the candidate must

set out without equivocation his position on all the political questions which at the time of election are agitating the country. In England these election addresses from individual candidates, as they appear in the press, frequently run to three-quarters of a column in newspaper type and measure. They are additional or supplementary to the manifestoes which are issued by the parliamentary leaders of the several political parties.

At an English municipal election, procedure is much the same. Each candidate for the municipal council issues his election manifesto. It is published in the newspapers and on the bill-boards; and, as is the case with the parliamentary candidate, he elucidates or amplifies it at the public meetings of the electors which he is called upon to address. There is no such far-reaching educational work in most municipal elections in this country.

At the time I write a municipal canvass of much significance is in progress in my home city of Hartford. But the bill-boards are exclusively occupied by the theatre men, and the proprietary-goods advertisers; and I have not been able to find in print a signed and detailed electoral address from either of the candidates who are in the contest for the mayoralty. My home is in one of the largest wards, but not a single one of the five Republican candidates for the city council has made an appearance on the platform in the ward. The candidates were nominated at a party caucus which was so formal and perfunctory that all the business was transacted in twelve minutes; and although three or four of the candidates were seeking reelection, not one of them thought it incumbent on him to give the meeting any account of his stewardship, or any indication of his attitude towards municipal policies. The candidates did not even stand up in caucus to allow the electors to make the acquaintance of the men who were asking their electoral support.

It is a constant complaint from the press and the pulpit of this country that

electors are indifferent to the caucuses. The complaint is at least as old as my acquaintance with American politics. I do not remember the time when it was not made. But I am not surprised that the caucuses arouse so little interest after my experience of municipal caucuses in Hartford. English electors would not turn out for caucuses such as I have attended here. English electors are keenly interested, not so much in the men for whom they are to vote, as in what the men stand for in national and municipal life.

Election contests in England owe their vitality and interest, not to the men who are the candidates, but to the questions and principles that are at issue in the election. The municipal candidates for my ward in Hartford, had they been contesting a ward in an English city, would have had to hire a hall, and address meetings open to Liberals and Conservatives, to women as well as men, and even to boys and girls of the upper grades of the grammar schools. It is by such methods as these that the municipal spirit, so characteristic of provincial England, has been developed since 1835; and it seems to me that municipal spirit in this country will not reach the high level of England until there is less of machine, less of exclusively partisan activity, and more of mass meeting and of other influences that are distinctly educational, and concerned rather with questions and policies than with the mere election to office of this or that man, and the success of the machine of one party over the machine of the opposing party.

It has always seemed to me that the public political meeting in England is much more educational than the political mass meeting in this country. I will concede that Americans in attendance at a political meeting behave with more propriety and decorum than English people. I have attended many political meetings in this country at which the principal speaker was given a hearing as uninterrupted and respectful as would be accorded to a king's chaplain or an arch-

bishop in a chapel royal in London. But this characteristic of an American audience obviously has its disadvantages as regards popular political education.

From this point of view my preference is for the English political meeting, even with its occasional tendency to rowdiness, to platform storming, and to marksmanship practice with antique eggs. But these features are only occasional. They break out at seasons of intense political excitement, and have their usefulness in testing the nerve of the ushers and policemen. The English political meetings at which there are interruptions of the speaker by impromptu interjections of query, approval, or dissent from the audience, are not occasional. Meetings so interrupted are the rule at election times. Interruptions and interjections are expected by a speaker. Usually they are welcome, because they show the mood and bias of the audience, whether the speaker is holding their attention, and whether he is carrying the meeting with him.

Time and again I have been sorry for a political speaker in this country who has addressed an audience for an hour or more without eliciting from it any indication of sympathy or of disapproval. This decorous propriety of American political gatherings — such for instance as I witnessed when Mr. Secretary Taft spoke for an hour to an audience of two thousand in the Foot Guards Hall in Hartford — would chill the heart of an English political speaker, and result in a serious self-examination as to whether it was worth his while to continue his canvass.

For the audience as well as the speaker the English style of public meeting has its advantages. It enables the audience to carry the speaker outside the lines he might have set for his speech, and to direct him to aspects of a political question other than those he had in mind when he prepared his speech. Moreover, the English style enlivens a meeting and adds to its interest and educational

value. Furthermore, it results in better newspaper reporting than is the fortune of American political speakers.

In this country it is a common practice for a speaker of verbatim importance in the newspaper world to give a typewritten duplicate of his speech to the Associated Press or the local newspaper, and it is printed as written, with no indications interwoven in the text of the reception which was accorded to it by the audience. Neither of a speech delivered in Parliament, nor of one delivered on the platform, does an English statesman ever hand over his manuscript to the press. It would not be safe to print such a speech; because the marshaling of the subjects, the phraseology, and much of the content of the speech might be completely changed by the questions and interjections from the audience.

All great speeches in England are taken down verbatim by the reporters and telegraphed all over the country from the place where they are delivered. Every cheer, every expression of approval or dissent, and every question addressed to the speaker, goes on the reporter's note, and is reported in the newspaper the next day; so that newspaper readers are fully informed of what actually happened, and not of what the speaker proposed to say when his speech was put into manuscript.

English newspaper readers want to know what a speaker said, not what a reporter conceived that he might have said; and it is for this reason that, in spite of many changes in the last ten or twelve years, — not all by any means adding to the civic value of the English press, — the ability to take a verbatim note and transcribe it with accuracy is still a *sine qua non* for most reporters on the staffs of responsible English newspapers. Shorthand writing is belittled in the newspaper world of this country; but the importance of the four generations at least of newspaper reporters who have written shorthand cannot be over-estimated in appreciating popular political education in England.

NEWPORT: THE CITY OF LUXURY

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

AFTER a winter spent in the City of the Dinner Pail, in the midst of its busy life and in touch with that vast army of toilers which daily marches to the sound of the factory bells, I found myself when summer came, comfortably settled on a sea-girt farm near Newport. At first it was difficult to realize that the scenes about me and the scenes in the life of the toiler, to which I was so accustomed, were parts of the same drama. Yet the scenes so different are intimately connected, and there is more than passing significance in the fact that Fall River and Newport are separated by only twenty miles of railway track.

At Newport no factory bell awakes the sleeper in the early morning hours; the hum of industry does not reach the ear at noonday — here is no camping ground for the Army of the Dinner Pail. No, this quaint old city by the sea has nothing to suggest of wealth in the making — it speaks rather of wealth accumulated, and by its splendid pageantry dazzles the imagination with visions of America's material prosperity. Here is more magnificence than you may find in the courts of kings — the lavish display of princes in a democracy where all men are created equal.

My first impression of Newport, however, had nothing to do with its lavish pageantry — it related rather to the toil of fisher-folk and farm-hands, and thus in the end became the means of unifying in my mind the problems suggested by the two cities. The farm was situated on the point which reaches out towards Brenton's Reef, on which, some weeks before, a fishing steamer had been wrecked. For several days I studied the stranded vessel, wondering how long it might be before the sea would break it

up, and if the ship were copper-fastened, and if so, how many barrels of driftwood I might find along the beach to burn in my study fire when the winter evenings came. But others had looked upon the wreck who had no thought of driftwood fires and colored flames, but who saw anchored there upon the rocks a whole season's fuel for their homes, and these men set about to do themselves what I had hoped the wind and waves might do for me. There on the reef lay the wrecked vessel, to me a picturesque sight, suggesting wind and weather and the perils of the sea, but to the farmers and the fisher-folk it suggested cords of firewood and a winter day's necessity.

Three companies engaged in reclaiming the wreck: one of Greek fishermen, whose huts stand on the beach near by, one of Portuguese farmers, whose scant acres lie some miles to the north, the other of farm-hands employed on one of the near-by estates. The work, begun in the afternoon when the tide was rising, was carried on until midnight. Men with ropes about their bodies swam to the wreck, and reaching it, hauled great hawsers from the shore; these they made fast forward, aft, and amidships. On shore yokes of oxen and teams of horses strained and tugged at the hawsers, wrestling from the sea its lawful booty, and at last hauling the huge dismantled craft upon the nearer rocks.

The ship, being derelict, was anybody's property, so the work was carried on by moonlight, lest others who had not borne the heat and burden of the day should come by night and carry away the prize. The Greeks were more fortunate than the rest, for their part of the wreck included the pilot-house. This they, wading and swimming beyond the surf or

tugging from the shore, towed into a little cove between two points of weather-beaten cliffs and landed it upon the beach. In the pilot-house they camped for the night; but for the others, they must work while the moonlight lasted and afterwards keep vigil until sunrise. A deal of labor this for a pile of firewood, hard labor indeed for the simplest necessity of life.

Later in the season, within half a mile of the place where the wreck was brought to the shore, I witnessed another scene — a scene of action quite as strenuous but to a different purpose. The polo grounds are situated on the same point where the vessel went ashore. The green field lay bright in the sunshine, while beyond rolled the ocean, blue as the sky above it. About the side-lines great ladies and gentlemen of fashion were gathered to enjoy the game. Some sat in finely upholstered carriages, drawn by magnificent horses, whose golden harness-trappings glittered in the sunshine; others sat in automobiles, while others, clinging to the tradition of an earlier day, were there on horseback. On the piazza of the club-house finely gowned women and well-groomed men drank tea while they watched swift-footed ponies, bearing their crimson- and yellow-clad riders helter-skelter over the field. As for the game, it was a splendid show; they played well, those husky young fellows, with a skill and courage altogether admirable, giving the lie to the notion that wealth and dissipation necessarily go hand-in-hand.

As I watched the game, admiring the skill of the players and realizing the magnificent surroundings in which they spend their lives, — surroundings permitting of infinite leisure for the cultivation of body and mind, — the words quoted by Matthew Arnold, in his beautiful apostrophe to Oxford, came to my mind. "There are our young Barbarians all at play." Arnold, it will be remembered, referred to the upper, middle, and lower classes of English society as Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. The aristo-

crats, he said, inherited from the Barbarian nobles, their early ancestors, that individualism, that passion for doing as one likes, which was so marked a characteristic. From the Barbarians, moreover, came their love of field sports, the care of the body, manly vigor, good looks, and fine complexions. "The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing, — what is this," he asks, "but the commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class?" "There are our young Barbarians all at play." That line of Arnold's coming to my mind, which at that moment was contrasting the scenes I have described, suggested the thought that, despite the familiar words in the Declaration of Independence, and our inherited repugnance to the idea, we have an upper, middle, and lower class in America.

We cannot refer to our aristocracy by the term Barbarians, for its members are not descended from "some victor in a Border brawl," their ancestors being of the old-world populace. Yet by whatever name it may be called, our aristocracy of wealth possesses characteristics curiously akin to the descendants of the Goths and Huns.

America has been a surprisingly short time in creating this aristocracy in all its refinement. We need not now be ashamed to entertain the most beribboned prince in our summer palaces at Newport; and yet but little over fifty years ago the author of "Lotus-Eating" complained mightily of the lack of refinement in the "Society" of that famous watering-place. "A very little time will reveal its characteristic to be exaggeration. The intensity, which is the natural attribute of a new race, and which finds in active business its due direction and achieves there its truest present success, becomes ludicrous in the social sphere, because it has no taste and no sense of propriety." He complained that the aristocracy, being most successful in the acquisition of wealth, knew but poorly how to spend it;

that Croesus, having made his money, was bent on throwing it away, so he built his house just like his neighbors' — only a little bigger — and furnished it with Louis Quinze or Louis Quatorze deformities, just like his neighbors, and bought carriages and gave dinners and wore splendid clothes, but owned few books or pictures; he was mastered by his means, and any other man with a large rent-roll was always respectable and awful to him.

"What is high society," asks the Lotus-Eater, "but the genial intercourse of the highest intelligence with which we converse? It is the festival of Wit and Beauty and Wisdom. . . . Its hall of reunion, whether Holland House, or Charles Lamb's parlor, or Schiller's garret, or the Tuileries, is a palace of pleasure. Wine and flowers and all successes of Art, delicate dresses studded with gems, the graceful motion to passionate and festal music, are its ornaments and Arabesque outlines. It is a tournament wherein the force of the hero is refined into the grace of the gentleman — a masque, in which womanly sentiment blends with manly thought. This is the noble idea of society, a harmonious play of the purest powers." And in Newport he finds but the form of it — the promise that the ideal may some day be realized; but for the time we must be content with the exaggeration, for "Fine Society is a fruit that ripens slowly."

A generation only has passed since the Lotus-Eater wrote his charming book, and making allowances for an exaggeration of style quite in keeping with the exaggeration of the fashionable folk about whom he wrote, we may say that his dream of what American society should be is, in a measure, a reality. Here in Newport is seen not only the form of a "Fine Society," but something of the substance. To be sure, much of exaggeration remains, but it is hardly fair to call it characteristic; it remains in the excesses of the ultra-fashionable set

— the very new aristocracy; but back of this excess, the description of which furnishes many fair readers with so much enjoyment in the Sunday papers, there is a solid foundation of good manners, bred of culture, in which we may find that "harmonious play of the purest powers," the Lotus-Eater longed to see.

This aristocracy, founded on money though it be, early learned that money is but a means, that culture is the end, and it soon came about that a man must be a pretty insignificant sort of a millionaire, who by his benefactions was unable to found a university, or at least have a professorship named for him, even if he himself were unable to write English grammatically — and the children of these millionaires benefited by their father's aspirations. We may not say by what marvelous means the transformation was effected, but certain it is the Newport of to-day is very different from the Newport of a generation ago. Croesus does not build his house just like his neighbors', only a little bigger, but commands the services of the ablest architects, who have transformed Newport from a city of commonplace cottages to one of rare architectural distinction. If Croesus lacks the taste to furnish his house becomingly, he has the sense to hire a decorator to do it for him — although in a larger measure than we realize, this is unnecessary; for Croesus has, in these later days, abandoned fast horses and flashy waistcoats, and has learned to buy pictures and books for himself — and he enjoys them too, which is even a greater matter. He does not always spend his money wisely — that were asking too much in a single generation; he still makes too great a show of his money, leading humble folk to imagine that there is some magic pleasure in the mere possession of vast wealth. He will overdo things occasionally — or at least Mrs. Croesus will; as when once she built a temporary ball-room next to her stately summer home, at a cost — so the newspapers said — of some forty

thousand dollars, and tore it down after a single evening's entertainment. Mrs. Cræsus will spend vast sums of money to no rational purpose, and so give the socialists a deal to talk about, besides creating the impression that her husband's wealth was not inherited; but on the whole she has made tremendous progress since she was a schoolgirl.

Yes, despite all that we like to think to the contrary, we have an upper, middle, and lower class in America, but these classes are quite different from the very distinct strata observable in Europe. If Arnold had been describing American society, it would have been difficult for him to find a nomenclature so readily as he did when he described the English. To a degree the metric system has been adopted in the division of Americans into classes — very much depends on the number of ciphers to the left of the decimal point. This is not to say that everywhere in America a man is rated by the amount of his securities — that were an absurd statement so long as the golden dome reflects the sunlight over Beacon Hill; but from the very nature of things in a nation whose history is essentially one of commercial development, any line between class and class must be relative to the success of individuals in competing for the reward of commercial supremacy; and this reward in the first instance is a matter of dollars.

The history of society in America is the story of workingmen rising to be employers of labor, and this rise is accompanied with a constantly changing standard of living; children whose fathers were content with rag-carpets buy, without knowledge of their significance, oriental rugs, and wear diamond shirt-studs. Their daughters go to finishing school and take on a fine surface polishing, their granddaughters go to college and learn that the color and design of the ancestral rug is what constitutes its distinction, not the great price which their successful forebears paid for it.

This is how classes have grown in our society, despite our faith in the gospel according to Jefferson; and it is just this process which has made Newport to-day so very different from the Newport George William Curtis wrote about.

I recently read a novel written twenty-five years ago, describing the humiliations of a Western girl, whose father was a wealthy ranchman, when introduced to the polite society of New York. At table she never knew which fork to use, and once she picked geranium leaves out of the finger bowl and pinned them to her gown. In the end, of course, she learned the usages of good society — and married a titled Englishman. The villain was a Western congressman, who chewed tobacco and shocked but fascinated the ladies of the exclusive set. This antithesis between the social development of the West and the East was a constant quarry for the novel-writer in the last generation, and even now stories of this kind are to be found on the bookstands. The moral usually is that real virtue is not a matter of manners — and all good Americans are pretty much alike under the skin. Such stories illustrate the fact that social classes in America are more elastic than in the old world, the one merging imperceptibly into the other as individuals rise in successful competition. In England a junk-dealer's clerk is certain to remain a clerk until the end of his days; or if, by force of ability, he should become a junk-dealer, he will not change his social position by a hair's breadth. In America, if he has persistency, he is more than likely to be the proprietor of a business; and if his success be great enough, you may see him occupying a box at the Newport horse-show, or hear of his wife's brilliant entertainments at her villa. You may not read that Mrs. Blank was among the guests, — it was her grandfather who dealt in scrap iron and naturally she is a bit exclusive, — but our junk-dealer has established himself as the ancestor of some future exclusive Mrs. Blank.

There is a danger in generalization, and we must not infer that there is no part of our American society claiming refinement as its heritage, that refinement which is inseparable from true nobility and finds its best expression in simplicity of life and character. Such society we may find enthroned in the finest of the palaces which front the sea at Newport; we will find it, too, in some humble home yonder in the City of the Dinner Pail. Wealth offers no barrier to this society any more than poverty is its open sesame. To the happy mortals who dwell therein, money is but the means to make the world a happier place in which mankind shall live. This man owns a great house which overlooks the sea, beautiful pictures hang upon its walls, and in the library are fine books and precious manuscripts. It has been his pleasure to collect these masterpieces of literature and art; he shares the joy of them with his friends, he invites the student and the connoisseur to enjoy his treasures with him; he lends his pictures to the public galleries and holds his manuscripts in trust for scholars; and so his pleasure has added to the public wealth as surely as the railroads his industry has built or the mine he has opened. And after the long day's work in one of the countless factories which the genius of this multi-millionaire has created, many a man and woman return to their quiet homes, there to enjoy the same pictures and books which enrich his mansion — for in this marvelous age, machinery, so despised by some, has given to the humblest citizen all the means of culture.

One day during my summer on the sea-girt farm, society was stirred by the arrival of a duchess who came for a visit to a great house on the avenue. The next afternoon many carriages stopped at the door, the footmen leaving cards; society paid its call of welcome. Driving my quiet rig by the house, the sound of the horse's feet upon the pavement attracted attention within. The great doors swung open; two flunkies, dressed in crimson

satin livery, white silk stockings, golden knee-buckles, and powdered wigs, stood before me; one extended a golden salver to receive my cards, but, seeing his mistake, retired. Before the doors closed behind him, I glanced into the great hall, down which a line of other flunkies in similar livery stood at attention. Somehow that livery has remained in my memory ever since. Surely, in the fifty years since Mrs. Potiphar consulted the Reverend Mr. Cream Cheese concerning the color and cut of the Potiphar livery, Americans have made tremendous strides in dressing their servants. It is not, however, the questionable right of Americans to the apostolic succession of flunkydome that keeps the vision of those radiant servants in my memory, but the suggestion of luxury their decorous forms called up to a mind filled, that afternoon, with the problems of poverty and with speculations concerning the possibilities of a distribution of wealth in which a living wage might be guaranteed to every able-bodied man who is willing to work for it.

Poverty and Luxury — these are the diseases of our industrial régime, to the cure of which the socialists offer their ineffectual remedy; ineffectual since the population of the United States is made up of ninety million individuals, some of whom will be forever on the verge of bankruptcy, however great their income, and some frugal and always carrying their account on the right side of the balance-sheet, however small their annual allotment of wealth.

Poverty and Luxury — twin diseases sapping the life of society: the one destroying ambition by withholding sufficient nourishment to the body; the other rendering men worthless to society by a superabundance of the good things of life. Poverty is a disease not indigenous to our American soil; it is a plague brought in by immigrant ships from worn-out Europe, and the patients are cured here by the thousands. So long as there remains an uncultivated acre of land anywhere in the Union, there is

no real cause for poverty, nor any excuse for luxury while a foot of land is undeveloped.

"The extreme of luxury," De Lave-
laye says, "is that which destroys the
product of many days' labor without
bringing any rational satisfaction to the
owner." Another author calls luxury
"that which creates imaginary needs,
exaggerates real wants, diverts them from
their true end, establishes a habit of
prodigality in society, and offers through
the senses a satisfaction of self-love which
puffs up, but does not nourish the heart,
and which presents to others the picture
of a happiness to which they can never
attain."

Take either definition you will, we
behold in the social life at Newport a
measure of luxury men have not wit-
nessed since the fall of Rome.

There was a time when economists
apologized for luxury on the ground that
those who supported it kept money in
circulation, thus benefiting the poor; but
that was when scholars believed that
money was wealth in itself, and fondly
believed that one might eat his cake and
have it too. "Money changes hands,"
they said, "and in this circulation the
life of business and commerce consists.
When money is spent, it is all one to the
public who spends it." We have passed
beyond such specious arguments, but
there are those even now who think if a
man builds a temporary ballroom and
destroys it the next day, some one has
been benefited. The workers engaged
in building and demolishing it and the
men who employed them have, no doubt,
obtained an immediate benefit; yet the
same money might have built ten houses
to be the homes of generations of men.
Mrs. Croesus has had her vanishing pal-
ace, but ten families are sleeping with-
out shelter because of it. She should beg
her husband to use his influence at Wash-
ington to restrict immigration, or else to
employ his wealth in such a way that
these newcomers may be allowed to earn
a proper living.

The sentiments which give rise to lux-
ury, we are told, are vanity, sensuality,
and the instinct of adornment; but the
greatest of these is vanity, the desire to
distinguish one's self and to appear of
more importance than others. It is this
aspect of luxury that flaunts itself on the
avenue during the season. "My owner
is rich, rich, rich," toots the horn of
yonder marvelously upholstered motor-
car, as it speeds along regardless of the
pedestrian exercising his inalienable
right to cross the street. "My husband
is a multi-millionaire," this splendidly
gowned matron declares, trailing her
marvelously wrought skirt in the mud as
she steps from her carriage, while her
footman, in a livery more splendid than
that of any prince in Europe, stares va-
cantly into space and touches his shining
hat. Yes, these people are distinguished,
but it would take an exceptionally sharp
eye to tell which in this hierarchy of
ostentation is of the most importance.

Condemnation of luxury, however, is
not condemnation of wealth. Luxury is
a disease merely, which may attack the
successful individual just as poverty may
sink the unsuccessful one to lower and
lower depths of despair, and is no more
a necessary result of a large income than
poverty is of a small one. The question,
after all, is not, how great is this man's
fortune, but what does he do with it?
We can make no quarrel with the Cap-
tain of Industry because he possesses so
many dollars that neither he nor a dozen
clerks could count them in a twelve-
month, if he has earned those dollars by
his skill in trade and is conscious of his
stewardship. He entered the race on
even terms with many thousand others,
and outstripped them; by the very bent
of his genius he is incapable of becoming
a prey to luxury, and uses his wealth to
develop new railroads and open new
mines, and thus feeds with a bountiful
hand thousands of half-starved immi-
grants from the old world. Such a man
is a benefactor of mankind, as truly as
the greatest philanthropist. He is en-

gaged in a real service to the nation, and his great fortune is the witness of his service. It has become the fashion of late to belittle these men of great genius and to forget the benefits which they have bestowed; but this fashion will soon pass and men will again restore to them the praise which is their due.

When, in the economic history of man, the world passed from the agricultural, through the handicraft, to the industrial stage, the multi-millionaire became inevitable; when the first factory was built, the "trust" was its certain result. The trust and the multi-millionaire are essential factors in our industrial evolution, stepping-stones to a new and better order. Very well, you say, we will accept the multi-millionaire at his real value; he is indeed a necessary factor in the development of our industrial world and we will not only cease to pursue him with venomous prejudice, but we will weigh carefully the findings of investigating committees and allow the rich every privilege guaranteed to the humblest citizen by the Constitution. We will do even more than this: we will admit the right of the multi-millionaire to the fruit of his industry, and allow him to keep unmolested his numerous residences, his horses, his motor-cars and his steam yachts. But what right has his son, who never earned a dollar throughout all his useless days, to inherit this vast wealth?

Well, that is a matter for future philosophers and future statesmen to settle among themselves. When the evil becomes sufficiently acute, they will, no doubt, find some remedy, but for the present we have more immediate problems.

We do not know toward what end our American republic is moving, whether it be toward that industrial state which one enthusiastic young socialist has prophesied will be a reality within ten years, or whether it be in quite a different direction. But those who mark the course of events see a mighty evolution at work in our national life. On one side we behold the flood of immigration typified by the Greek fisher-folk and Portuguese farm-hands, working throughout the long night on Brenton's Point, to win from the sea a scanty pile of firewood; and on the other, the lords of wealth, living in regal splendor in the stately homes overlooking the sea. The amazing natural resources of the new world have brought hither these humble folk to a richer life than their fathers ever dreamed might be, and the same natural resources have made possible this life of splendor — more vast if not more magnificent than the world has known before. What this evolution means, we shall none of us live to understand; for the American nation is still in its infancy, its natural resources are still undeveloped, and its contribution to civilization still lies in the future.

THE KING'S SON OF PALEMBAN

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, — almost a century ago, in fact, — there lived a lady who was young and fair, and rich enough, in all conscience, as riches went then. Indeed, there were, no doubt, many ladies who were young and fair and rich enough; but this particular one was my great-grandmother, which may be the reason for my telling this story.

Now this lady, whom we will call Iphigenia, principally because that was not her name, was married to a very worthy gentleman and brave man, who was the captain of a ship. And this ship sailed, one voyage after another, to Bombay and Calcutta and Manila and Batavia and Singapore and such-like outlandish ports, from Boston. Captain Steele had sailed, late in September of the year 1821, on what was to be his last voyage. When he should sail into Boston Harbor again and land at the India Wharf, he would retire; or, at least, that was his intention. For he had been at sea, with certain brief intermissions, for the better part of fifteen years. And, at the age of thirty-three, it is fitting that a gentleman should retire from active service at sea, and should partake of the benefits and amenities of a life ashore.

Such, at least, was Captain Steele's opinion; and such was the opinion of Iphigenia, his wife. Indeed, she would have been glad if he had seen fit to retire earlier. For in what was she better than a widow — a widow for all but about three months out of every twenty-four? If she had been asked — she was not asked, but if she had been — she would have given it as her opinion that every gentleman should stay ashore for good and all after he was twenty-three, thereby setting ahead the date of retirement by

ten years. Captain Steele was married at twenty-three. And Iphigenia, as she pondered upon these matters in her own room, pouted somewhat.

"Nine years a widow!" she said. "Nine years a widow! Well, thank heaven, there is but a year more of it." And she pulled the bell-cord.

She was sitting in her own room, rather huddled up over a great fire that roared in the chimney. It was cold, bitter cold, outside, and none too warm inside, although the fire was doing its brave best. But fire in the rooms does not warm the halls, especially if the doors be shut, as hers was. And, with the doors open, it is but a draughty place before the great chimney, that sucks up all the air it can get, be it cold or warm; and the air at this season was mostly cold. And Iphigenia had before her an embroidery frame and she was sitting in a very high-backed chair. The door into the hall must open sometimes. And she tried to embroider, but her fingers were rather cold, and besides, to say the truth, she did not want to. There was nothing that she did want to do, and neither did doing nothing suit her.

It is to be feared that Iphigenia was out of sorts. Perhaps she missed her husband. For I have always understood that Captain Steele was a very loving husband, although he did not ask his wife's opinion as often as he might, even on matters in which she might have had a preference and in which that preference should have had some weight. He did not ask his wife's opinion at all. No doubt he was to blame in that. We should not do so, now — we should not dare. But I have always understood, also, that it is never the way of sea captains — it is not a habit worth mention-

ing — to ask anybody's opinion in regard to anything, but to trust to their own. And that method has its advantages, too.

The door opened and a maid entered. "Madam rang?" said she, in the low voice that well-trained maids always use — always have used, since maids were.

Iphigenia did not turn her head. "Yes, Marshall, I rang," she said; and her voice was not even and calm, like Marshall's, but its tones betrayed her irritation. She did not have to modulate her voice always within a certain compass, as Marshall did. It might have been better for her if she had had to. She did not have to do anything that she did not want to do; it was only to convention that she bowed. And, if conditions only became sufficiently hard to bear, why, convention — But she went on.

"What people have I asked to supper here, to-night, Marshall?"

"Madam has asked but three people for to-night," answered Marshall, in the same well-trained voice. "There is Captain Cumnor, and Miss Peake, and Mr. Hunter. That is all, madam."

"Have n't I asked Captain Ammidon — and Mrs. Ammidon?" asked Iphigenia, in a sort of panic, as it seemed.

"No, madam."

Now Iphigenia knew very well that she had not asked Captain Ammidon and Mrs. Ammidon. For, although it would be Christmas Eve, and although Captain and Mrs. Ammidon had always been asked to sup with her on Christmas Eve, she had omitted them of set purpose. Captain Ammidon was old and white-haired and fatherly — Mrs. Ammidon did not matter; and Captain Cumnor was not old, nor was he white-haired or fatherly, but he was her very devoted slave — or so it appeared. Her friends were beginning to whisper that he was too devoted. But I am not forgetting that Iphigenia was my great-grandmother or that she was a very charming woman — even to Marshall; nor that Captain Steele had been at sea almost continually since they were married. And now

it seemed that she was remembering some things, too, that she had been in danger of forgetting, and she was panic-stricken accordingly. For Miss Peake did not matter, either, nor did Mr. Hunter.

"Dear me!" cried Iphigenia. "I must ask them at once. I hope they will overlook the lateness of the invitation and come. Oh, Marshall, I *hope* they will!"

"If madam will excuse me," said Marshall, still in that low voice which contrived to hint at sympathy, "I think that they will come. They believe that it is through some mistake that they have not received their invitation. They have always been asked, madam knows."

"Yes, yes," said Iphigenia hastily. "And you will see, Marshall, that Captain Ammidon is seated on my right and Captain Cumnor on my left. The others will be — where you see fit to put them, Marshall."

"Yes, madam," said Marshall. And she opened the door again, to go out, and there entered a blast of air so cold that Iphigenia shivered as she got up to write her belated note to Captain Ammidon. It was addressed to Mrs. Ammidon and the words were written to Mrs. Ammidon; but the spirit of it was, none the less, to the captain.

And so it was come to Christmas Eve and the table was all dressed prettily — Marshall had seen to that; and Iphigenia was all dressed, infinitely more prettily — and Marshall had seen to that, too. And, when she was all dressed and ready to go down, she would first see her boys. For she was the mother of two fine boys, the older eight years old and the younger but three. They were already in bed.

"I am afraid, madam," said Marshall, "that Bobby is asleep." She smiled as she spoke. "Madam knows that he wastes no time, but goes immediately to sleep. But Norton is awake. He was hoping that you would come in."

"And so I will," said Iphigenia. Then she sighed. "We have too much company, Marshall, too much company. It's

going to be stopped." And, with that, she swept out; and Marshall smiled a knowing smile and murmured something under her breath.

"Poor dear!" she said. "Poor dear! If only the captain would come! It's full time."

But Iphigenia swept into her sons' room. Norton was sitting up in the high bed with a warm wrapper over his shoulders. His eyes were shining. The room was cold and Iphigenia shivered.

"Oh, mother!" cried Norton, softly, lest he wake Bobby. "You are so beautiful — so beautiful! I love to see you ready for parties. I wish father could see you now."

Iphigenia sank down with her knees on the cushion that her little boys used to get into bed; for the bed was an old-fashioned, high affair, with hangings. And she flushed in a fashion that, Norton thought, made her more beautiful yet.

"I wish father *could* see me, my dear little boy," she said. "I *wish* he could!" And she took him in her arms and crushed his face against hers.

"But your pretty dress, mother!" protested Norton, struggling away. "It'll rumple it all up."

Iphigenia was in a passion of tenderness. "Never mind the dress, Norton," she cried. "Never mind the dress. Give me a great big hug — a regular bear hug! Now!"

And Norton, although he could seldom be prevailed upon to do such things, — he loved his mother dearly, but was shy about demonstrations, — Norton complied.

"My dear little boy!" cried Iphigenia. "My dear little boy!" And she kissed him until he protested and hid his face in the pillow.

And Bobby was restless and talking in his sleep, although neither his mother nor Norton could make out what he said. Suddenly he sat up in bed, crying and evidently much frightened. Iphigenia had him in her arms in an instant.

"What is it, Bobby, dear?" she said.

"Did he have a bad dream? Here is mother, and Norton is right beside you. Nothing can hurt Bobby."

But Bobby kept on crying and sobbing. It was some minutes before he could be quieted. Then he opened his eyes, saw his mother, and clung with both arms about her neck.

"Had a horrid dream," he faltered sleepily, "about farver, an' he was on a big ship an' sailin' over the wide ocean, an' some other little ships come an' — an' they — an' —" And Bobby was sleeping again, peacefully this time.

Iphigenia laid him back in his place. She was strangely excited. "Now, Norton," she said, "we will pray to the good God — just say it to ourselves, silently — that He will bring father safe home again."

And Norton, very willingly, folded his hands as he sat there in bed, and his lips moved, while Iphigenia buried her face in the bedclothes as she knelt. And, having done, Iphigenia rose to her feet.

"Good-night, mother," said Norton. "Now He will, won't He?"

"Yes, dear little son," said Iphigenia. "Now He will. Good-night."

She found Captain Cumnor warming his hands before the fire. He had come early, for some reason best known to himself. Iphigenia made a beautiful picture as she came into the room with her emotion fresh upon her. Captain Cumnor advanced to meet her and bowed low; and he took her hand in his and lightly touched her fingers with his lips. Iphigenia shivered.

"My lady is looking well, to-night," he said, in a low voice. His eyes said much more. Captain Cumnor had handsome eyes.

"I have been bidding my babies good-night," said Iphigenia, with a little trembling smile.

There was something about that smile which seemed to Captain Cumnor to put him far from her. He did not like it.

"And —" said Captain Cumnor,

"and —? There is something else. What is it?"

"And —" repeated Iphigenia, "and —" But she could not tell him. "No," she replied somewhat coldly, "there is nothing else."

Then Captain Ammidon came in, and Iphigenia was glad. And Mrs. Ammidon came after the captain, as they ever were, she following in his wake like a shadow — or like a shark — a very mild sort of shark; more like a dogfish — or so Iphigenia seemed to think. Iphigenia did not like Mrs. Ammidon. And Miss Peake and Mr. Hunter came together, and after a time they all went in to supper.

It was toward the end of the supper that Captain Ammidon was giving toasts. And he had just proposed Captain Steele's health, with the hope that he might have a fortunate voyage and live thereafter in honor and happiness ashore. Captain Ammidon had retired years before. And they were all standing and had raised their glasses — little, delicate glasses, with the leopard's head cut on them — when Iphigenia had a feeling that she was about to faint. She braced herself; she *would not* faint. And then —

She was just stepping out of the cabin door on to the quarter-deck of the *Aulis*. Before her was Captain Steele, in the gold-laced uniform that he kept for state occasions. The mates, also, were in uniform, which was unusual, and the crew, below, in the waist, were clad in the best that they could raise, which was not bad, for the most part, considering. It seemed to be about seven in the morning, although the sun was well up, being perhaps two hours high, or thereabouts. The weather was hot and sultry, with a promise of worse to come.

Iphigenia was much surprised to find that it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should be there at that time. There was a light air stirring, but not enough to fill the sails, which hung, almost flapping, from the yards. There was a cloud of canvas spread, and Iphigenia noted that. She noted, too, that

the ship was barely making steerage way. She advanced towards the group of officers.

Captain Steele was speaking to the mate. "Overhaul the cargo," he said, "or as much of it as you can, and find something that will do for presents." Iphigenia touched him on the arm. He looked up, and she was about to speak, but he held up his hand for her to be silent. She was silent, waiting. "Be quick about it," he added, to the mate. "They will be aboard of us in half an hour."

Then he turned to Iphigenia. "Good-morning, my dear," he said, smiling, "and a merry Christmas to you!"

Iphigenia took hold of the lapels of his coat with both hands. She would have clung to him with her arms around his neck, but that there were the two mates and the whole crew to see. She turned imploring eyes to him.

"Is it Christmas morning, Elliott? A merry Christmas to you, if it is. I wish that you — you could — kiss me, Elliott." Her eyes filled.

Captain Elliott Steele laughed. "Do you, Iphigenia? Well, bless you, I can." He bent and kissed her full on the mouth. "If everything were as easy as that — and as pleasant! A man may kiss his wife, I hope, on Christmas morning, without exciting remark."

She was happy, then. "And where are you now, Elliott? And why have you got your uniform on — and why is — everything? Tell me."

Captain Steele laughed again, a full, round laugh. "No time for an answer to that. We are in latitude about nine fifty south, and longitude one hundred and five forty-four east. I have not taken an observation to-day, but that land you see over there is Christmas Island, and the water you see is the Indian Ocean. And the feluccas you see rowing this way are, I suspect, buccaneers, who will be aboard of us in less than half an hour, now. And the wind that you don't see is what I wish devoutly that there was, to help us

show them a clean pair of heels. But don't you be frightened, Iphigenia," he added hastily. "I think that we shall circumvent them."

Iphigenia was not frightened. She looked over the water, that rolled in long, lazy swells, unruffled by a breeze, and, far down upon the northern horizon, she thought that she saw the high land of Christmas Island, although she was not very sure. It made but a darker patch of blue on the blue of the horizon, at the best. And to the eastward she saw four boats — the "little ships" of Bobby's dream, she thought — that, in the absence of wind, had out a forest of oars and were closing in, in a leisurely manner, upon their prey. Each little ship was crowded with men. And she wondered — wondered — and said nothing.

"You keep near me," said Captain Steele, "and whatever I may do — I don't know, yet, what I shall do — you follow my lead. You understand, Iphigenia? Follow my lead."

"Yes," said Iphigenia.

In the crew there was one man who could speak the native language of those parts. Captain Steele had that man called to act as interpreter, for he himself knew but little of that tongue. And he had a gangway put over the side, and the first of the boats drew near and hung, a few oars' lengths away. A man stood out from the mass of men, but, before he could speak, the interpreter called to him.

"Peace be with you!" he said.

And the man looked surprised, but he answered, and in his own tongue.

"And with you, peace," he said.

And, with that, the interpreter, at Captain Steele's bidding, asked him to come aboard, with thirty of his men — there were thirty men in the crew of the *Aulis* — and be the guests of the *Aulis* at dinner. And, after a few minutes of hesitation — no doubt he had some fear that he might, I say, be walking into a trap, he and his men; it was a reasonable fear — after a few minutes, he came, and certain of his men from each of the boats

came also. But the boats took up their stations about the ship, about a cable's length away, as though they meant to stay there. And Captain Steele, clad in his gorgeous uniform, and the mates, and Iphigenia, a little timorous, waited at the head of the gangway.

The man came up and bounded lightly on deck, his men behind him. He looked alertly about him, ready for anything, it seemed; then, seeing only the officers in their uniforms, and a certain timorous lady, he smiled and touched his head and his lips and his breast, and made a low salaam, and said something which nobody understood. There was not time for the interpreter; and, besides, he had gone with the crew. Captain Steele held out his hand, which the man took, and he was presented to Mrs. Steele, although it is to be feared that he understood no more of what was going on than they did of his language.

He was a handsome man, younger than Captain Steele, with a little black mustache which turned up, quite cunningly, at the ends, and, on his head, a big turban of fine linen. Iphigenia laughed as she looked into his eyes, but whether from relief or from nervousness or from what other cause soever she could not have told, for the life of her. But she felt no fear of him. And he, seeing her laughing, and her eyes looking frankly into his, smiled merrily back again. And, at that, Captain Steele laughed too, and they all went into the cabin together.

"It's a little early for our Christmas dinner," said Captain Steele, "but we'll have it, if the steward has done his duty. If not, I'll string him up."

And again they all smiled, though it must have been more from the friendly feeling which had come over them than because of Captain Steele's words. And their guest was seated cross-legged on cushions that had been placed upon a divan. This divan commonly did duty as a transom and locker, in which were kept various papers of Captain Steele's; among them, the log of the voyage which

is before me now. And at the other end of the table sat Captain Steele, with Iphigenia and the first mate on either side; and the door opened and a badly frightened steward began serving the dinner.

It was a merry meal, in spite of the fact that nobody could understand a word that their guest said; and, noting that, which was plain enough, he seemed to have a certain pleasure in talking much. It was to be supposed that he could understand no more of what was said to him. And presently, Captain Steele, getting tired, as I suppose, of understanding nothing that his guest said, and being equally weary of keeping the smile on his face and not knowing what he smiled at, had the interpreter fetched to help them out. It was rather hard on him, taking him away from his dinner and making him stand behind the captain's chair, from which point he could smell the dinner well enough, but could not get so much as a taste of it. There was no turkey, nor yet goose; but there was a very passable soup, and excellent salt horse and plum-duff to come, and Captain Steele could keep wines well enough, if he could not keep fresh meat.

The guest observed the salt horse with some amusement, and tasted everything, though he did scarcely more. Then, when the salt horse was finished, — it was the second course, — he said something to Captain Steele, with much smiling and many gestures. Captain Steele looked at the interpreter, whose face was glowing.

"He says, captain, will my lord pardon him for suggesting, and accept a slight contribution from his stores? For he has been ashore within these two days, at Java, and there procured fresh meat and a trifle or two, which he well understands that his excellency has not had this long time, being at sea. And he believes the trifles he mentions will be grateful to his lord and honorable lady, and to the crew, and he hopes that you will deign to accept them. And I make bold

to say, captain, that I hope you will."

At which ending Captain Steele burst out laughing, as did Iphigenia and the mate; and their guest laughed as merrily, which made Iphigenia wonder whether he really understood no more than he seemed to. But Captain Steele thanked him heartily for his courtesy and said that he would gladly accept whatever he offered. And he, not waiting for the interpreter to interpret, murmured his excuses and arose and hastened on deck, with Captain Steele following after as fast as he could. But Iphigenia waited there with the mate.

And, after a while, there entered Captain Steele with their guest, and, strangely enough, he had his hand on the man's shoulder, as if he were an old friend.

"Iphigenia," said the captain, "what do you think of him? He understands English as well as I, and he has been fooling us all this time. As for you," he added, to the interpreter, "you can go forward to your dinner."

"Aye, aye, sir; thank you, sir," said the man; and went out, laughing silently.

"I make my apologies to the lady and the honorable captain," said the guest; "but it was necessary that I be sure that there was no plan to trap us, me and my men. Now we can enjoy our dinner in fullness."

"In fullness," echoed Captain Steele.

Iphigenia laughed again. And immediately there entered men bearing dishes in their hands. And they set them down and whipped off the covers, and there were pheasants, smoking hot, and many another thing that I do not know the name of, for neither Iphigenia, nor Captain Steele in his log, has said what they were. But I am sure enough that they must have tasted good to Captain Steele and his sailors, who had been three months without fresh meat or fruits, or anything much better than salt beef.

And, when the dinner was over, Captain Steele gave an order, and there was brought in to him, as he sat at the table, a box of carved ebony inlaid on the top

and sides with silver. And the captain made a little speech, which I will not try to give—he had been drinking toasts, which will account for his readiness with his tongue; for he was not used to making speeches, and he did not like to—he made a speech, presenting the box and its contents to his guest, in memory of a pleasant occasion. And he pushed the box across the table, turned the silver key, and opened it. There lay a pretty pair of pistols, with their grips inlaid with some fine and beautiful design in silver, also.

"I had nothing else that I could offer you," said Captain Steele. "I hope you will not be using them upon my friends." And he laughed in somewhat embarrassed fashion.

Iphigenia saw a deep red suffuse the dark color of the man's cheek, and she feared that the captain might have transgressed some rule of which he was ignorant. Then the man laughed as if he was pleased, and, feeling beneath the neck of his robe, he drew forth a chain of pearls. It was a long chain, and they were beautiful great pearls, each one perfect; and they grew from little to big, and at the bottom of the loop was a pendant with an enormous blue pearl in it. Iphigenia drew a long, shivering breath at the sight. She liked pearls very much; no doubt she would have said that she loved them. And the man rose, smiling, and went over to Captain Steele and bowed.

"I beg that you will accept this trifle for madam," he said. And, seeing the doubt growing on Captain Steele's face, he laughed. "I did not take it from one of your friends," he continued. "It is nothing. It will give me pleasure to have madam wear it—to remember a pleasant occasion."

And there was nothing else for the captain to do but to take it, which he did with what grace was in him, and with but feeble protest. As for Iphigenia, she went red and pale by turns, and could only stammer her thanks. And, in time, they went on deck and the man betook

him to his boat again and sailed away. For a gentle breeze had arisen, with, now and then, hard squalls. And great thunder heads darkened the water, but it was yet hot. Iphigenia leaned upon the rail and watched the boats and waved her handkerchief. She was no longer timorous.

The men of the Aulis were taking in sail. Captain Steele leaned on the rail, beside Iphigenia, and watched the boats. Their crews seemed to have no idea of taking in any sail, but they went with all that they could carry. "The fools!" said he. "Well—perhaps they know their own boats best."

And he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Iphigenia watched the boats as they drew abreast of Christmas Island. It was very squally there, the wind drawing off the high land in puffs and swirls. She saw the boats careen, one after another, under one of these puffs, and recover; then, seemingly, there came a blast of great force. It knocked them flat, so that they went over like a row of ten-pins, and the men were struggling in the water. Iphigenia gave a little scream and dropped to the deck.

Queer things were happening to her. She would have cried out with the horror of it, but she could not raise her voice above a whisper.

"Oh, is he drowned?" she said. "Tell me, is he drowned?"

It was very still, and she was about to repeat her question. Then she heard voices, low and far off. And she opened her eyes, and she saw faces turned to hers, over the candles; but she saw them vaguely and indistinctly, as if they were dream-faces. Then they came nearer and were more real, and she knew them. She was in her own dining-room and she still held the little glass in her hand—the little glass with the leopard's head cut in it—and her other hand gripped the table so hard that it was numb. And Captain Ammidon and Mrs. Ammidon were looking at her, their faces beginning to show the fear they felt, and they whis-

pered together. Captain Cumnor was looking at her, too. Miss Peake and Mr. Hunter did not matter, as I have said.

"My lady is not well?" asked Captain Cumnor, in a low and anxious voice. There was more in his voice than in his words — infinitely more, and his eyes expressed more than his voice. They said — but it does not matter, now, what they said; if he had only known it, the time was already past when it could matter to Iphigenia what he said, whether with lips or voice or eyes. And his voice was so low that even Captain Ammidon, on Iphigenia's other hand, did not hear. But Captain Ammidon was deaf. As his lady did not reply, Captain Cumnor went on, —

"Let me take you into —"

And Iphigenia turned upon him a look that would have frozen his heart within him — if he had had a heart — so filled was it with contempt and loathing.

"I am quite well, thank you," she said; and shuddered and turned again and drank her wine. How long had she been standing there, holding that glass?

Captain Cumnor was surprised at the look she gave him; surprised out of his discretion. What could he know of the workings of a woman's mind? What did the woman herself know of them, for that matter? But he was no fool. He could see through a hole in a millstone.

"I am very glad that you are well," he said. "I was beginning to fear that, perhaps, you were not." And he shrugged his shoulders.

His words were well enough, but his voice was an insult; and no woman would have cared to see his eyes as he spoke. Iphigenia turned towards him, and her words cut like knives.

"I fear it is you who are ill, Captain Cumnor," she said. "If you feel that you should go home, we will excuse you."

Captain Cumnor smiled an evil smile. "I am indebted to you, madam," he said. "I hesitated to ask so great a favor." He turned to the others. "Mrs. Steele is kind enough to excuse me at

once. She thinks I am ill and ought to be at home. Good-night." And he bowed and was gone.

Mr. Hunter and Miss Peake gaped in astonishment and Mrs. Ammidon smiled grimly. Only Captain Ammidon reached over and took Iphigenia's hand. He did not smile but he looked affectionately at her. "Casting pearls, my dear," said he; "casting pearls."

Involuntarily, Iphigenia reached up to feel her pearls. They were her own amber beads that she felt between her fingers.

Iphigenia never saw Captain Cumnor again, which was just as well, no doubt. But when Captain Steele came back, nearly a year later, he handed her a packet. And she undid the packet, with fingers that trembled a little, and she drew out from its wrappings a string of pearls. It was a long chain, and they were beautiful great pearls, each one perfect; and they grew from little to big, and at the bottom of the loop was a pendant with an enormous blue pearl in it. Captain Steele watched her as she drew them forth, but he said nothing, only stood there, smiling slightly.

And Iphigenia raised shy eyes to his. "Was he drowned?" she whispered. "Tell me, was he drowned?"

Captain Steele laughed. "I don't know what you can know about them — or him," he said. "But I will show you."

And he went and fetched his log: the log of the *Aulis* on the voyage from Boston towards Manila, beginning September the twenty-seventh, 1821. And he opened it and turned to a certain page, and set it before her. That same log lies open before me now, and at the same place. And I will mention, in passing, that I have that same string of pearls in my strong box at the bank. It is a long chain still — as long as when it was Iphigenia's — and they are beautiful great pearls; but some of them are turned dark. It is nearly a century since Iphigenia got them.

At sea the day began, for Captain

Steele at least, at noon; which will account for the date of the entry. And so December the twenty-fourth, "latter part," would correspond to the forenoon of the twenty-fifth, as we reckon days ashore. He mentions it. And, if Captain Steele had been of a religious turn, he might well have filled a page of the book with a prayer. Captains of those days often filled nearly a page with prayers, of a Sunday — uncommon long ones, too, though, no doubt, they were sincere. And this was Christmas Day, which would have been excuse enough, if one were needed. But Captain Steele contents himself with the briefest, though it must have been heartfelt.

Monday, Dec 24th, 1821. 88 days. Comes in gentle S. E. gales and pleasant weather. Set royals and skysails. Middle part light airs. Set royal steering sails. At daylight saw Christmas Island bearing N. by W. about five leagues.

Christmas morning at home — and here. May God bless us all and all who are dear to us, and grant us a safe return to our native land. Amen!

Latter part squally, with thunder, lightning and rain. Sent down all steering sails, royals, T. Gallant sails and skysails and reef'd main topsail. At about 10 A. M. pass'd the Island distance about three miles. Very squally while passing the Island, with great numbers of Boobies and Man-o'-War birds round the Ship. Ends with fresh trades and passing clouds. All proper sail set.

At about 7 A. M. sighted four feluccas bearing down on us, which I took to be buccaneers. Had the mates (and myself) in our best uniform to their great astonishment, and the men in their best, and received them hospitably. Christmas dinner at 8 A. M. (rather early) at which the captain of the buccaneers show'd himself a friendly fellow and a man of a pretty wit. *Mirabile dictu!* Made him a present of my silver-mounted pistols, with the hope that he would not

use them on my friends. He, in turn, presented me with a string of pearls for Mrs. Steele. (I had a curious sense of her presence with me all through dinner and for a little while after. Then she was gone.) Very handsome pearls, if I am any judge. Wondered where they came from, but asked no troublesome questions, being thankful for our own escape. God moves in a mysterious way. After dinner, the captain of the buccaneers took to his boats and stood away from us, in towards Christmas Island. Very heavy squall capsized all boats. Stood in as fast as we could, but had to make some sail. Picked up the captain and the most part of his people.

And when Iphigenia had finished the reading of the log for that day, Captain Steele stooped and turned a page. "There!" he said, "Read that, too." And he turned away to hide a smile.

So Iphigenia read.

Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1821. 91 ds. At anchor in Mero Bay, the peak on Prince's Island bearing N. by W., the North Extreme of Java N. 38 E. the Watering Place on Java Shore S. 25 E. Sent the boats for water. Our Captain of Buccaneeres gone with them, with his men. The boats returned at five, having 2010 gals. water. Took in boats and water and got under way and made sail through the straits. Stood in for Anger at 11 A. M. I went ashore and left letters for Boston and procured a supply of fowls, vegetable and turtle. Ends light airs from N. & W.

Friday, Dec, 28th, 1821. 92 ds. Comes in light airs and pleasant weather. At 1 o'clock, I came on board with our supplies, procured of Amon, a Chinaman, having heard by the master commandant (Van Bassal) of the recovery of Palembang by the Dutch and the taking of the King, then a prisoner on board a Dutch Man of War at Batavia, and the escape of the King's son, with a party. It is thought that he may have sailed to make war

upon the Dutch. Can he be our captain of buccaneers!

Ends with lt. airs and variable. Three ships in sight supposed bound for Batavia, one of which is the English ship *Amity* of Whitby, 157 days from England.

Iphigenia looked up from her reading, a question in her eyes. "Was he?" she asked, at last.

Captain Steele laughed. "He was, I found, the King's son of Palembang."

Truly, he loved a joke, that King's son of Palembang.

MORRICE WATER

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALONG the shallows of the river
That flows by Hemlock Mountain's side,
There is a street of elms and gardens,
With flower-de-luce and London-pride;
All green and blue and white reflected
Within the still and dreaming tide.

When from the castellated steeple
The bell's melodious long refrain,
Full early on a Sabbath morning,
Is heard across the windy plain,
Along that street the flowered waistcoat
And polonaise appear again.

In the Town Hall, at springtime parties,
To many a quaint and charming tune,
They play "Where art thou?" and "King William;"
And still beneath the autumn moon
Lead forth to "Money Musk" their partners,
And dance the reel and rigadon.

And when the graybeards fill the tavern
With talk of camp, and sword, and gun,
They mingle Shiloh and Stone River
With Concord, and with Lexington;
Until through yesterdays forever
The Morrice Water seems to run.

HONEST LITERARY CRITICISM

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

THERE are five groups interested in literary criticism: publishers of books, authors, publishers of reviews, critics, and, finally, the reading public.

An obvious interest of all the groups but the last is financial. For the publisher of books, although he may have his pride, criticism is primarily an advertisement: he hopes that his books will be so praised as to commend them to buyers. For the publisher of book-reviews, although he also may have his pride, criticism is primarily an attraction for advertisements: he hopes that his reviews will lead publishers of books to advertise in his columns. For the critic, whatever his ideals, criticism is, in whole or in part, his livelihood. For the author, no matter how disinterested, criticism is reputation — perhaps a reputation that can be coined. In respect of this financial interest, all four are opposed to the public, which wants nothing but competent service, — a guide to agreeable reading, an adviser in selecting gifts, a herald of new knowledge, a giver of intellectual delight.

All five groups are discontented with the present condition of American criticism.

Publishers of books complain that reviews do not help sales. Publishers of magazines lament that readers do not care for articles on literary subjects. Publishers of newspapers frankly doubt the interest of book-notices. The critic confesses that his occupation is ill-considered and ill-paid. The author wrathfully exclaims — but what he exclaims cannot be summarized, so various is it. Thus, the whole commercial interest is unsatisfied. The public, on the other hand, finds book-reviews of little service and reads them, if at all, with indifference, with distrust, or with exasperation.

That part of the public which appreciates criticism as an art maintains an eloquent silence and reads French.

Obviously, what frets the commercial interest is the public indifference to book-reviews. What is the cause of that?

In critical writing, what is the base of interest, the indispensable foundation in comparison with which all else is superstructure? I mentioned the public which, appreciating criticism as an art, turns from America to France for what it craves. Our sympathies respond to the call of our own national life, and may not be satisfied by Frenchmen; if we turn to them, we do so for some attraction which compensates for the absence of intimate relation to our needs. What is it? Of course, French mastery of form accounts in part for our intellectual absenteeism; but it does not account for it wholly, not, I think, even in the main. Consider the two schools of French criticism typified by Brunetière and Anatole France. Men like Brunetière seem to believe that what they say is important, not merely to fellow dilettanti or to fellow scholars, but to the public and to the mass of the public; they seem to write, not to display their attainments, but to use their attainments to accomplish their end; they put their whole strength, intellectual and moral, into their argument; they seek to make converts, to crush enemies. They are in earnest, they feel responsible, they take their office with high seriousness. They seem to think that the soul and the character of the people are as important as its economic comfort. The problem of a contemporary, popular author — even if contemporary, even if popular — is to them an important question; the intellectual, moral, and æsthetic ideals which he is spreading through the coun-

try are to be tested rigorously, then applauded or fought. They seek to be clear because they wish to interest, they wish to interest because they wish to convince, they wish to convince because they have convictions which they believe should prevail.

The men like Anatole France — if there are any others like Anatole France — have a different philosophy of life. They are doubtful of endeavor, doubtful of progress, doubtful of new schools of art, doubtful of new solutions whether in philosophy or economics; but they have a quick sensitiveness to beauty and a profound sympathy with suffering man. Not only do they face their doubts, but they make their readers face them. They do not pretend, they do not conceal; they flatter no conventions and no prejudices; they are sincere. Giving themselves without reserve, they do not speak what they think will please you, but rather try with all their art to please you with what they think.

In the French critics of both types — the men like Brunetière, the men like Anatole France — there is this common, this invaluable characteristic, — I mean intellectual candor. That is their great attraction; that is the foundation of interest.

Intellectual candor does not mark American criticism. The fault is primarily the publisher's. It lies in the fundamental mistake that he makes in the matter of publicity. Each publisher, that is, treats each new book as if it were the only one that he had ever published, were publishing, or ever should publish. He gives all his efforts to seeing that it is praised. He repeats these exertions with some success for each book that he prints. Meanwhile, every other publisher is doing as much for every new book of his own. The natural result follows — a monotony of praise which permits no books to stand out, and which, however plausible in the particular instance, is, in the mass, incredible.

But how is it that the publisher's fiat

produces praise? The answer is implicit in the fact that criticism is supported, not by the public, but by the publisher. Upon the money which the publisher of books is ready to spend for advertising depends the publisher of book-reviews; upon him in turn depends the critic.

Between the publisher of books anxious for favorable reviews and willing to spend money, and the publisher of a newspaper anxious for advertisements and supporting a dependent critic, the chance to trade is perfect. Nothing sordid need be said or indeed perceived; all may be left to the workings of human nature. Favorable reviews are printed, advertisements are received; and no one, not even the principals, need be certain that the reviews are not favorable because the books are good, or that the advertisements are not given because the comment is competent and just. Nevertheless, the Silent Bargain has been decorously struck. Once reached, it tends of itself to become ever more close, intimate, and inclusive. The publisher of books is continuously tempted to push his advantage with the complaisant publisher of a newspaper; the publisher of a newspaper is continuously tempted to pitch ever higher and still higher the note of praise.

But the Silent Bargain is not made with newspapers only. Obviously, critics can say nothing without the consent of some publisher; obviously, their alternatives are silence or submission. They who write for the magazines are wooed to constant surrender; they must, or they think that they must, be tender of all authors who have commercial relations with the house that publishes the periodical to which they are contributing. Even they who write books are not exempt: they must, or they feel that they must, deal gently with reputations commercially dear to their publisher. If the critic is timid, or amiable, or intriguing, or struck with poverty, he is certain, whatever his rank, to dodge, to soften, to omit whatever he fears may displease

the publisher on whom he depends. Selfish considerations thus tend ever to emasculate criticism, criticism thus tends ever to assume more and more nearly the most dishonest and exasperating form of advertisement, that of the "reading notice" which presents itself as sincere, spontaneous testimony. Disingenuous criticism tends in its turn to puzzle and disgust the public — and to hurt the publisher. The puff is a boomerang.

Its return blow is serious; it would be fatal, could readers turn away wholly from criticism. What saves the publisher is that they cannot. They have continuous, practical need of books, and must know about them. The multitudinous paths of reading stretch away at every angle, and the traveling crowd must gather and guess and wonder about the guide-post criticism, even if each finger, contradicting every other, points to its own road as that "To Excellence."

Wayfarers in like predicament would question one another. It is so with readers. Curiously enough, publishers declare that their best advertising flows from this private talk. They all agree that, whereas reviews sell nothing, the gossip of readers sells much. Curiously, I say; for this gossip is not under their control; it is as often adverse as favorable; it kills as much as it sells. Moreover, when it kills, it kills in secret: it leaves the bewildered publisher without a clue to the culprit or his motive. How, then, can it be superior to the controlled, considerate flattery of the public press? It is odd that publishers never seriously ask themselves this question, for the answer, if I have it, is instructive. The dictum of the schoolgirl that a novel is "perfectly lovely" or "perfectly horrid," comes from the heart. The comment of society women at afternoon tea, the talk of business men at the club, if seldom of much critical value, is sincere. In circles in which literature is loved, the witty things which clever men and clever women say about books are inspired by the fear neither of God nor of man. In

circles falsely literary, parrot talk and affectation hold sway, but the talkers have an absurd faith in one another. In short, all private talk about books bears the stamp of sincerity. That is what makes the power of the spoken word. It is still more potent when it takes the form, not of casual mention, but of real discussion. When opinions differ, talk becomes animated, warm, continuous. Listeners are turned into partisans. A lively, unfettered dispute over a book by witty men, no matter how prejudiced, or by clever women, no matter how unlearned, does not leave the listener indifferent. He is tempted to read that book.

Now, what the publisher needs in order to print with financial profit the best work and much work, is the creation of a wide general interest in literature. This vastly transcends in importance the fate of any one book or group of books. Instead, then, of trying to start in the public press a chorus of stupid praise, why should he not endeavor to obtain a reproduction of what he acknowledges that his experience has taught him is his main prop and support, — the frank word, the unfettered dispute of private talk? Let him remember what has happened when the vivacity of public opinion has forced this reproduction. It is history that those works have been best advertised over which critics have fought — Hugo's dramas, Wagner's music, Whitman's poems, Zola's novels, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*.

Does it not all suggest the folly of the Silent Bargain?

I have spoken always of tendencies. Public criticism never has been and never will be wholly dishonest, even when in the toils of the Silent Bargain; it never has been and never will be wholly honest, even with that cuttlefish removed. But if beyond cavil it tended towards sincerity, the improvement would be large. In the measure of that tendency it would gain the public confidence without which it can benefit no one — not even the

publisher. For his own sake he should do what he can to make the public regard the critic, not as a mere megaphone for his advertisements, but as an honest man who speaks his honest mind. To this end, he should deny his foolish taste for praise, and, even to the hurt of individual ventures, use his influence to foster independence in the critic.

In the way of negative help, he should cease to tempt lazy and indifferent reviewers with ready-made notices, the perfunctory and insincere work of some minor employee; he should stop sending out, as "literary" notes, thinly disguised advertisements and irrelevant personalities; he should no longer supply photographs of his authors in affected poses that display their vanity much and their talent not at all. That vulgarity he should leave to those who have soubrettes to exploit; he should not treat his authors as if they were variety artists — unless, indeed, they are just that, and he himself on the level of the manager of a low vaudeville house. These cheap devices lower his dignity as a publisher, they are a positive hurt to the reputation of his authors, they make less valuable to him the periodical that prints them, and they are an irritation and an insult to the critic, for one and all they are attempts to insinuate advertising into his honest columns. Frankly, they are modes of corruption, and degrade the whole business of writing.

In the way of positive help, he should relieve of every commercial preoccupation not only the editors and contributors of any magazines that he may control, but also those authors of criticism and critical biography whose volumes he may print. Having cleaned his own house, he should steadily demand of the publications in which he advertises a higher grade of critical writing, and select the periodicals to which to send his books for notice according, not to the partiality, but to the ability of their reviews. Thus he would do much to make others follow his own good example.

What of the author? In respect of criticism, the publisher, of course, has no absolute rights, not even that of having his books noticed at all. His interests only have been in question, and, in the long run and in the mass, these will not be harmed, but benefited, by criticism honestly adverse. He has in his writers a hundred talents, and if his selection is shrewd most of them bring profit. Frank criticism will but help the task of judicious culling. But all that has been said assumes the cheerful sacrifice of the particular author who must stake his all upon his single talent. Does his comparative helplessness give him any right to tender treatment?

It does not: in respect of rights his, precisely, is the predicament of the publisher. If an author puts forth a book for sale, he obviously can be accorded no privilege incompatible with the right of the public to know its value. He cannot ask to have the public fooled for his benefit; he cannot ask to have his feelings saved, if to save them the critic must neglect to inform his readers. That is rudimentary. Nor may the author argue more subtly that, until criticism is a science and truth unmistakable, he should be given the benefit of the doubt. This was the proposition behind the plea, strongly urged not so long ago, that all criticism should be "sympathetic;" that is, that the particular critic is qualified to judge those writers only whom on the whole he likes. Love, it was declared, is the only key to understanding. The obvious value of the theory to the *Silent Bargain* accounts for its popularity with the commercial interests. Now, no one can quarrel with the criticism of appreciation — it is full of charm and service; but to pretend that it should be the only criticism is impertinent and vain. To detect the frivolity of such a pretension, one has only to apply it to public affairs: imagine a political campaign in which the candidates were criticised only by their friends! No: the critic should attack whatever he thinks is bad, and he

is quite as likely to be right when he does so as when he applauds what he thinks is good. In a task wherein the interest of the public is the one that every time and all the time should be served, mercy to the author is practically always a betrayal. To the public, neither the vanity nor the purse of the author is of the slightest consequence. Indeed, a criticism powerful enough to curb the conceit of some authors, and to make writing wholly unprofitable to others would be an advantage to the public, to really meritorious authors, and to the publisher.

And the publisher — to consider his interests again for a moment — would gain not merely by the suppression of useless, but by the discipline of spoiled, writers. For the Silent Bargain so works as to give to many an author an exaggerated idea of his importance. It leads the publisher himself — what with his complaisant reviewers, his literary notes, his personal paragraphs, his widely distributed photographs — to do all that he can to turn the author's head. Sometimes he succeeds. When the spoiled writer, taking all this *au grand sérieux*, asks why sales are not larger, then how hard is the publisher pressed for an answer! If the author chooses to believe, not the private but the public statement of his merit, and bases upon it either a criticism of his publisher's energy or a demand for further publishing favors, — increase of advertising, higher royalties, what not, — the publisher is in a ridiculous and rather troublesome quandary. None but the initiated know what he has occasionally to endure from the arrogance of certain writers. Here fearless criticism should help him much.

But if the conceit of some authors offends, the sensitiveness of others awakens sympathy. The author does his work in solitude; his material is his own soul; his anxiety about a commercial venture is complicated with the apprehension of the recluse who comes forth into the market-place with his heart upon his sleeve. Instinctively he knows that, as

his book is himself, or at least a fragment of himself, criticism of it is truly criticism of him, not of his intellectual ability merely, but of his essential character, his real value as a man. Let no one laugh until he has heard and survived the most intimate, the least friendly comment upon his own gifts and traits made in public for the delectation of his friends and acquaintances and of the world at large. Forgivably enough, the author is of all persons the one most likely to be unjust to critics and to criticism. In all ages he has made bitter counter-charges, and flayed the critics as they have flayed him. His principal complaints are three: first, that all critics are disappointed authors; second, that many are young and incompetent, or simply incompetent; third, that they do not agree. Let us consider them in turn.

Although various critics write with success other things than criticism, the first complaint is based, I believe, upon what is generally a fact. It carries two implications: the first, that one cannot competently judge a task which he is unable to perform himself; the second, that the disappointed author is blinded by jealousy. As to the first, no writer ever refrained out of deference to it from criticising, or even discharging, his cook. As to the second, jealousy does not always blind, sometimes it gives keenness of vision. The disappointed author turned critic may indeed be incompetent; but, if he is so, it is for reasons that his disappointment does not supply. If he is able, his disappointment will, on the contrary, help his criticism. He will have a wholesome contempt for facile success; he will measure by exacting standards. Moreover, the thoughts of a talented man about an art for the attainment of which he has striven to the point of despair are certain to be valuable; his study of the masters has been intense, his study of his contemporaries has had the keenness of an ambitious search for the key to success. His criticism, even if saturated with envy, will have value. In spite of all that

partisans of sympathetic criticism may say, hatred and malice may give as much insight into character as love. Sainte-Beuve was a disappointed author, jealous of the success of others.

But ability is necessary. Envy and malice, not reinforced by talent, can win themselves small satisfaction, and do no more than transient harm; for then they work at random and make wild and senseless charges. To be dangerous to the author, to be valuable to the public, to give pleasure to their possessor, they must be backed by acuteness to perceive and judgment to proclaim real flaws only. The disappointed critic of ability knows that the truth is what stings, and if he seeks disagreeable truth, at least he seeks truth. He knows also that continual vituperation is as dull as continual praise; if only to give relief to his censure, he will note what is good. He will mix honey with the gall. So long as he speaks truth, he does a useful work, and his motives are of no consequence to any one but himself. Even if he speaks it with unnecessary roughness, the author cannot legitimately complain. Did he suppose that he was sending his book into a world of gentlemen only? Truth is truth, and a boor may have it. That the standard of courtesy is sometimes hard to square with that of perfect sincerity is the dilemma of the critic; but the author can quarrel with the fact no more than with the circumstance that in a noisy world he can write best where there is quiet. If he suffers, let him sift criticism through his family; consoling himself, meanwhile, with the reflection that there is criticism of criticism and that any important critic will ultimately know his pains. Leslie Stephen was so sensitive that he rarely read reviews of his critical writings. After all, the critic is also an author.

The second complaint of writers, that criticism is largely young and incompetent, — or merely incompetent, — is well founded. The reason lies in the general preference of publishers for criticism that

is laudatory even if absurd. Again we meet the Silent Bargain. The commercial publisher of book-reviews, realizing that any fool can praise a book, is apt to increase his profits by lowering the wage of his critic. At its extreme point, his thrift requires a reviewer of small brains and less moral courage: such a man costs less and is unlikely ever to speak with offensive frankness. Thus it happens that, commonly in the newspapers and frequently in periodicals of some literary pretension, the writers of reviews are shiftless literary hacks, shallow, sentimental women, or crude young persons full of indiscriminate enthusiasm for all printed matter.

I spoke of the magazines. When their editors say that literary papers are not popular, do they consider what writers they admit to the work, with what payment they tempt the really competent, what limitations they impose upon sincerity? Do they not really mean that the amiable in manner or the remote in subject, which alone they consider expedient, is not popular? Do they really believe that a brilliant writer, neither a dilettante nor a Germanized scholar, uttering with fire and conviction his full belief, would not interest the public? Do they doubt that such a writer could be found, if sought? The reviews which they do print are not popular; but that proves nothing in respect of better reviews. Whatever the apparent limitations of criticism, it actually takes the universe for its province. In subject it is as protean as life itself; in manner, it may be what you will. To say, then, that neither American writers nor American readers can be found for it is to accuse the nation of a poverty of intellect so great as to be incredible. No; commercial timidity, aiming always to produce a magazine so inoffensive as to insinuate itself into universal tolerance, is the fundamental cause of the unpopularity of the average critical article; how can the public fail to be indifferent to what lacks life, appositeness to daily needs, conviction, intellectual

and moral candor? At least one reason why we have no Brunetière is that there is almost no periodical in which such a man may write.

In the actual, not the possible, writers of our criticism there is, in the lower ranks, a lack of skill, of seriousness, of reasonable competence, and a cynical acceptance of the dishonest rôle they are expected to play; in the higher ranks, there is a lack of any vital message, a desire rather to win, without offending the publisher, the approval of the ultra-literary and the scholarly, than really to reach and teach the public. It is this degradation, this lack of earnestness, and not lack of inherent interest in the general topic, which makes our critical work unpopular, and deprives the whole literary industry of that quickening and increase of public interest from which alone can spring a vigorous and healthy growth. This feebleness will begin to vanish the moment that the publishers of books, who support criticism, say peremptorily that reviews that interest, not reviews that puff, are what they want. When they say this, that is the kind of reviews they will get. If that criticism indeed prove interesting, it will then be printed up to the value of the buying power of the public, and it will be supported where it should be — not by the publisher but by the people. It is said in excuse that, as a city has the government, so the public has the criticism, which it deserves. That is debatable; but, even so, to whose interest is it that the taste of the public should be improved? Honest criticism addressed to the public, by writers who study how to interest it rather than how to flatter the producers of books, would educate. The education of readers, always the soundest investment of the publisher, can never be given by servile reviewers feebly echoing his own interested advertisements. They are of no value — either to the public, the publisher, or the author.

The publisher of a newspaper of which reviews are an incident need not, how-

ever, wait for the signal. If, acting on the assumption that his duty is not to the publisher but to the public, he will summon competent and earnest reviewers to speak the truth as they see it, he will infallibly increase the vivacity and interest of his articles and the pleasure and confidence of his readers. He will not have any permanent loss of advertising. Whenever he establishes his periodical as one read by lovers of literature, he has the publishers at his mercy. But suppose that his advertising decreases? Let him not make the common mistake of measuring the value of a department by the amount of related advertising that it attracts. The general excellence of his paper as an advertising medium — supposing he has no aim beyond profit — is what he should seek. The public which reads and enjoys books is worth attracting, even if the publisher does not follow, for it buys other things than books.

If, however, his newspaper is not one that can please people of literary tastes, he will get book-advertising only in negligible quantities no matter how much he may praise the volumes sent him. Of what use are puffs which fall not under the right eyes?

If, again, his periodical seems an exception to this reasoning, and his puffery appears to bring him profit, let him consider the parts of it unrelated to literature: he will find there matter which pleases readers of intelligence, and he may be sure that this, quite as much as his praise, is what brings the publishers' advertisements; he may be sure that, should he substitute sincere criticism, the advertisements would increase.

The third complaint of the author — from whom I have wandered — is that critics do not agree. To argue that whenever two critics hold different opinions, the criticism of one of them must be valueless, is absurd. The immediate question is, valueless to whom — to the public or to the author?

If the author is meant, the argument

assumes that criticism is written for the instruction of the author, which is not true. Grammar and facts a critic can indeed correct; but he never expects to change an author's style or make his talent other than it is. Though he may lash the man, he does not hope to reform him. However slightly acquainted with psychology, the critic knows that a mature writer does not change and cannot change: his character is made, his gifts, such as they are, are what they are. On the contrary, the critic writes to influence the public, — to inform the old, to train the young. He knows that his chief chance is with plastic youth; he hopes to form the future writer, still more he hopes to form the future reader. He knows that the effect of good reviewing stops not with the books reviewed, but influences the reader's choice among thousands of volumes as yet undreamed of by any publisher.

If, on the other hand, the public is meant, the argument assumes that one man's meat is not another man's poison. The bird prefers seed, and the dog a bone, and there is no standard animal food. Nor, likewise, is there any standard intellectual food: both critics, however they disagree, may be right.

No author, no publisher, should think that variety invalidates criticism. If there is any certainty about critics, it is that they will not think alike. The sum of x (a certain book) plus y (a certain critic) can never be the same as x (the same book) plus z (a different critic). A given book cannot affect a man of a particular ability, temperament, training, as it affects one of a different ability, temperament, and training. A book is never complete without a reader, and the value of the combination is all that can be found out. For the value of a book is varying: it varies with the period, with the nationality, with the character of the reader. Shakespeare had one value for the Elizabethans, he has a different value for us, and still another for the Frenchman; he has a special value for the play-

goer, and a special value for the student in his closet. In respect of literary art, pragmatism is right: there is no truth, there are truths. About all vital writing there is a new truth born with each new reader. Therein lies the unending fascination of books, the temptation to infinite discussion. To awaken an immortal curiosity is the glory of genius.

From all this it follows that critics are representative: each one stands for a group of people whose spokesman he has become because he has, on the whole, their training, birth from their class, the prejudices of their community and of their special group in that community, and therefore expresses their ideals. Once let publisher and author grasp this idea, and criticism, however divergent, will come to have a vital meaning for them. The publisher can learn from the judgment of the critic what the judgment of his group in the community is likely to be, and from a succession of such judgments through a term of years, he can gain valuable information as to the needs, the tastes, the ideals of the public or of the group of publics which he may wish to serve. Accurate information straight from writers serving the public — that, I cannot too often repeat, is worth more to him than any amount of obsequious praise. That precisely is what he cannot get until all critics are what they should be — lawyers whose only clients are their own convictions.

The author also gains. Although he is always liable to the disappointment of finding that his book has failed to accomplish his aim, he nevertheless can draw the sting from much adverse criticism if he will regard not its face value, but its representative value. He is writing for a certain audience; the criticism of that audience only, then, need count. If he has his own public with him, he is as safe as a man on an island viewing a storm at sea, no matter how critics representing other publics may rage. Not all the adverse comment in this country upon E. P. Roe, in England on Ouida, in

France on Georges Ohnet ever cost them a single reader. Their audience heard it not; it did not count. There is, of course, a difference of value in publics, and if these writers had a tragedy, it lay in their not winning the audience of their choice. But this does not disturb the statement as to the vanity of adverse criticism for an author who hears objurgations from people whom he did not seek to please. Sometimes, indeed, such objurgations flatter. If, for example, the author has written a novel which is in effect an attempt to batter down ancient prejudice, nothing should please him more than to hear the angry protests of the conservative — they may be the shrieks of the dying, as was the case, for instance, when Dr. Holmes wrote the *Autocrat*; they show, at any rate, that the book has hit.

Now, each in its degree, every work of art is controversial and cannot help being so until men are turned out, like lead soldiers, from a common mould. Every novel, for example, even when not written "with a purpose," has many theories behind it — a theory as to its proper construction, a theory as to its proper content, a theory of life. Every one is a legitimate object of attack, and in public or private is certain to be attacked. Does the author prefer to be fought in the open or stabbed in the dark? — that is really his only choice. The author of a novel, a poem, an essay, or a play should think of it as a new idea, or a new embodiment of an idea, which is bound to hurtle against others dear to their possessors. He should remember that a book that arouses no discussion is a poor, dead thing. Let him cultivate the power of analysis, and seek from his critics, not praise, but knowledge of what, precisely, he has done. If he has sought to please, he can learn what social groups he has charmed, what groups he has failed to interest, and why, and may make a new effort with a better chance of success. If he has sought to prevail, he can learn whether his blows have told, and,

what is more important, upon whom. In either case, to know the nature of his general task, he must learn three things: whom his book has affected, how much it has affected them, and in what way it has affected them. Only through honest, widespread, really representative criticism, can the author know these things.

Whatever their individual hurts, the publisher of books, the publisher of book-reviews, and the author should recognize that the entire sincerity of criticism, which is the condition of its value to the public, is also the condition of its value to them. It is a friend whose wounds are faithful. The lesson that they must learn is this: an honest man giving an honest opinion is a respectable person, and if he has any literary gift at all, a forcible writer. What he says is read, and what is more it is trusted. If he has cultivation enough to maintain himself as a critic, — as many of those now writing have not, once servility ceases to be a merit, — he acquires a following upon whom his influence is deep and real, and upon whom, in the measure of his capacity, he exerts an educational force. If to honesty he adds real scholarship, sound taste, and vivacity as a writer, he becomes a leading critic, and his influence for good is proportionally enlarged. If there were honest critics with ability enough to satisfy the particular readers they served on every periodical now printing literary criticism, public interest in reviews, and consequently in books, would greatly increase. And public interest and confidence once won, the standing and with it the profit of the four groups commercially interested in literature would infallibly rise. This is the condition which all four should work to create.

Would it arrive if the publisher of books should repudiate the Silent Bargain? If he should send with the book for review, not the usual ready-made puff but a card requesting only the favor of a sincere opinion; if, furthermore, he showed his good faith by placing his advertisements where the quality of the

reviewing was best, would the critical millennium come? It would not. I have made the convenient assumption that the critic needs only permission to be sincere. Inevitable victim of the Silent Bargain he may be, but he is human and will not be good simply because he has the chance. But he would be better than he is — if for no other reason than because many of his temptations would be removed. The new conditions would at once and automatically change the direction of his personal interests. He and his publisher would need to interest the public. Public service would be the condition of his continuing critic at all. He would become the agent, not of the publisher to the public, but of the public to the publisher. And although then, as now in criticism of political affairs, insincere men would sacrifice their standards to their popularity, they would still reflect public opinion. To know what really is popular opinion is the first step toward making it better. Accurately to know it is of the first commercial importance for publisher and author, of the first public importance for the effective leaders of public opinion.

This new goal of criticism — the desire to attract the public — would have other advantages. It would diminish the amount of criticism. One of the worst effects of the Silent Bargain is the obligation of the reviewer to notice every book that is sent him — not because it interests him, not because it will interest his public, but to satisfy the publisher. Thus it happens that many a newspaper spreads before its readers scores upon scores of perfunctory reviews in which are hopelessly concealed those few written with pleasure, those few which would be welcome to its public. Tired by the mere sight, readers turn hopelessly away. Now, many books lack interest for any one; of those that remain, many lack interest for readers of a particular publication. Suppose a reviewer, preoccupied, not with the publisher, but with his own public, confronted by the annual mass

of books: ask yourself what he would naturally do. He would notice, would he not, those books only in which he thought that he could interest his readers? He would warn his public against books which would disappoint them, he would take pleasure in praising books which would please them. The glow of personal interest would be in what he wrote, and partly for this reason, partly because the reviews would be few, his public would read them. Herein, again, the publisher would gain: conspicuous notices of the right books would go to the right people. An automatic sifting and sorting of his publications, like that done by the machines which grade fruit, sending each size into its appropriate pocket, would take place.

But the greatest gain to criticism remains to be pointed out. The critics who have chosen silence, rather than submission to the Silent Bargain, would have a chance to write. They are the best critics, and when they resume the pen, the whole industry of writing will gain.

But the critic, though liberated, has many hard questions to decide, many subtle temptations to resist. There is the question of his motives, which I said are of no consequence to the author or to the public so long as what he speaks is truth; but which, I must now add, are of great consequence to him. If he feels envy and malice, he must not cherish them as passions to be gratified, but use them, if at all, as dangerous tools. He must be sure that his ruling passion is love of good work — a love strong enough to make him proclaim it, though done by his worst enemy. There is the question again of his own limitations: he must be on his guard lest they lead him into injustice, and yet never so timid that he fails to say what he thinks, for fear it may be wrong.

I speak of these things from the point of view of the critic's duty to himself; but they are a part also of his duty to-

wards his neighbor, the author. What that duty may precisely be, is his most difficult problem. A few things only are plain. He ought to say as much against a friend as against an enemy, as much against a publisher whom he knows as against a publisher of England or France. He must dare to give pain. He must make his own the ideals of Sarcey. "I love the theatre," he wrote to Zola, "with so absolute a devotion that I sacrifice everything, even my particular friends, even, what is much more difficult, my particular enemies, to the pleasure of pushing the public towards the play which I consider good, and of keeping it away from the play which I consider bad."

That perhaps was comparatively easy for Sarcey with his clear ideal of the well-made piece; it is perhaps easy in the simple, straightforward appraisal of the ordinary book; but the critic may be excused if he feels compunctions and timidities when the task grows more complex, when, arming himself more and more with the weapons of psychology, he seeks his explanations of a given work where undoubtedly they lie, in the circumstances, the passions, the brains, the very disorders of the author. How far in this path may he go? Unquestionably, he may go far, very far with the not too recent dead; but with the living how far may he go, how daring may he make his guess? For guess it will be, since his knowledge, if not his competence, will be incomplete until memoirs, letters, diaries, reminiscences bring him their enlightenment. One thinks first what the author may suffer when violent hands are laid upon his soul, and one recoils; but what of the public? Must the public, then, not know its contemporaries just as far as it can—these contemporaries whose strong influence for good or evil it is bound to undergo? These have full license to play upon the public; shall not the public, in its turn, be free to scrutinize to any, the most intimate extent, the human stuff from which emanates the strong influence

which it feels? If the public good justifies dissection, does it not also justify vivisection? Is literature an amusement only, or is it a living force which on public grounds the critic has every right in all ways to measure? Doubtless his right in the particular case may be tested by the importance of the answer to the people, yet the grave delicacy of this test—which the critic must apply himself—is equaled only by the ticklishness of the task. Yet there lies the path of truth, serviceable, ever honorable truth.

The critic is, in fact, confronted by two standards. Now and again he must make the choice between admirable conduct and admirable criticism. They are not the same. It is obvious that what is outrageous conduct may be admirable criticism, that what is admirable conduct may be inferior, shuffling criticism. Which should he choose? If we make duty to the public the test, logic seems to require that he should abate no jot of his critical message. It certainly seems hard that he should be held to a double (and contradictory) standard when others set in face of a like dilemma are held excused. The priest is upheld in not revealing the secrets of the confessional, the lawyer for not betraying the secret guilt of his client, although as a citizen each should prefer the public to the individual; whereas the critic who, reversing the case, sacrifices the individual to the public, is condemned. The public should recognize, I think, his right to a special code—like that accorded the priest, the lawyer, the soldier, the physician. He should be relieved of certain social penalties, fear of which may cramp his freedom and so lessen his value. Who cannot easily see that a critic may write from the highest sense of duty words which would make him the "no gentleman" that Cousin said Sainte-Beuve was?

But the whole question is thorny; that writer will do an excellent service to letters who shall speak an authoritative word upon the ethics of criticism.

At present, there is nothing — except the law of libel. The question is raised here merely to the end of asking these further questions: would not the greatest freedom help rather than hurt the cause of literature? Is not the double standard too dangerous a weapon to be allowed to remain in the hands of the upholders of the Silent Bargain?

Meanwhile — until the problem is solved — the critic must be an explorer of untraveled ethical paths. Let him be bold — whether he is a critic of the deeds of the man of action, or of those subtler but no less real deeds, the words of an

author! For, the necessary qualifications made, all that has been said of literary criticism applies to all criticism — everywhere there is a Silent Bargain to be fought, everywhere honest opinion has powerful foes.

The thing to do for each author of words or of deeds, each critic of one or the other — is to bring his own pebble of conviction — however rough and sharp-cornered — and throw it into that stream of discussion which will roll and grind it against others, and finally make of it and of them that powder of soil in which, let us hope, future men will raise the crop called truth.

THE ROMANCE OF MOTORING

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

I

"THEY go by the breath of Allah! they go by the breath of Allah!" This exclamation of kneeling Arabs reveals an awe in the presence of motor-cars which we, of a more sophisticated race, hardly feel. The force which drives a six-cylinder machine is, for us, no spiritual thing. If we ride this sleek, this purring steel tiger, its power reminds us how low the gasoline is ebbing in our tank, or what tribute, in the guise of pay for that volatile fluid, we have poured so reluctantly into the golden flood from which magnates, in their moments of innocence, irrigate the bad lands of American education. But if, on the other hand, we shrink by the wayside while the monster of speed storms past, its power suggests to our shuddering minds neither the spirit of greed, nor Allah's immortal breath. For us "what makes it go" is a breath, to be sure, but a breath from the Pit.

When the doctrine of speed for speed's sake was orthodox, this Satanic impres-

sion came hourly to the wayfarer. Now that it has lapsed into heresy, the impression is so rare that spectators in search of it troop by thousands to the race-track. There the flash of dragon's-eye lamps at dawn, the machine-gun fusillade of explosions, the smoke, the fire, the whirlwind speed, — these things make racing cars actually such fierce demons as their cousins of the road once appeared. Only, however, to hysterics, human and equine, can the road machines of to-day seem diabolic. For the rest of us, the lounging-rooms on wheels which carry those princesses of democracy, our eighteen-year-old daughters of Success, on their shopping bouts and their calling "bats;" the motor-carts, if we may call them so, which convey their furbelows and flowers to the paternal mansion; these, and the runabouts in which bribe-givers hurry to court, and the touring-cars in which bribe-takers parade back and forth from jail, these are so usual, so tame, so traditional, that they induce in us the state of mind of the fur-clad, auto-riding four-

year-old who remarked, one winter day:

"Did n't Adam 'n Eve feel *cold* speedin'?"

If some brisk little runabout, as this youngster supposed, had whisked our first parents naked through the Garden of Eden, or if huge sight-seeing "autos" had chug-chugged into Canterbury on Geoffrey Chaucer's Pilgrimage, motor-cars would seem to us as legendary as the armored chargers that clang across the background of Lord Tennyson's poetry. But Time has had no leisure to wrap motor-cars in mystery; and Poetry abashed has turned away her head. Unveiled, except in dust, they shoot the rapids of our streets; unsung, unless in coon-songs, they purr across hill and meadow. Song will follow them. The Egyptian woman hides her face behind fold on fold of black; behind shining crimson and brass the tiger of modern speed hides, not its face, but a spirit of romantic fact.

If Poetry has not seen it, the unwary motorist is to blame. Speed-possessed, he hurls his "auto," stonelike, at the twin birds, space and time; and when its flight is once over, they lie dead before his spirit. To the wise motorist, space and time, as they fly, sing songs which thrill and echo in the mind. Up, then, and mount with the wisest of your acquaintance; up and be off with him where the heavens' light, broken into the colors of tree, flower, and grass, accompanies the song. Then, as miles and moments slip behind you, all the past will seem like a dim and soundless cave, and your former self will stand before you strange as a skin-clad cave-dweller. So at least it will seem to your gladdened senses; nor will those enthusiasts be seriously deceived. For in motoring, one's self is indeed transformed, and the world tinged, for the awakened mind, with a tone lively, fresh, and actual.

This tone is not, as skeptics may imagine, a mere product of singing swiftness. There are moments when a following breeze stills the wind of your motor's

making, moments of halting on some bridge, with the incessant machinery arrested, when the tinkle and gurgle of a brook below melt into the thrushes' song among cool and scented balsams; there are moments such as these when stillness beneath dim branches is tinged with a tone as keen as the dazzle and swiftness of day. For wherever the wise motorist speeds or halts, there is the romance of reality.

II

A wise motorist is not merely exempt from speed-mania; he knows the time, the place, the way; he has the skill to make each inspired choice whereon poetic motoring depends. He knows when to brave wind and sun, when to seek sheltering hillsides or tunnels of green. Leaving the allurements of a road that would soon toss like the English Channel, he comes, on grassgrown lanes, to the ease of green-winged locusts; waysides of jagged tawdriness he lets pass in one flare of color; and quenching a burst of speed, he makes beauty linger in long cadences of stream and willow.

All this, however, he can do perfectly, not for you, but for himself only. For in motoring, as in love, one man's poem is another's prose, one man's cleansing joy another's pool of infamy. Only with spirits whose nature he shares can the motor-sage share his romance. If then romantic motoring depends, for you, on the blindness of speed, a chauffeur's bought wisdom must suffice you. If your thirst is for shy lights on ocean or hillside, friendship with some motoring painter may slake it. But if all reality waits for you like a goddess scarcely veiled, if it lurks in the street as in the desert, in the throbbing of machinery as in silence, in the sky as in the openness of a woman's most intimate smile, — then, for you, chauffeurs will be an abomination, acquaintances inept, and even a close friend welcome only as he loosens your too firm grasp on the steering wheel, guides your fingers to the levers con-

trolling throttle and electric spark, "cranks" your engine, and with a word or two of technical reminder, takes the seat beside you on your first long run.

No matter what zest may have dazzled you as the motoring-guest of youths or gallant maidens, it is outshone as you feel your machine leap, fraught with power by the crook of one forefinger, or steeled to nervous energy by the other's bending. To drive the sun's horses would seem, by comparison, dull. But though you escape a Phaeton's catastrophe, your triumph must be quelled. Of a sudden your car shoots willfully to the left; too obediently following your corrective convulsion, it swerves to the right hand gutter, then slews across the road, and keeping forward incorrigibly, forges up a bank, grazes an apple tree, and by a wayward miracle stops just short of a wall.

An instant's exultation smothered in shame, this and no romance have you tasted; for as yet you are no sage. On the contrary, a self-confessed motor-fool, to the core of all your bones, you descend, weak-kneed and with dewy brow, from your car to the grass, and under your mentor's indulgent eye, seize the crank handle. With a slow twist and a pull like his, you seek to revive the engine. A jerk, a blow, and the handle is wrenched away, leaving you a spectator, first of your own bruised and bleeding fingers, then of your mentor's skill as he readjusts a lever which, to your cost, you have neglected.

Then you mount and turn; then with brakes hard on, creep down the bank to a highway all peace and ease. For your muscles no longer meet each pull of the steering-wheel with panicky counter-tugs. They have learned their first lesson in proportionate readjustment, a lesson reflected in the machine's abstinence from independent sallies, — till a baby-carriage on the uttermost horizon stirs it to caricature your unselfish anxiety in a series of snaky twinings. But though your muscles have been disciplined into a semblance of wisdom, you yourself must still grasp, and impart to those hab-

its at work in the twilight of consciousness, many a fact and many a mystery: facts like those of the carburetor, to be learned only with the reek of gasoline in your nostrils; mysteries, like those of the electric spark, to be penetrated only by a flash of the imagination. For herein lies the sanity of your novitiate, that it is a double growth, a growth of faculties both plodding and picturesque. As a novice you must ascertain by exact experiment the mixture of fuel and air that will explode the most powerfully in your engine-cylinders. Yet as a novice, too, you must so master the mysteries of the accelerating spark that, like Maeterlinck, you can say, on swifter and swifter flights, "I feel as if thousands of unseen wings, the transparent wings of ghostly great birds . . . had come to strike with their vast coolness my temples and my eyes."

III

When once stirred, even silently, to such lyrical thought as this, you grow irrepressible. Impatient to face alone the hazards of the road, you submit with an ill grace to the final task of your novitiate; unwillingly you remove, replace, and readjust every nut and cog of your machine. But then, rising from bent knees, you find yourself free to go whither you will.

Some fifty miles away, a house more inviting than others stands open to welcome you, and, motor-fledgeling though you are, you fare forth to attain it. Much more than a fledgeling you feel yourself as the city of your work begins to slip behind, dwindling, vanishing under its canopy of smoke; for every nerve and muscle of your body, every thought of your mind, tunes itself to the machine's efficiency. Nor can you recognize your resulting thrill as a mere echo of perfect mechanism. So obedient is the speeding car that the high and exquisite key of its activity seems, on the contrary, an echo of your mastery. Buoyantly, then, you push forward. A village appears, keen-spired

among trees; it sweeps near, sweeps past on either hand; and the road before you flows like a spring freshet down the slope that you surmount. As you spy ahead, familiar hills, arching their backs on a horizon, stir you with prophecies. Your spin imaginatively complete, you regret it while still faring on past field and farm, and past motorist after motorist, repairing punctured tires by the wayside.

As for you, your tires are intact, and your cylinders hum like a swarm of bees. Complacency swells within you, as large, as iridescent, and, alas, as thin as a child's sunny soap-bubble; all this till, like the complacency of one other novice, it is touched by the finger of fact.

The fledgeling whom I have in mind turned one day into a lane whose smooth length, after a turn or two, appeared buried in sods, stones, and clods scraped from its sides by a village "rud-agent's" road-machine. More annoyed than hindered, my fledgeling hastened on, bumping and swinging around a blind corner to where that plough-like monstrosity straddled a rise in the lane. In the nick of time he swerved aside, but with one rear wheel in the gutter, came helplessly to a standstill. In vain he opened his throttle to its widest; that wheel, deep in slime, revolved to no purpose till the "rud-agent" came down from his overgrown plough, and threw a spadeful of gravel where the whizzing wheel bit into it, and with quieter turnings, carried the machine to terra firma.

Thirty horse-power and the best of machines had proved less efficient than a spadeful of gravel. "Why the devil," asked the fledgeling, correspondingly chagrined, "why the devil do you plough your road into a potato-field?"

With a shrewd dim glance came the answer, "Yer don't like the looks of it? Wal, I guess yer would n't like the looks of my boy's back, either, when I've licked him like *he* needs."

"Spare the plough and spoil the rud;" some such paraphrase of the old, vile
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adage was so fixed in the "rud-agent's" brain, that even my fledgeling was mute; and with speech, his complacency left him. May yours escape such rude extinction! Yet fact must extinguish it; and most probably it does so when you pass, with the most triumphant sense of contrast, some car lying derelict beside the road. Then with a gun-shot report and a tug at your steering-wheel, Catastrophe is upon you. That tug instinctively mastered, you stop, dismount, and face this fact: that your "gun-shot" was the report of an exploding tire, a tire which you find, like a cast-off snake-skin, limply surrounding one of your wheels. Because some wayward urchin has scattered glass in the highway, you must now, not only labor while your engines sybaritically rest, but must pay, pay, pay! Forewarned, let us hope, you have paid before starting, and therefore carry a new tire at the back of your car. If so, you unstrap it, lay it by your wheel; then prod, pry, and pull at the old tire-casing, pull, pry, and prod again at the new; insert its intestinal tubing; and pump, pump, pump in the hot sunlight till the firm, replete, and distended tire encircles your wheel like some Gargantuan sausage.

Then, mopping at your forehead, you climb aboard, and settle in your seat, growling at the injustice which has made you suffer in labor and temper for the venom or folly which scattered that destructive glass. With a jerk, you "throw in" the "clutch" which connects your engine with the wheels of the car. To your amazement it does not move. Are the brakes on? No. What then? As you sit puzzling, you grow at last aware of a great stillness around you, a stillness stirred only by the breeze seething in a wheatfield across the wall. Then suddenly, with a peal of laughter, you understand. Smothered in your own mood, you have forgotten a *sine qua non*; you have forgotten to start your engine!

Out you jump; forward you scamper; seize the crank handle, and turn it with a

jerk that rouses your engine from its rest. Then back to your seat; and off you go, down the diagonal turn of a white state-road, where you can drink to the dregs those delights of speed: the delight of air sweeping past with a sound of great waters, and the delight of the foam-like road itself, as it rushes to vanish beneath you. Now your car, like a yacht skimming a breaker, skims over a rolling rise; and while the azure horizon levels dissolve into a seeming ocean, you climb in a lapse of leisure to where the white chalk-line of the road is seen sweeping first toward a bowl-shaped hollow, then over a knoll into woods.

Foreseeing a test of skill, you put on speed, and as you gain momentum, "throw out" the clutch. So while your fingers on spark- and throttle-levers make the engine's throbbing almost cease, your car is free to speed yet more swiftly, in the grip of the still earth's power, down, down, till the hollow rising toward you is not a hundred yards ahead. Still, in the miracle of its hushed acceleration, the car speeds on. The hollow, now, is beside you; now it is behind you. Will this rush of momentum carry you over the knoll? Not, you judge, unless the engine is roused to aid it. So your finger moves; and the machinery's throbbing grows swift and swifter, pulsing and more pulsing, till your ear believes it in harmony with the car's whirring wheels. Then you "throw in" the clutch, reconnecting engine and car. It hesitates, and only as you open the throttle, does the pitch of the engine's pulse rise in tune with your former speed.

The test has failed; the car's momentary hesitation has proved your instinct wrong. But again, as you rush down a long incline, you "throw out" the clutch, and soothing the engine almost to sleep, give yourself up to the power of the earth. Your eye on a train across the valley, you contrast the passengers' cooped-up suffocation with your own draining of the wind's illimitable cup. The tail of your eye still on the

laggard train, you grow aware of a hollow rising to meet you; and again, as you cross it, you listen while the crook of your forefinger converts the engine's soft, slow throbbing into an evenly swift and swifter beat. Suddenly you feel it attuned to the speed of your car, and "throwing in" the clutch, you find your instinct verified. Smoothly cog slips into cog, and, with no instant's hesitation, all the engine's power joins the momentum of the car to carry it up the incline ahead, and along its spine-like ridge.

The woodland hill of your destination, its slope dignified by a house all grace and ancient welcome, flashes green and clear on your begoggled eyes. After good fortune and ill, after patience, zest, and labor, your run is almost over. Four miles more, eight minutes to make them in, and you may pride yourself on a success briskly earned. "Speed, speed, on this snow-like road, speed," you whisper, "speed!" and letting the cylinders inhale their explosive vapor through a throttle wide open, you make the unseen spark gleam within them earlier and ever earlier, till their purring turns to a note almost musical. "Speed,—speed!" you whisper; and your sleek steel tiger gathers force in a rush of wind that sings to you, as it sang to Henley:—

Speed!
 Speed, and the range of God's skies,
 Distances, changes, surprises;
 Speed, and the hug of God's winds
 And the play of God's airs,
 Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful;
 Clean, fierce, and clean,
 With a throst in the throat
 And a rush at the nostrils;
 Keen, with a far-away
 Taste of inhuman,
 Unviolable vastitudes,
 Where the Stars of the Morning
 Go singing together
 For joy in the naked,
 Dazzling, unvisited
 Emperies of Space!
 And the heart in your breast
 Sings, as the World
 Slips past like a dream
 Of Speed—
 Speed on the knees of the Lord.

IV

Breaking into this glory of sane exhilaration, a blackness against the road ahead appears and defines itself as a buggy, whose driver raises one hand in appeal to you, while, with the other, he tries to control his horse. The horse waves and flaps himself like a pennant in the air, till you stop and silence your machine. Then, all docility, he passes; and you, recording an inward protest against the presence of mere animals on a road, prepare to pursue your way. The engine purring, you "throw in" the clutch. A rasping sound startles you; the machine stands motionless; and test your clutch as you may, the wheels of the car remain helplessly disconnected from the engine.

The seriousness of your plight you will learn all too soon. Sufficient to the instant is the woe thereof, — your woeful inability, with a smoothly running, thirty-horse-power engine, to make that car budge. In vain you experiment; in vain you protestingly wrestle with all the imps of motoring. Even to get the machine to shelter you must have help, help that you receive at last from a ploughman and two oxen lured from a neighboring field.

The great dull brutes once yoked to your car, you who have sped so swiftly experience a strange thing. Seated placidly, steering lazily, you grow aware of a silence broken only by the slow footsteps of animals and man, the whisper of leaves, the scampering of squirrels along a branch above your head. And as your progress continues, slow and measured, toward the goal of your small journey, you sigh with delight in spreading elms, in honeysuckles, in wild violets, purple, white, and yellow. Of all this, you abruptly realize, speed would have bereft you. Then why such speed? Is it because you are no better than that first of dramatic motoring types, Bernard Shaw's Straker, who drove a touring-car at sixty miles an hour simply "to get her

money's worth out of her"? And while you digest as best you may this acid query, your ears suddenly ring with the laughter of a girl possessed by the Comic Spirit.

V

A man in a brown study steering a machine which two ponderous oxen drag after them, — this man is so laughable that, unless utterly morose, he shares the spectator's hilarity. Only in later solitude is he gnawed by questionings. But when repair-bills, reptilian in length, begin to uncoil themselves before him, he must be free-spirited indeed to escape the doubt whether this motor-fool *can* be made into a sage. The doubt, moreover, is real: only experience can solve it. But the doubter's mood, meantime, grows less harassed, less personal, so that whatever his immediate plight, vicarious pleasures attend him. He delights in the old earth's vitality, doubled and redoubled in men's motoring; shares in imagination their breasting of snow-sufused wintry winds; pictures the loosening tentacles of cities as they release their prisoners to whiz into open sundown, starlight, and dawn; dreams of enormous organism upon factory organism created by men's new craving for the machine; sees the inventive intellect conceiving, under the impulse of the lust for speed, mechanisms of such light yet terrible energy, that they overshoot their terrestrial purpose, and lift us into the kingdoms of the air.

In such outward-darting thoughts as these the defeated motorist finds recreation, then leaps again into action. Dreams have their truth: witness the flight of aeroplanes whose engines could never have existed were it not for engines first devised for automobiles. But the truest of dreams still lack the tang of actuality. Craving this, the defeated motorist soon spurns vicarious pleasures for experience of a machine sometimes wayward, sometimes whimsical, yet powerful as the spirit that rose out of Alad-

Columns of indiscriminate criticism and columns of injudicious praise have been written about the enfranchised woman, yet the general public does not get her point of view, and nobody seems to think of trying equal suffrage by the rule suggested by Mrs. Decker. It is assumed that it must mean something different in the case of woman, and her failure to bring about innumerable reforms is considered an evidence of her unfitness for the ballot, while nobody questions the fitness of those who, having voted for a hundred and twenty-five years, have made reforms necessary in every state in the Union.

What does the possession of the ballot mean to women? Much or little, according to the woman, just as it means much or little to the individual man. Duty is always largely a matter of personal equation. Many men and women carry their obligations lightly. They pay their debts when they get ready, or are compelled by process of law, and curfew ordinances are enacted for the benefit of their children.

And right at this point may be found one of the fundamental differences between men and women in politics. The man whose boy is brought home by the policeman or truancy officer may be intensely interested in politics,—national politics. He may be rabid on the subject of the tariff and hardly know the name of his alderman. The woman who is interested in politics begins at home, and has a vital interest in the quantity and purity of the water supply. She wants to know why the streets are not kept clean, and she is willing to help. It was the women of Denver who prevailed on the authorities to park Twenty-third Avenue, put up anti-expectoration signs, and provide garbage-cans and drinking fountains at the street corners. Denver's politics are unquestionably dirty, but Denver itself is a clean city. To be sure the smoke-consumer ordinance is not enforced, nor the Sunday and midnight closing ordinances, because Denver is run

upon the principle, so highly lauded, that "municipal government is business, not politics," and there is a very perfect arrangement between the administration and many of the leading businesses of the city. Anything that can be done for the city without incommoding them can be accomplished, but business must not be interfered with, so the all-night saloon flourishes.

The first query put by the looker-on in Vienna who hopes to find out what the ballot means to woman is nearly always, "Do the women vote?" Now, that is a very significant question, for under it lies that latent distrust, that growing doubt of our form of government that can no longer be denied. Those who ask it doubtless know how many men fail to vote. Not long ago the returns showed that forty thousand men in the city of Boston had failed to avail themselves of their privilege to do so. No wonder we are asked if the women vote.

And they do. Let it be firmly fixed in the mind that women form but forty-two per cent of the population of Colorado, and that they cast forty-eight per cent of the vote, and the thoughtful individual will perceive that practically all the women vote. What is more, they vote just about the same in "off" years as they do in presidential campaigns. Statistics have been gathered several times, and the figures remain relatively the same. At one municipal election in Colorado Springs, the wealthiest and most exclusive town in the state and a Republican stronghold, the women cast fifty-two per cent of the vote, and elected a Democratic mayor on a law-enforcement platform.

The next question usually is, Are the nominations better out of consideration for the woman's vote? This is a question that has to be answered in two ways: if one says, "Yes," there must be a qualification of the affirmative. As a rule candidates are better men morally, but it does not follow that they are better officers. Unfortunately, the domestic virtues

do not always insure sound judgment and executive ability. In politics Thoreau's idea holds good: it is not enough for a man to be good, he must be good for something; and this is a lesson that women and reformers have not yet learned.

There are at least two cases that deserve mention to show that women are not quite so extreme or so narrow as they are sometimes supposed to be. Two men have been nominated for judicial positions at different times and in different sections, neither of whom could get into the class with *Cæsar's* wife. Their judicial record, however, was above reproach. One of them was reelected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union vote, because he had closed the gambling places. The other received the endorsement of the Epworth League because he had closed the gambling dens and dance halls.

But these are exceptional cases. As a rule, a candidate must have a clean bill of health morally to appeal strongly to the woman voter. If not, he may receive a half-hearted support from those of his party, but will lose the independent vote entirely, and be pretty certain to be badly scratched on his own ticket. The saloon remains in politics, but it is there by its representatives; saloon-keepers are no longer so much in evidence, personally, at least. Whereas men in this business were frequently elected to office prior to 1893, none have been elected since in a number of towns, and they are not considered desirable candidates.

On this subject the women feel very strongly. When the first charter under the new law was to be framed for Denver a convention was called from all the non-partisan bodies in the city, and they nominated one-third of the twenty-one members of that convention, asking the two parties to send in nominations from which seven names could be chosen to fill out the entire quota. The proprietor of the Zang Brewing Company was a candidate for this honor, but the women

were opposed to him. One, who had had more experience than the others, went to the leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union delegation and stated her case this way. "This is our first chance," she said, "to get at this industry in the open. It has under cover killed your local-option laws and every other law you have proposed, and we have n't been sure who represented it. This man is a good citizen from our standpoint, if he is in a bad business. If he is in the convention, what he says will be authoritative, and we can probably secure larger concessions from him than we can from somebody, unknown, who will be looking after his interests; that they will be looked after, we know." The women were obdurate, however, and he was not named. He did serve upon the second charter convention, after the first charter had been defeated.

On the question of temperance it has meant a great deal to the women to be enfranchised, though this is not evident in the large cities of the state. In Pueblo and Denver they are practically powerless. In Colorado Springs the sale of liquor is prohibited, and there is a more or less continuous warfare against its illicit sale by drugstores, and in so-called "clubs." Greeley is also, by virtue of its charter, a "dry" town, but in the mining camps it is almost impossible to make much headway. All over the state, however, when the returns come in, the only question involved is usually "wet" or "dry," and the temperance "arid belt" seems slowly growing.

One incident will suffice. Ten years ago there was a little town of less than a hundred inhabitants about twenty-five miles from Denver. It was a very tiny town, but it managed to support two saloons with the aid of the surrounding territory. A woman active in Women's Christian Temperance Union work moved into the neighborhood shortly before the spring election, and learning that the sole question was the issuance of licenses to these saloons, she organ-

ized the women, who had only lacked a leader, and they defeated the license ticket, and have kept the saloon out of that town ever since. The town has more than quadrupled in size, and several important industries are now carried on there.

The last legislature passed a local-option law, about which there is a wide diversity of opinion. It requires a forty per cent referendum to submit the question of license or no license, and this is the main point of difference; advocates of the bill when it was pending explained that it would be much easier for temperance people to get signatures than for saloon men to do so, and that once "dry," any territory would be much more likely to remain so. The opponents said that inasmuch as the initiative would generally rest with them, it was a hardship to require so many signatures to a petition for submission, and thus put upon them the double work and expense of getting the petition and making a campaign for its adoption. They argued that it would have been fairer and easier to have secured fifty-one per cent of the total vote. After eighteen months the "dry" territory has materially increased. Several wards excluded the saloon in the May election in Denver. As usual in such cases, the liquor dealers will contest the constitutionality of the law in the courts.

There have been individual campaigns and candidates that have shown something of the power of women when they have worked together. The reelection by the Civic Federation, of Mr. MacMurray as mayor of Denver, when he had broken with the Republican machine; the election of Mrs. Helen L. Grenfell three times to the state superintendency of public instruction; the election of Judge Ben B. Lindsay when both party machines had an understanding that he was to be shelved,—these are significant instances; but after all, the real meaning of government lies deeper than the choice of a few eminently fit candi-

dates for office and the exclusion of unfit individuals. If the franchise were important only on the occasion of Colorado's biennial elections, it would mean no more to women than it to men. As Senator Peffer said of Kansas, that it was not a place but a condition, so one might say of the suffrage, that it is not the ballot itself, or the polls, but a general and well-understood, even if undefined, attitude of mind.

The ballot has brought with it an intangible something that no one can understand who has not had to deal with public officials first as a humble suppliant and then as a constituent. It is quite possible to find men who will refer slightly to women, but that is not confined to suffrage states, and the men who sneer at them now are the same gentlemen who referred to them gently as "old hens" and "hatchet-faced females" in that chivalrous past that we hear so much about.

It is, by the way, a singular fact that men seem unable to consider the abstract question of voting quite apart from its personal bearings. For instance, one well-known Denver writer laments that since the disastrous year of 1893 he has seen upon the streets of Denver "the sad faces of unloved women." Both before and since that time the sad faces of unloved, unlovable men have not been absent from our thoroughfares, but who ever thought of such a thing as disfranchising a man in order that he might be rendered attractive? Socrates would never have received so much as honorable mention in a beauty contest. Yet this kind of thing is accepted seriously, and men are influenced, not by arguments but by the personality of the one who presents them, when it is a matter of woman's enfranchisement.

There are certain things that all women want. The first law they asked for after their enfranchisement was one making them co-equal guardians of their children, with the father, and it passed practically without a dissenting voice. They

had not secured it before, and such a law does not obtain in a third of the states of the Union to-day, though everywhere women have sought to obtain it. The next thing they did was to establish a State Home for Dependent Children, and from that time on they have passed first one and then another law for the protection of childhood, until no children in the world are better cared for than those of Colorado. Other states have similar laws, and some of them claim to possess better ones, but the peculiarity of the Colorado laws is that they are enforced. This is largely possible because the Colorado Humane Society is a part of the state administration, though its management remains in the society. This bureau has over seven hundred volunteer officers, scattered all over the state; this means that in the vast territory of one hundred and three thousand odd square miles there is no place so remote, on lonely prairie or in deserted mountain glen, that the law cannot hear "an infant crying in the night . . . and with no language but a cry."

The greatest difficulty in enforcing the compulsory school law is in the cases of foreigners who can't understand why a man has not the right to work his own children in "a free country." One of the truancy officers reported the case of an Italian boy several times. To evade the school law the father sent the child into the next county and put him to work in a coal mine; but it is a state law, and the authorities brought the boy back and brought the father into court, where he was given his choice of sending his boy to school or going to jail himself.

Women have always been regarded as natural conservatives, but it is interesting to note the gradual effacement of the imaginary lines of demarcation between social classes where women are most active in public affairs. The Pingree Gardens, Social Settlements, Neighborhood Houses, Day Nurseries, and like interests fostered by women's clubs have done much to bring women together,

and the ballot-box is the most democratic of all social institutions. True, the woman meets only her own neighbors at the polls, while she touches elbows with all the world in shops, theatres, and public places; but in all other places it is an individual interest, at the polls it is a common interest and one that affects the public. The difference is infinite. And as the woman of education and intelligence is apt to be better informed than the woman of more restricted opportunities, she has greater influence, and thus it comes that slowly but surely the process that seems to some people to be one of disintegration, becomes a leveling up.

To those who fear the fierce partisanship of women it may be rather startling to know that such a thing as a party measure has never been espoused by women in any legislature, in Colorado at least. Women want the same things, and they have worked together in perfect harmony. They wanted a pure-food law, and secured one in line with the national provision in the last legislature; they want civil service, and they have obtained that in a measure, though the ideal thing is yet to come; they want honest elections and the elimination of graft.

During the session of the last legislature an attempt was made to change the law in regard to the control of the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, taking it from the Colorado Humane Society and creating a political board. Every federated club in the state besieged its senators and representatives, and the vice-chairmen of the two dominant parties waited on different members of the legislature together to enter their protest. Men understand that in legislative matters, when they oppose the women, it is practically all the women, and the great independent vote of the state.

One inference would be that this would bestow on the women the balance of power, and make them invincible; but long ago they found that if there was no politics in their attempts to secure

cleaner politics by means of better registration, primary laws, etc., there was no politics in the opposition to them, and Republican and Democratic machine men agreed that nothing must be done to interfere with the machine, and still agree. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* After a dozen years of this the enfranchised woman understands that eternal vigilance is the price of a republican form of government, and that most people grow weary in well-doing about the second watch. Sometimes she grows discouraged, like that great home-keeping army of men who take no interest in politics; in rare instances she understands the belligerent tendencies of Carrie Nation; and sometimes she begins to see, even if it is through a glass darkly, that government is an evolutionary process, and it does not yet appear what it shall be. If she is a reader of newspapers, which have been fairly successful in filching from us our convictions, leaving nothing more stable than a few opinions in their place, she believes that we are on the top wave of prosperity, or on the way to destruction, according to her political affiliations. If she has read a little history and learned to reason, she thanks God and takes courage.

Unfortunately, the thinking type of citizen, man or woman, is not the commonest among us. Whatever else has caused the condition prevalent over the United States, our political situation is not the result of deep, earnest, general thoughtfulness.

But the enfranchised woman has to think, whether she wants to or not. At church she is likely to be reminded that it is her civic duty to see that the city is made decent for childish feet; at the club she hears of the iniquities of food adulteration and learns that the food she is setting before the king may be the cause of bibulous habits, while her own bread and honey are nothing but the chaff the wind has failed to drive away, and a preparation of glucose. When the county commissioners misappropriate the public

funds she knows that it is the children's bread that is being given to dogs.

What does it mean to be an enfranchised woman? It is easier to tell what it does not mean. It does not mean the pleasing discovery that "politics is the science of government;" it does not mean attending a few political meetings and reading a few bits of campaign literature; it does not even mean going to the polls and voting as conscientiously as one knows how. All of that is but a small portion of it. The vital part of being enfranchised is not to be found in its political aspects at all, but in its effect in teaching us our relationship with the life about us. The real significance lies in getting in touch with what newspaper people call "the human interest" of daily life, and finding one's own place in the great scheme of the universe.

And to be enfranchised means to make mistakes? Yes, dozens of them. And failures? Yes, scores, and some of the worst of them come in the guise of successes. That's what it means to be alive. The journey to the Delectable Mountains does not lie through the Elysian fields but through the Slough of Despond, past the Giant Despair, over the Hill Difficulty, and down into the Valley of the Shadow. And many men are discouraged with equal suffrage? Yes, but hearken unto this true story.

During the last campaign in Colorado a little German woman walked into one of the state headquarters and sat down with a sigh. "Vell," she said, wiping her forehead, "I vas most discouraged mit mens. You know dey haf change die precincts in our county, und ve not rechister die same blace some more but fife miles oudt in die country. I vas visiting mit some friends dere, und dot snow come und der man he not can pull die beets. Die mens tink of nuttings but die beets dis fall. I say, 'Now you cannot pull die beets, hitch up vonce und ve go rechister,' und er sagen, 'Ach, nein, dere vas blenty of dime!' I vas dot provoked, aber I say, 'No, dere is shust to-day und

to-morrow. You get dot big vagon, und I go finds some beeples.' Vell, he get hitched up, und I find zwelf beeples, und ve drive dot fife miles und ven ve get dere it was fife o'clock. Der shudge und die clerks dey haf sit dere all day, und ve vas die erste to come to rechister. Ach, dese men! I vas discourached mit dem!"

Both men and women find human nature discouraging at times, and it behooves us to be patient with one another. The stream does not rise higher than its source, and with us government is not a remote something far away, but just what we, in our individual precincts, will that it shall be.

When the school readers give the children "The Launching of the Ship" as the perfect picture of the Union that is to sail on, —

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore, —

they should give them also "The Ship that Found Herself" as a companion piece. Part of us are like the foremast that believed the whole sea was in a conspiracy against the ship, and part of us are like the rivets, and "confess that we can't keep the ship together," and all of us need somebody like the Steam to come along and tell us that "a rivet, and especially a rivet in our position, is really the one indispensable part of the ship." Until this miracle happens and we learn to pull together, we shall continue to experience the discomfort that comes from pulling apart. The enfranchised woman has to find this out before she can hope to find herself or learn what enfranchisement means. That man is still seeking it, need not discourage her.

WITH THE LAUREL

To Edmund Clarence Stedman

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903

BY INA COOLBRITH

Who wears this crown — greater than kings may wear —
Is monarch of a kingdom, once possessed,
Nor foe nor fate from him may ever wrest!
Illimitable as space is, and as fair
As its illumined depths, he gathers there
All things, obedient to his high behest.
His is the sea, the valley's verdant breast,
And his the mountain-summit, lost in air.

Thought's infinite range to him no barrier bars;
His soul no boundary knows of time or place;
Bird, beast, flower, tree, to him in love belong;
Child of the earth yet kindred to the stars,
He walks in dreams with angels, face to face,
And God Himself speaks in his voice of song.

IN GOOSE ALLEY

BY LUCY PRATT

THE moon dropped from behind a cloud on to the still floor of the sky and shone steadily down on Hampton Roads. By the edge of the water stood a dark figure looking up, while swiftly, here and there, across the grounds of the Institute which bordered on the Roads, moved other dark figures. With the exception of the still one by the water, however, they all seemed to be moving on to some definite purpose, to have some final goal in view, while Romulus Quick, still gazing upwards, was apparently sunk in meditation. For Romulus had just attended one of the Sunday evening meetings in the old Virginia Hall chapel, and there he had listened to a talk which still ran vaguely in his ears.

"We have got to lift our people out of this abyss of ignorance and superstition!"

Romulus fastened a boat and struck off across the grounds, still meditating.

"Dat's a fac'," he ruminated.

"It's appalling," came the voice in his ears; "the depth of ignorance and superstition among our people is nothing short of appalling."

"Sho!" murmured Romulus, "cert'nly is a shame!" He passed out through the gates and turned into Goose Alley, while the moon from out the still floor of the sky now shone straight down into his own modest dooryard. Into the flood of bright, steady light bobbed two small colored boys, chasing their own shadows ecstatically, and then bobbing, with hilarious tagging movements, around Romulus's legs.

"Oh, ain't you-all foolish 'n' triffin'!" came a quick protest of disgust, "runnin' roun' an' dodgin' an' bus'in' right out laffin' on Sunday! Now, why n't you 'have you'selves?"

The two small colored boys looked momentarily rebuked and then dropped back into their dodging manœuvres again.

"Oh, cert'nly mek me tiahed!" protested Romulus; "look like a man cyan't even have no peace a-walkin' down de road to 'is own do'. Well, it's jes ez de gen'leman say, yer's s' ign'rant I s'pose yer doan' know no better, needer one uv yer! S' ign'rant an' superstitious!" continued Romulus warmly, "an' I kin prove it!"

The dodgers looked quite alarmed at the prospects.

"I kin prove it," repeated Romulus with growing confidence, and glancing at the closed door just before him, "an' 'xpose yer! By axin' not mo'n two free questions, too! An' hyeah's de fus' question now, an' yer kin answer it ef yer kin. W'at's a do' fer?"

There was a dreadful silence, and the dodgers felt the hand of fate suddenly suspended above them with threatening significance, and an entire future trembling wretchedly in the balance.

"Huh? W'at's a do' fer?" demanded Romulus again. "An' ef yer cyan't answer, w'y, jes say so!"

"Ter open," spoke up one, with full realization of the frightful danger of the venture.

"Ter shet!" faintly suggested the other.

"T ain' no sech a thing!" contradicted Romulus, with scorn too deep for really proper expression, "co'se *sometime* a do' does open, an' 'casion'ly it shets. But yer ain' s'pose it's *buil'* fer dat pu'pose, is yer?"

He seemed to tower miles above them, and the dodgers appeared to be fast shriveling away to indiscriminate atoms.

"A do'," he went on, his voice adapt-

ing itself beautifully to the situation, "is p'rimarily fer keepin' out mersqueters, wasps, rain, bu'glars, fire-flies, birds, tom-cats, bumble-bees, gnats, all smaller an'muls an' so fo'th. Nex', a do' is fer walkin' inter w'en yer wants ter go in, an' fer walkin' out w'en yer wants ter go out. Ain' dat so? Well, w'at yer mean by stan'in' up dere an' givin' me sech triflin' answers fer, anyway?"

The dodgers looked as if they would like to be excused from living, if possible, but it evidently was not possible. Romulus's voice once more broke the stillness.

"Well, yer's merely 'xposed yer ign'rance an' superstition, jes ez I 'spected yer would! But I'se gwine give yer one mo' chance, an' ef yer doan't improve dis time, w'y, 't won' be no hope fer yer 't all. W'at's yer haid fer?"

The dodgers glanced feebly at each other and regretted the evil moment when they had joyously and unsuspectingly gamboled into Goose Alley.

"Ter r-res' yer hat on!" ventured one politely, his tongue moving thickly in his mouth.

"Ter hole yer ears on!" breathed the other.

Once more did Romulus regard them from an incalculable distance.

"Well, now yer's completely 'xpose yerselves, an' dat's de trufe," he announced. "Ter res' yer hat on!" he murmured almost sadly. "An' ter hole yer ears on! Trufe is, yer's ser deep down in de abyss o' ign'rance an' superstition, I doan' r'ally think I kin do nuthin' fer yer 't all."

They looked both worn and humble.

"No, I jes natchelly ain' gwine was'e my time wid yer. I'se too disgusted ter even mek de 'tempt ter 'mprove yer."

He stepped up to the low door at one side, made primarily for keeping out mosquitoes, wasps, rain, burglars, and so forth, and opened it slowly, while the dodgers suddenly dodged away into the night again and disappeared.

But Romulus's dreams were peaceful,

even joyous that night, in spite of the trials and shocks of the evening. True, he figured largely in them himself, but that, after all, only added to the general effect of peace and joy. He saw himself in a succession of attractive lights — as an actual student at the Institute in a natty blue uniform, as the proud bearer of a diploma, the famous graduate of graduates, the founder of the school of schools, and finally as the general and final emancipator of the whole army of ignorant and superstitious.

In the light of his waking morning thoughts then, it came sweeping down on him with vivid, uncompromising reality that he had seriously neglected his studies of late; that he had n't even been attending the Whittier School, that, to put it plainly, he was n't making any preparations whatsoever for the rapidly approaching examinations for the Institute. But, as he arrayed himself for the day in a loose suit of brown corduroy, which a benevolent individual of a previous date had once referred to as a hand-me-down, his ideas were fast focusing themselves around one person who would, he felt certain, prove the anchor and final preserver that he needed in this time of floating misfortune and distress. This person was Miss Augusta Merrill, a Northern woman, to be sure, but one whose chief interest for many years had been this particular institution, or anything that bordered on it in any way. Romulus had bordered on it ever since he had been born into the world in Goose Alley, and Miss Merrill had known him and befriended him and urged him on in the paths of duty and rectitude for many years. She had even, at one period in his career, helped him through the first distracting principles of "subtraction," and now, in the face of approaching trouble, for which he was ill prepared, Romulus recognized that Miss Merrill was the one above all others to consult.

As he strolled down the alley in the morning sunshine, his eyes dwelling leis-

urely on bright April flowers, blooming here and there in small, tidy dooryards, it was with a glow of satisfaction that he suddenly recognized Miss Merrill herself, crossing the main road at the end of the alley and moving slowly on toward the school gates. With a long, easy, but quickened stride, he traveled on until he stood beside her.

"Mawnin', Miss Mer'l," he began in a soft, good-natured drawl, and his lippy felt hat came down to his knees with easy grace.

"Why, good-morning, Romulus!" A sudden gleam of high light seemed to strike out from Miss Merrill's eyes. She had a sense of humor, if she did occasionally get swamped by the missionary spirit, and the sight of Romulus usually affected her like a spring tonic.

"Mawnin'," repeated Romulus benignly. "I'se jes fixin' ter go 'n' inquire fer yer, Miss Mer'l, an' ter ax yer does yer reckon yer kin len' me a li'l 'sistance wid my books. Yer see I'se thinkin' 'bout tekkin' de 'xaminations fer de Ins'tute time de res' o' de chil'ren does, an' — well, trufe is, Miss Mer'l, I'se studyin' mos' all time lately 'bout my people. An' natchelly, co'se I kin see de only way I kin r'ally *help* 'em, is ter git my edjercation fus an' den 'mence 'plyin' it."

"Certainly. I see what you mean," agreed Miss Merrill. It was a long time since she had heard anything so altogether praiseworthy. "When would you like to begin, Romulus? This evening?"

"Yas'm, I doan' reckon it's nuthin' ter pervent beginnin' dis evenin'," he agreed meditatively, "yas'm, 'tain' r'ally nuth'n' ter pervent it."

"All right, Romulus, I shall be at the house to help you this evening at eight. Of course, you won't keep me waiting."

"No'm!" he assured her, smiling and nodding gallantly as she turned to the gates and wound on up the drive to the distant buildings. He watched her leisurely as she went on, and then turned

himself and meandered into Goose Alley again, while the gushing April flowers nodded and smiled gallantly, too, and Romulus traveled back to his own door and sat down and looked back at them, meditating while the morning wore on.

But the day had worn on and the flowers had gone to sleep, and Miss Augusta Merrill was traveling down Goose Alley now, toward the same door, while shifting, indistinct figures seemed to be hovering there in the dim light as she came nearer. It was not until she was within a few yards of the shifting figures, however, that she was able to decide on their exact nature, and then she stopped, a prominent but unnoticed observer.

Romulus stood facing the porch where he had sat meditating earlier in the day, and across the porch was a line of boys of assorted sizes. They were all seated, and Romulus was looking down on them from his standing position with a half indulgent, half patronizing expression which did full justice to the future emancipator of ignorance and superstition.

"Co'se yer kin see fer yerselves," he was saying in easy but friendly tones, "it's gwine do yer mo' good ter se' down yere an' listen at me w'ile I tries ter r'ally teach yer a li'l sump'n' 'bout yer country an' edjercation an' helpin' yer people 'n t' is ter be dodgin' 'n' taggin' up 'n' down de alley all de evenin' 'thout no pu'pose yer could r'ally name ef yer's ax'."

There seemed to be no one who felt like disputing this statement openly, but there were suspicious signs of levity up and down the entire line.

"Well, now de basis o' de matter is jes ez I said," broke in Romulus warmly, "yer ain' no pu'pose yer could r'ally mention, not nary one uv yer! An' co'se de natchell consequence o' dat is yer set up dere an' ack puffedekly no-count 'n' triffin'. Well now yer'll jes be 'blige dis-range yer plans ef yer's gwine set on dat po'ch, caze de case stan's like dis. Ef yer wants ter 'have yerselves an' learn some sense so's folks wid manners 'n' edjerca-

tion ain' 'shame' ter look at yer w'en dey passes yer on de street, w'y, yer kin keep on settin' where yer is a li'l' w'ile longer. But ef yer *ain't*, I jes ain' gwine bother wid yer 't all, an' yer kin git up right now 'thout stoppin' fer any argament."

At this point, the moon slipped up above the horizon and shone down on a row of faces altogether irreproachable and attentive. Miss Augusta Merrill, leaning lightly against a fence, fully appreciative, but still unnoticed, could not find it in her heart to move on another step.

"I'se waitin'," continued the speaker, pausing suggestively, "fer any leave-takin's or departin's." There was not a movement to be distinguished from any member of the line, and Romulus cleared his throat and began again.

"Well, ef yer *is* 'cide' ter stay, co'se I'se puffeckly willin' ter len' yer-all de 'sistance I kin todes raisin' yer out o' de abyss o' ign'rance an' helpin' yer ter git r'ally stahted on de road ter learnin'."

There were various sulky, grumbling undertones of response, one of which stood thickly but unmistakably out from the others.

"I ain't in no 'byss o' ign'rance!"

Romulus, with no rancor of feeling, ingratiatingly changed his tactics.

"Well, co'se yer ain't r'ally in de abyss," he went on magnanimously, "but yer's jes a-tippin' on de *ve'y aidge!* An' yit I reckon 'tain' too late ter ketch yer 'fo' yer pitch in, too, ef some one only stops an' tek a li'l' intres'. Sho! 'Tain' nuth'n' ter wo'y 'bout, caze ef yer'll jes set still an' 'have yerself r'al good, I reckon I kin p'raps ketch yer an' save yer fum death myself. An' co'se de fus thing ter do is ter see ef yer kin add up some simple figgers."

The dissenter, not only alarmed but feebly grateful, appeared to be wondering how this was going to save him from death.

"Dat is after I'se ax jes a few leadin' questions on learnin' in gen'al. Co'se 'tain' no use thinkin' yer kin help yer

people ef yer ain't 'quainted wid a few leadin' questions in gen'al. Well, jes ter git yer 'customed ter answerin' I'se gwine 'mence r'al easy." His hand rose slowly, pointing up through a long shaft of light.

"W'at's dat ser bright an' shinin' settin' up dere yonder in de sky?"

There were low, doubtful murmurs, barely audible.

"De moon."

"De moon, did yer say? Well, dat's *pretty good fer de fus' time*," admitted Romulus gingerly, "co'se I doan' 'spec' *much* de ve'y fus time. W'at's de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon? — W'at's de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon?" repeated Romulus. "Well, doan't set up dere *grunt'n* 'bout it; answer, w'y doan't yer? Say *sump'n* anyway." And his eyes rested encouragingly on a hopeful-looking countenance just before him.

"Tain' *no* diffunce," returned the favored one, taking him at his word.

Romulus's eye traveled pessimistically up and down the line.

"T would 'a' been better ef yer ain't made any 'tempt 't all," he commented briefly. Then his glance fixed itself drearily on the speaker.

"Co'se I knows yer ain't never had no 'xpe'ience ter speak of," he added, "but 'side fum all dat, cert'nly looks ter me like it's gwine git ve'y wea'ysome ter have yer in de class. Ve'y wea'ysome. Trufe is, de only way I kin see ter keep yer is fer yer ter promise right now yer won't nuver speak aloud ag'in under no sucumstances."

As he had already been stricken absolutely dumb, the promise was altogether unnecessary.

"I ain' gwine ter refer ter w'at yer jes said," continued Romulus delicately. "I'se merely now gwine pass it by an' 'splain ter de class ez a whole w'at *is* de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon. Fus' uv all dey ain't de same an' dey could n' be de same caze de sun's de sun, an' de moon's de moon. Secon', ef anybody

should ax yer w'at's de diffunce 'tween a dawg an' a chick'n, co'se 'tain' nobuddy wid sense gwine set up 'n' say 'tain' no diffunce, caze fus' place yer knows by lookin' at 'em dey is, an' second place ef yer looks at 'em an' r'ally *thought* de dawg wuz a chick'n, w'y, co'se yer'd know af' thinkin' 'bout it li'l' w'ile it r'ally could n' be, caze it's alraidy a dawg, an' same way wid de chick'n, yer'd know praesen'ly co'se it could n' be a dawg caze it's alraidy a chick'n. Same way ef anybody should ax yer ter go out an' call in de dawg, co'se 'tain' nobuddy wid edjercation gwine out 'n' call in de chick'n. Furdermo' ef dey should ax yer ter go out an' call in de chick'n, co'se 'tain' nobuddy gwine out 'n' call in de dawg. Caze fus' place a chick'n only got two laigs an' a dawg got fo', an' ef yer start ter call in de chick'n thinkin' twuz de dawg, w'y, dat's gwine mek trouble sho, caze co'se yer'd 'spec' it ter come in on fo' laigs an' natchelly it cyan't only come in on two. Well, it's jes same way wid de sun an' de moon — an' ez I wuz sayin', ef yer start ter call in de moon — ez I wuz jes sayin', it's jes same way 'tween de sun an' de moon — an' co'se nobuddy wid sense or edjercation or manners is gwine set up an' say 'tain' jes same way, caze 't is, an' yer need n' say 'tain' no diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon caze trufe is, it's a heap o' diffunce. Fus' place —

There was something like a smothered choke down there by the low fence, and some one moved quickly forward in to the moonlight.

"Romulus!"

He turned, looking abstractedly down on the interrupter.

"Yas'm, evenin', Miss Mer'l, I'se jes 'splainin' diffun things to 'em, Miss Mer'l. Caze co'se ef I'se goin' in de Ins'tute 't would n' be right not ter start helpin' 'em, anyway, so dat's de reason I tole 'em —"

"I see, I see, Romulus; but you know you have an engagement with me now."

"Yas'm, I'se comin', Miss Mer'l. I'se

jes 'splainin' to 'em 'bout de sun an' de moon. Co'se dey oughter know it's some diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon, an' I'se jes 'splainin' to 'em 'bout de diffunce — fus' place —"

"Yes, but tell them you will explain it next time! Next time, Romulus!"

She moved up the steps, and the line rose to make way for her and broke, while Romulus, vaguely following her, still went on in exhortation.

"Furdermo' de sun shines 'ntirely in de daytime an' de moon mos' gen'ally at night —"

But his dispersing class had ceased to listen, and only long, bright rays, striking down on him as he stood alone, bore out the truth of his final words in vivid, flashing agreement.

When Miss Merrill came out again he was still following her, profusely appreciative of her evening's services.

As she moved on toward some lighted buildings in the distance, and then turned her head, looking back, a figure stood out alone again on the low porch, stood out for just a moment like a dark silhouette on a bright background. Then it moved slowly and disappeared through the door. She shook her head.

"Oh, Romulus!" she murmured, "are n't we undertaking almost too much!"

But the next evening she was there again while figures shifted again in the moonlight and Romulus's voice went flowing on.

"Is it the same class, Romulus? The same class that you had last night?"

"Yas'm, jes same."

He knew that he had gathered them in as they gamboled in the alley, anyway, just as he had the night before. Why should n't it be the same?

She noticed, however, as the evenings went on and the fatal day drew near, that though the shifting figures might increase or decrease, the fact was never commented on, was even apparently unobserved by Romulus. She noticed, too, that occasionally there was no line at all

across the steps, that the figures shifted and gamboled in the near distance, both unnoticed and unsought.

On one particular evening she spoke about it as Romulus, half sitting, half lying on the low porch, rose languidly at her approach.

"Is it because to-morrow is the day for your examinations that you are resting instead of teaching this evening?"

"Wha'm yer say, Miss Mer'l? Did yer say ter-morrer's de day fer de 'xaminations? No'm, I'se been kine o' busy ter-day, so I'se jes tekkin' a li'l' res'. But ef ter-morrer's de day fer de 'xaminations I reckon I'll be 'blige call 'em in, too."

Already he was hailing them in tempting, tactful tones, and already they were tumbling gradually towards the porch. As they dropped into a shiftless, grinning line before him he regarded them seriously.

"Well, now it's jes like dis," he began. "Ter-morrer I'se gwine tek de 'xaminations fer de Ins'tute. Co'se I ain' mean by dat I'se gwine begin 'n' pass yer by w'en I meets yer on de street, caze, trufe is, I'se gwine treat yer jes 'bout de same ez I allays is. 'Tain' r'ally gwine be 'nough diffunce in de way I speaks fer yer ter wo'y 'bout it 't all. Nudder thing, co'se I kin teach yer all diffun' kine o' things w'en I gits in de Ins'tute, an' nudder thing, ter-morrer evenin' I'se gwine give yer a li'l' cel'bration. An' w'en yer *gits* yere ter-morrer evenin' I'se gwine tell yer w'at 't is."

They had disappeared in the near distance again, and Miss Merrill and her pupil had disappeared into the house. When they finally reappeared, after a long, last evening of labor, they both looked involuntarily away to some lighted buildings.

"Would you be disappointed if you failed, Romulus? Of course — you know —"

But Romulus was staring fixedly at the lighted buildings, and hardly seemed to hear.

"Well, good-night. *Try not to be disappointed if you fail, Romulus.*"

"Good-night, Miss Mer'l."

The sun rose with a particularly warm and beneficent glow the next morning, and while the clock hovered around nine, Romulus stood just outside the big stone academic building of the Institute, basking contentedly in the cheerful warmth, while streams of young colored people moved past him and went in.

"Reckon I'll go in too," he meditated. "'Tain' gwine do no good stan'in' yere."

In a room with high windows through which the sun shone down with the same cheerful warmth, he was given a seat with perhaps twenty others. At the desk stood a modest little lady who passed out papers, and looked as if she might have just come herself. Romulus regarded her with kindly interest and glanced down at his paper. Then his brow puckered concentratedly as he bent over his desk.

For almost two hours he had worked on with the same puckered brow. Then papers were collected, more were passed out, and for almost another two hours he had worked on again, when slowly his hand rose. The little lady at the desk inclined her head.

"Will yer read de las' question?" requested Romulus, rising politely from his seat and clearing his throat.

"The last? Write a letter to a friend describing the school you have attended during the past year and what you studied there."

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, regarding his paper, "is it mean like dis?" He cleared his throat again preparatory to a brief, oral résumé of his work, but the little lady at the desk proved quite equal to her task.

"But you will have to wait — for that. You know the others are at work. You will have to wait until after the bell rings."

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, "yas'm;" and just here a bell struck sharply.

Gradually all work was handed in.

Slowly, one after another, they passed out, the little lady made a neat pile on her desk, when again a voice sounded questioningly in her ears and she looked up to find herself alone with Romulus.

"Of course I could n't tell you anything about it," she explained. "That would n't be fair, would it?"

"No'm. But yer see, trouble is I written it ter Miss Mer'l," he argued doubtfully. "Jes like dis:—

"Miss Mer'l. Dear frien',—I s'pose yer'll be glad ter hyeah I'se settin' yere tekkin de 'xaminations, an' fer dat reason I'se glad ter write yer.'"

"Well? I'm sure it's entirely right to have written to Miss Merrill," came the encouraging return, but the little lady was wondering, with inordinate curiosity, how the written work compared with the oral interpretation. "Entirely right — if you answered the question."

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, with more assurance. "Well, I written it ter Miss Mer'l, anyway. Yas'm. I'll read it ter yer." And the oral interpretation continued:—

"Miss Mer'l. Dear frien',—I s'pose yer'll be glad ter hyeah I'se settin' yere tekkin de 'xaminations an' fer dat reason I'se glad ter write yer.'" He glanced briefly at the little lady, who seemed to be feeling a bit inadequate to circumstances, and continued: "'Fus' place I'se been ser busy lately I ain't had time fer no foolishness, an' yer knows too, I'se mekkin' all p'eparations to uplif' my people. Well, it's some kine o' wuk, 'specially ef yer deal wud be ign'rant. Co'se ef yer tek 'em w'en dey's edjercated 't would n' be ser bad, but cert'nly is wea'ysome tryin' ter uplif' de ign'rant, ez I knows counten doin' it myself. At fus' co'se dey ain't ser bad twell dey starts inter laf an' play an' den I tole 'em ef dey's gwine stay in de class I could n' 'low 'em nuver speak 't all, so now dey's doin' pretty good, an' ter-night I'se gwine give 'em a cel'bration counten gittin' in de Ins'tute. I ain't 'ntirely 'cided 'bout it but I reckon it'll be singin' wid p'raps peanuts

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'n' prayer. Co'se I cyan't 'spec' fer 'em ter set up an' 'have's good 's usual at a 'casion like dat, an' natchelly I'se gwine give 'em mo' liberties 'n dey's been 'custom' to befo', but I doan' r'ally reckon it's gwine do 'em no pumanent ha'm, an' anyway, after I gits in de Ins'tute, co'se I'll be 'blige mek 'em wuk *all* time. W'y, it's a gen'leman over 't de Ins'tute one Sunday, say it's a po'tion o' de cull'd folks where's ser shif'liss 'n lazy look like yer cyan't scacely do nuth'n wid 'em 't all. Well, af' I graduates an' start a school co'se I kin teach 'em better in diffun kine o' ways. One way is not give 'em nuth'n 't eat but p'raps sump'n like pieces o' boad or 'casionally a ole hat — an' nudder way is ter hide dey clo'es w'en dey goes ter baid at night so dey cyan't have 'em in de mawnin' twell dey promises dey'll go ter wuk 'thout no mo' shif'lissnes — an' nudder way is make b'leve yer's gwine move de furniture an' p'raps set it righ' down atop uv 'em. An' co'se edjercation too, caze co'se all de res' ain' gwine do de leas' good lessen yer puts in edjercation too. Dat's jes w'at I keep on tellin' 'em in de class, dey kin git new clo'es, a necktie or p'raps a new pair pants, but 't ain' gwine do 'em de leas' good 'thout dey gits edjercation too, so dey might jes ez well keep on wea'in' dey ole ones. W'y, de gen'leman say he know'd a man once 'thout no laigs or arms. I ain' nuver 'xpe'ience no sech plaisure's dat myself, but de stranges' part uv it wuz, he's gotten ser much edjercation he could set all day an' read 'n' talk an' nuver miss 'em. So co'se dat's anudder thing fer edjercation, too, any time yer loses yer laigs an' arms yer kin set all day an' read 'n' talk an' nuver miss 'em. Yours truly, ROMULUS QUICK.'"

The reader folded his paper again and glanced at the modest little lady for approbation. But she was blowing her nose so violently that she was quite unable to frame a sentence immediately.

"Does yer reckon Miss Mer'l 'll like it?" interrogated Romulus.

"I should think quite — quite likely," came the somewhat floundering reply: "but — you did n't really answer the question, after all, did you? The question, you know, about — about the school you have attended!"

"No'm," agreed Romulus, "I did n' r'ally git ter dat part uv it. Does yer reckon I kin fine out ter-morrer ef I'se pass?"

"I should think so — I certainly should think so!"

"Yas'm." And Romulus passed out, leaving the modest little lady at the desk feeling a bit weak and fragile.

He had wandered around rather aimlessly that afternoon, and now he sat on the low porch and looked away toward the burnished tossing water in the distance, and watched the sun drop lower and finally drown itself in the burnished gold.

"Reckon I'll go over ter Miss Hoar's office," meditated Romulus, already a little hazy on previous conversations; "Miss Hoar, she's de r'al headquarters, an' *she'll* know ef I'se pass;" and slowly he pulled himself up and sauntered away down Goose Alley, while the burning afterglow struck in warm colors on his back.

How Miss Hoar happened to be in her office at just that time Romulus did not ask. He merely stood before her with a lippy felt hat in his hand and a question on his lips.

"Did you pass?" she repeated kindly, glancing over a pile of papers on her desk, which had already been brought in. Then she stopped, selected two or three, and looked back at Romulus standing before her and fingering at his lippy felt hat. Miss Hoar was used to this sort of thing.

"No, I'm afraid you did n't." From her voice Romulus almost had a notion that she had said, "Yes, I think you did."

"You say I — I did n'?" he questioned quickly. "Yas'm. Thank you." And he turned and went down the stairs again.

As he came out of the building and walked away down the broad walk, the colors from the glowing sky and water struck softly on him again, and his shoulders seemed to drop forward under his worn, loose coat. But he walked steadily on, past the large, homey-looking buildings, down the long, winding road to the gates — and then he turned into Goose Alley again. He noticed, as he came on, that there were figures in the distance, shifting, gamboling aimlessly in the last rays of the sun, and his eyes moved slowly from the ever-shifting figures to the glowing sky until he came to the low porch. Then he sat down, his eyes wandering absently, until the chapel bell at the Institute struck dully on his ears and he pulled himself up again.

"Reckon I'll go," he muttered.

The last notes of a song came rushing out to him as he opened the chapel door, and the assembled company sat down, while Romulus slid in softly and sat down, too. Then a man rose to speak, and again Romulus's gaze wandered absently, drearly, over the rows and rows of upturned faces, until suddenly it returned and focused itself steadily on the speaker. He had heard him before. He had heard him one Sunday evening when he had talked about — about the ignorance and superstition of his race. He had heard him — His mind stopped short in its wanderings, and slow, distinct words fell unmistakably on his ears.

"It is n't so much the *amount* of education you get," the voice was saying, "as what you do with what you do get. Why, I know of a young colored man who has had so little education that you young people here might not have much respect for it. And yet what is he doing? He is teaching a class of the most ignorant boys that he can find, everything that he does know."

The speaker's voice dropped gently as he thought of his conscientious, hard-working friend, miles away, and Romulus's breath came quickly and his eyes caught a slow fire. How should he know

— how should that gentleman know *that about him?*

"They meet every evening," went on the voice, "and this young man is trying to teach them *everything that he knows*. Is n't that sort of thing worth talking about? Is n't that young man one of the leaders that we want?"

Romulus was leaning away forward, a deep, burning red just showing under his dark skin, his eyes glowing steadily up at the speaker. He had n't known that it was all going to be *about him*; he had n't known —

The speaker sat down, and Romulus sank back gently in his seat, while words that had died in the stillness seemed to come back and echo again, louder and louder, while the long rows of faces still gazed up.

But they were all marching out again, the speaker was slowly descending from the platform, and Romulus, with his breath coming rapidly again, was waiting by the door.

"I — I'd like fer you ter see — de class," he began unsteadily as the two stood for the moment side by side.

The speaker looked at him, not just comprehending, and then they were gently pushed on with the crowd.

"I'd — like fer you ter see — my class," repeated Romulus. "I reckon dey mus' be waitin' now — on de po'ch."

The speaker looked up with an acute, suddenly comprehensive expression.

"Why, surely," he returned. "I'd like to see your class."

They moved on together, the flush just visible under Romulus's dark skin, the

man glancing up at him with a kindly, humorous, penetrating glance. As they came into Goose Alley there seemed to be shifting figures before them, and then, suddenly, the figures seemed to shift from the scene, and Romulus and the speaker were standing before a low porch, across which sat a long, silent, waiting row.

They had remembered the "celebration," and were ready.

It was a supreme moment for Romulus, and he turned silently toward the speaker. Just for the moment even the art of conversation seemed to have flown. But his eyes came back to the waiting row, and his arm moved out toward it with a flourish that wholly made up for any previous lack.

"All dese yere where's settin' on de po'ch is de class," he announced. "I teaches 'em eve'y evenin'."

The line listened wonderingly while the same voice alternated with the pleased, encouraging one of the speaker, until suddenly they both stopped, and the speaker, with the same kindly, humorous, penetrating glance, looked at Romulus and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Good-by," he said. "I shan't forget that you're a leader, one of our leaders! I shan't forget it!"

He was moving away down the alley, and silently Romulus's eyes followed him until he was lost in the shadow. Then they turned back again to the waiting row, and grew mistily soft.

"Now, fus' uv all," he began, just a bit unsteadily, and then he stopped and began again; "fus' uv all — we'll begin wid de celebration."

THE DIMINISHING INCREASE OF POPULATION

BY W. S. ROSSITER

THE forces which have operated in the past to restrict population have had their origin principally in turbulence and ignorance. In this age, the population of civilized nations is chiefly affected by two factors, migration and decreasing fecundity, both of which are essentially economic in character.

The effect of migration upon population is less pronounced than that of decreasing birth-rate. Emigration in the twentieth century is largely a practical matter. Ambitious or discontented men and women in every community of Europe are offered continual opportunity to migrate at small expense, and without delay, hardship, or danger, to countries in which the labor market or natural resources appear to be especially inviting. To nations developing great industries, labor is furnished by others in which industry is inactive and labor plentiful. Hence the United States — still the leader in industrial development — thus far has been the highest bidder; but the facility with which the present-day emigrant passes from his native land to the United States or elsewhere, is no greater than that with which he can return, or move on to other lands more to his liking.

As the century advances, emigration may be expected to become even more a matter of business, governed by the inducements offered by this or that nation, no matter where located. There is likely to be less stability to alien population, and little probability that migration will continue to flow in definite streams or directions. A German writer has recently asserted that the nations fall into two classes: emigration states and immigration states. In which class a nation remains is likely in the future to depend upon its enterprise, and thus upon its

ability to offer greater inducements to aliens than those offered by other nations. A condition such as this is doubtless new in the world's history, but it is only one of the innumerable ways in which our age is breaking from all precedent and proving itself unique.

General and continued decrease in fecundity — hence decrease in the proportion of children in the community — is apparently another new factor in population change, new at least in certain aspects. Many causes have been assigned for this present tendency of civilized nations. Most of these relate directly or indirectly to modern conditions — social and educational — and to modes of living. There is, however, a cause of far greater consequence. From the earliest ages until within the last twenty years, population increase has been largely a matter of instinct, reproduction resulting as nature determined. Voluntary restriction of family, however, is now well understood and widely practiced in civilized nations. The ultimate effect upon population of such control cannot thus early be measured or even predicted, but it is a fact which economists must confront, that in the future the proportion of instinctive or accidental births will constantly decrease, and that of deliberately predetermined births will increase. It is obvious that this knowledge tends toward decreasing fecundity; hence, as already suggested, its effect must be more far-reaching upon increase of population than that of migration.

It is not possible to foretell the effect of making the world a vast labor market such as it is fast becoming, nor is it possible fully to determine the cause of the decreasing size of families which seems to be characteristic of this period, and

possibly due, in the final analysis, to some great natural law made operative by modern conditions. These conditions, indeed, differ so radically from those existing in earlier periods that they may be expected to produce results along unfamiliar lines. Our age is comparable with no preceding age. Statistics, the stars which men in this century read to forecast the future, merely suggest the mighty economic changes which are in progress, and often light but dim trails.

Changes in the Population of Europe.

In 1860 the population of Europe, including the British Isles, but exclusive of Russia and Turkey in Europe (the former having made but one enumeration and the latter none at all), according to the censuses nearest the date mentioned, was 207,572,650. In 1900 the aggregate population of the nations previously included was 265,851,708, an absolute increase of 58,279,158, or slightly more than 25 per cent in 40 years. The increase in population during the decade from 1860 to 1870 was practically nothing, the direct result of the Franco-German war, as both France and Germany reported decreased population in 1870. In 1880 the percentage of increase for the previous decade was approximately 8 per cent; in 1890, slightly less than 8 per cent; and in 1900 slightly more. The population of Europe, including Great Britain, has thus increased at a slow but practically uniform rate for the past 30 years, although a continued drain, due to emigration, has been in progress.

The Latin, or southern nations of Europe,¹ are increasing in number of inhabitants less rapidly than most of the other nations of the continent. During the last two decades of record, the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon nations² increased 8.8 per cent from 1880 to 1890, and 11.4 per cent from 1890 to 1900, while

the Latin nations (including Greece) increased but 6 per cent during the former, and 3.8 per cent during the latter decade. This noteworthy difference between the two groups is not explained by proportionately greater immigration to the United States from the southern nations, since the natives of those countries living in the United States represented but 0.2 per cent of the aggregate population of the Latin nations in 1880, and 0.6 per cent in 1900; on the other hand, the residents of the United States native in the Germanic and British group were equivalent to 3.9 per cent and 4.2 per cent, respectively, of the total population of those countries.

In absolute figures, the nine nations in the Germanic and British group aggregated 138,722,939 population in 1880, and 168,185,537 in 1900, thus recording an increase of approximately thirty millions; while that of the five nations in the Latin group was 88,741,312 in 1880, and 97,666,171 in 1900, showing an increase of nearly nine millions. The population disparity between the two groups in 1880 was 50,000,000, but in 1900 it had increased to 70,500,000.

If existing tendencies thus indicated shall continue, it is evident that the population of the Latin nations will speedily reach a stationary or declining condition, while the other group continues to increase, even though much less rapidly than at present.

It must be remembered that each of the nations here considered relies almost wholly upon native stock for its increase. The total number of aliens or persons of foreign birth reported at the censuses of the various nations in 1900, or at the nearest census thereto, was slightly more than two and a half millions, or but one per cent of the total; therefore the increase reported represents the growth of the native population.

The important fact brought out by this brief analysis is the virility of Europe's population, its reproductive power after many centuries of existence. It

¹ France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece.

² Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

is probable, indeed, that the increase has been greater during the past century than in any previous period. This is the more significant when it is remembered that the states of Europe without exception have contributed freely of their inhabitants, not only to the United States, but to South America and to the various colonies and commercial centres of the world.

Changes in the Population of the United States.

In 1790, at the beginning of our constitutional government, the young republic found itself possessed of 3,929,214 inhabitants, composed of 3,172,006 white, and 757,208 negro, or 80.7 and 19.3 per cent respectively. This may be termed native stock, since the immigrant, as we know him, did not then exist.

From 1790 to 1860 the percentage of increase remained roughly uniform, that reported from 1850 to 1860 (35.6 per cent) being almost the same as the rate of increase shown from 1790 to 1800 (35.1 per cent). After 1860, with some variation due to the Civil War, the rate of increase steadily diminished, shrinking to 20.7 in the decade 1890 to 1900, with the probability that the percentage of increase from 1900 to 1910 will approximate but 18 per cent.

Of the two racial elements of population, the increase in the number of negroes has declined from 32.3 per cent, reported from 1790 to 1800, to 18 per cent from 1890 to 1900. The increase in the number of whites, from 35.8 per cent reported in 1800, declined with irregular changes to 21.2 per cent in 1900, although reinforced during the century by increasing throngs of immigrants, to which must be added the mighty company of their descendants.

It is impossible to determine to what extent the colonial stock, if unassisted, would have increased the population of the United States. Children born in this country of immigrants are added to the native-born; their children are classed as

native-born of native parents; thus the foreign element becomes so woven into the national fabric that the strands are statistically indistinguishable.

In 1890 the classification of "native-born of native parents" was introduced in Census analysis,¹ the effect of which was to separate the native and foreign elements one generation farther back than "native-born." Use of this classification reveals the fact that the increase in the number of persons in the United States born of native parents, computed upon the total native white population, declined nearly one-third from 1880 to 1900 (20.5 per cent to 14.5 per cent).

By a slightly different process the increase of the native-born was computed at the census of 1900 to have been 16 per cent for the previous decade, and in the North Atlantic division not more than 9.5 per cent. While the results of computations of increase in the various elements of the population may thus vary slightly, they confirm the general fact of material diminution of increase.

In 1820 the proportion of white children under ten years of age to the total native white population was 32.7 per cent, or almost one-third. In fact, twelve of the twenty-six states and territories reported more than one-third of their white population as being under the age of ten.

In 1900 the proportion which children formed of the total population classed as native white of native parents, was 26 per cent; but two out of 50 states and territories reported a proportion of children exceeding one-third of the population. Moreover, in the majority of states and territories the proportion declined from 1890 to 1900. If the states in existence in 1800 be considered, so that the figures may be strictly comparable for a century, the proportion of children to the entire white population was 34.4 per cent in 1800 (28.1 per cent in 1850) and 24.6 per cent (native white of native parents) in 1900. In New England, indeed, the

¹ In 1870 and 1880 by derivation.

proportion has shrunk almost half, from 32.2 per cent to 17.9 per cent.

In 1820 no state reported the proportion of white children under 10 years so low as one-quarter of the total white population, but in 1900, more than two-fifths of the states reported the proportion of native white children as being less than one-quarter of the total native white inhabitants. This number included all the Pacific Coast states (in each of which the proportion declined from 1890 to 1900), three Western states, Montana, Nevada, and Colorado, which perhaps may be disregarded because of the disturbing influence of mining communities, and fourteen, comprising all the Eastern, Northern, and Middle states as far west as the Illinois line. It is significant that these fourteen form the manufacturing centre of the United States. They contributed, in 1900, 71 per cent of the total value of all manufactured product, and contained 46.2 per cent of the total population. The decrease in the proportion of native children thus appears to be most pronounced in the wealthiest and most populous sections, conspicuous for urban communities and the most extensive industrial interests.

While, as shown, it is impossible to separate the early native element and the later foreign element so as to measure the contribution of each to the total population, it is obvious that the United States, in the face of ever-increasing reinforcements from abroad, has recorded a declining rate of increase and a decreasing proportion of children. Having accomplished an extremely rapid and somewhat artificial growth, the American Republic appears to be approaching a condition in which, were the ship of state to cast off the towline of immigration, she would make very slow population headway.

The Effect of Diminishing Increase in the United States.

Were the present rate of alien arrivals in the United States to continue, that

fact, in the light of the census record, would merely justify expectation of continued diminution of increase. Were such diminution to continue to the middle of the twentieth century, at the same rate per decade as shown from 1860 to 1900, the population of continental United States in 1950 would not exceed 130 millions, and after that date would tend to become stationary. This figure is far below the forecasts of population, sensational in their liberality, made by newspaper and magazine writers from time to time. There is, indeed, a popular tendency to overestimate future population. Predictions concerning the number of inhabitants likely to be living in the United States in 1900, which were made early in the nineteenth century, or within the last fifty years, whether by students or statesmen (the latter including even President Lincoln¹), greatly exceeded the total actually reported for that year.

Three nations only now have more than one hundred million inhabitants, — Russia, India, and China. They are largely agricultural, and are composed of communities having limited and simple requirements. Industrial nations (which have more active and restless communities) in general are small in area, and have relatively small populations, which are thus easily subject to control.

The United States will soon join the three nations exceeding one hundred millions of inhabitants, but differs radically from them, since manufacturing, mining, and other industries are steadily outstripping agriculture. Urban popula-

¹ "At the same ratios of increase which we have maintained, on an average, from our first national census of 1790 until that of 1860, we should in 1900 have a population of 103,208,415 (in 1910, 138,918,526). And why may we not continue that ratio far beyond that period? Our abundant room — our broad natural homestead — is our ample resource. . . . Our country may be as populous as Europe now is at some point between 1920 and 1930 — say about 1925, — our territory, at 73½ persons to the square mile, being of capacity to contain 217,186,000." — LINCOLN, Annual Message to Congress, 1862.

tion is increasing four times as rapidly as that of the country districts (the increase in the former in 1900 was 36.8 per cent, and in the latter but 9.5 per cent). These facts suggest a tendency toward instability, and become increasingly important as population assumes colossal proportions. It is not in government alone that the United States is an experiment.

National considerations, however, are by no means the only ones involved in great population increase. There is a point at which the citizen must alter his mode of life. In densely populated countries the liberty of the individual is necessarily restricted, and economy of agricultural and other resources becomes imperative. In the United States the improvident habits contracted by the newcomers of a century ago still prevail. A population materially in excess of one hundred millions, living as wastefully as Americans now live, would soon confront the necessity for federal and state regulation, the creation of many of the limitations which prevail in the more populous states of Europe. Preservation in any form, however, of soil or natural resources, is accomplished by restriction; restriction means that large numbers of the more restless and eager will drift to newer lands.

Population and Industrial Activity.

Malthus, in his famous treatise upon principles of population, declared that the natural tendency toward increase is checked by inadequacy of means of subsistence; but in our time this statement should be modified; new industries, the development of mines and extension of commerce, directly or indirectly, furnish means of support for increasing numbers and seem to create a demand for human beings, — causing what may be termed a population vacuum.

The population of England and Wales, for example, in 1701, was 6,121,525;¹ in 1751 the total number of inhabitants had

¹ British Census Report, 1863.

increased but 214,315, or 3.5 per cent in fifty years. After the middle of the eighteenth century, however, continuous increase occurred, amounting to three millions in 1801, nine millions in 1851, and fourteen and a half millions in 1901. This change was coincident with the creation of British industry and trade.

But if it be true that the quickening of industrial life has tended to increase population, the present stationary condition of population in parts of Europe, previously pointed out, and the diminishing increase of population in the United States, suggest the possibility that what may be termed the drawing power of natural and industrial resources upon population has culminated. We are justified at least in asking what influences upon increase of population, if any, are being exerted by the marvelous economic changes now in progress.

The discovery and exploitation of the world's stored-up natural resources have made this age conspicuous among all ages. It might be said, indeed, that the human race is now living upon principal, whereas through all previous periods of history it existed upon income. Prior to 1840, upon the sea all transportation was accomplished by utilizing the winds of heaven as motive power to drive ships to their desired harbors, and upon land by the use of beasts of burden. Within the short space of 67 years, — less than the allotted lifetime of a man, — transportation on sea and land has been revolutionized; the steamer and the locomotive are now supreme. In 1905 there were 20,746² ocean-going steamships plying between the ports of the world, and nearly 163,000 locomotives³ in all lands and climes drawing innumerable freight and passenger cars. To propel these steamers against wind and current, approximately 75,000,000 tons of coal are required annually, while the locomotives of the world consume approximately 133,000,000 tons.

² Lloyd's Register, 1906.

³ Interstate Commerce Commission, and by derivation.

Thus during many thousand years the commerce and passenger traffic of the world were conducted without the expenditure of a pound of the natural resources of the earth, but in our time practically all transportation, although possessing capacity beyond the comprehension of earlier generations, is secured by burning up annually more than 200,000,000 tons of coal.

Such staples as coal, iron, petroleum, copper, and gold, were left practically untouched by the successive generations of men who peopled the earth prior to the nineteenth century; but within fifty years the world-old attitude of the race toward these and other natural resources has been completely reversed. This brief period has witnessed a mighty attack upon most of the known deposits of metal and minerals. In order to increase the vigor of the onslaught which the civilized nations have made upon natural resources stored up through countless ages, human strength has been supplemented by ingenious mining machinery.

The world's coal product in 1850 was 220,535 tons; in 1900, 846,041,848 tons; in 1905, 1,033,125,971 tons. English writers of half a century ago estimated the maximum annual production likely to be reached in the future from the British coal-fields at 100,000,000 tons. The actual product, however, in 1905 was 235,000,000 tons.

In the production of pig iron a similar striking increase has occurred. The world's product advanced from 1,585,000 tons in 1830, to 54,054,783 tons in 1905. Petroleum, discovered in the United States in 1859, and aided later by extensive wells in Russia, was produced to the amount of 3,296,162,482 gallons in 1890, but the product was increased to 9,004,723,854 gallons in 1905. Of copper, the product was 117,040,000 pounds in 1850; but the mines of the world, spurred by the demand of electrical requirements, yielded 1,570,804,480 pounds in 1905. Production of gold increased from \$94,000,000 in 1850, to \$376,289,200 in 1905.

PER CAPITA¹ PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF COAL, IRON, PETROLEUM, COPPER, AND GOLD IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1905.

MINERAL.	PER CAPITA PRODUCTION.		PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION.	
	United States.	Europe.	United States.	Europe.
Coal	4.73 tons	2.10 tons	4.72 tons	1.78 tons ²
Petroleum ³	16.6 gallons	2.22 gallons	7.2 gallons	3.10 gallons
Iron	0.27 tons	0.12 tons	0.20 tons	
Copper	10.8 pounds	0.44 pounds	6.1 pounds	1.7 pounds
Gold	1.06 dollars	0.06 dollars	0.99 dollars	0.66 dollars ²

¹ Population in 1905 or nearest year.

² Principal countries.

³ Refined illuminating oil.

With the exception of the production of coal in Great Britain, mining in European countries is not characterized by the feverish activity which attends such operations in the United States. Here, however, not only are the per capitas of production and home consumption very large, but it is evident that this nation is also supplying much of the European requirement. While gratifying as evidence of Nature's liberality to us, and also of American enterprise, is there no

limit to the supply under such unparalleled demand?

The production of coal, iron, petroleum, copper, and gold in America practically began — at least so far as a modern commercial basis is concerned — within the lifetime of many men now living. Coal production in the United States dates approximately from 1820. Eighty-five years later (in 1905) the product of American coal mines was 392,000,000 tons annually, practically two-

fifths of the coal production of the world. Advancing into the future from 1905 as far as that date is distant from 1820, we should reach 1990. In that year, according to the estimates which have been made by the leading student of coal production, the output of American coal mines would approximate 2,077,000,000 tons each year.¹

This age is preëminently a coal age; industry and commerce depend upon and follow coal supply. "In those localities both in Europe and America where coal is found, it has completely changed the face of the country. It has created great hives of industry in previously uninhabited valleys and lonely plains, drawn the population from the agricultural districts into manufacturing centres; it has altogether modified the relative importance of cities, and has peopled colonies."²

Jevons, the English economist, discussing in 1865 the relation of wealth and political power in England to the coal supply, declared that the industrial preëminence of the English people was due to coal; that future development depended upon a continuance of cheap fuel supply; but that it was not reasonable to expect indefinite commercial expansion at the then rate of progress. He predicted that well within a century from the date mentioned, a perceptible check in the rate of growth would be experienced and that the premonitory symptom would be a higher price for fuel.³ This economic prophecy in some particulars is already being fulfilled. Not the least ominous fact is the decided increase in the price of British coal. It is stated that at the present rate of production the cream of the South Wales coal-fields will have been skimmed in another half-century.

The United States is now the greatest coal-producing nation in the world. Even should the annual product attain to the

enormous total predicted for the close of the century, the coal reserve would not be seriously impaired for many centuries to come. In fact, it is not likely ever to become completely exhausted. The crisis in the maintenance of national prosperity, however, does not await coal exhaustion, but it must be expected when the slowly increasing difficulty and expense of mining coal result in prices easily beaten by newer fields. The price, therefore, of early extravagance in production, or in use, or both, is the ultimate creation of irresistible industrial rivals. The United States is becoming more and more industrial, hence both prosperity and population constantly lean more heavily upon coal; the greater the annual output, the earlier may be expected the era of materially advancing prices. Even if it be conceded that such a result would not seriously impair the industrial efficiency of the United States, it must exert a direct influence upon population, because decided increase in the cost of coal means increased cost of living and of production in all lines of industry. Moreover, an increased proportion of labor and capital must be devoted to the extraction of coal, thereby diminishing the proportion of both available under more favorable conditions for other productive activities.

Old settlers and newcomers have reveled in the fertility of virgin soil and seemingly unbounded space and resources. Waste has been rampant. If land ran out, the farmer made scant attempt to renew it, — he merely moved on to the West or South. If the timber, coal, or iron supply of forest and mine was depleted, no thought of economy arose — there were greater forests and richer mines elsewhere. Thus like a spendthrift heir, the inhabitants of the United States have dipped deep into the riches of their mighty inheritance, while from other lands millions of immigrants, glad to escape the restrictions of intensive forms of existence, have flocked to assist the American in exploiting his resources.

¹ E. W. Parker, U. S. Geological Survey.

² Thomas, *Journal Royal Statistical Society*, lxi, 461.

³ *The Coal Question*. London, 1865.

How long can these resources, though some of them are seemingly limitless, withstand this attack? ¹

The present age is differentiated from all others principally by this exploitation of natural resources, and by its reflex influence upon men. Had this onslaught begun, with equal vigor, a few hundred years earlier, conditions in the present age would have differed so radically from what they actually are, that even speculation concerning our state in such a contingency is futile.

Supremely serious are the questions which arise from consideration of the unprecedented advancement of our time: Has Nature no penalties in store for her

children who draw too liberally from her breast? Burning the fires of life so fiercely, shall they not burn out? If, on the one hand, phenomenal population increase resulted from the quickening of industrial and commercial life in the civilized nations during the past century, — due in the last analysis to natural resources, — and on the other, instinct, manifested in a score of local forms, is now tending to restrict population while the momentum of national prosperity is apparently at its height,² may there not be in operation some hitherto unexecuted law of nature, to prevent too great a drain upon the inheritance of future generations?

Invention and discovery may be expected to continue. It may well be that the men of the future will succeed in their time, as we have in ours, but the problems which arise are likely to be increasingly serious, as "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

¹ Clearly no country has been so richly dowered by nature with mineral resources of all sorts. . . . On the other hand we must render tribute to the extraordinary rapidity with which these resources have been developed of late years. . . . It is quite reasonable to predict that the time will come when, pending the exploitation of the coal fields of China, all the world, with the exception of northern and northwestern Europe, which will almost certainly remain customers of Great Britain, will look to the United States for its coal supply. . . . In production of iron ore the United States far outdistances all other countries, its output in 1902 being over thirty-five million tons. . . . In 1880 it was only seven million tons. Comment upon the rapidity with which it has increased would be superfluous. . . . One is tempted to ask whether the ultra-intensive exploitation to which the iron mines are submitted will not soon exhaust the magnificent deposits of the Lake Superior district . . . but the Americans, relying on the constant good-will of Nature, are confident that they will discover either new and productive ranges in this district or rich deposits in other districts. — P. LEROY-BEAULIEU, *United States in the Twentieth Century*, pp. 223 et seq.

² The fundamental law of population is, that population constantly tends to increase at a greater rate than the means of subsistence. Here we have the converse occurring over a period embracing nearly the life of a generation. Is this apparent reversal of the general law due to the establishment of a higher standard of existence by advancing civilization, or to prosperity having in some insidious manner sapped the reproductive powers of the nation? Whatever be the cause, we have to face the fact that the rate of increase of the population is being maintained by the decrease in the death-rate, and notwithstanding such decrease, extending over the past twenty years, the excess of births over deaths per thousand has dropped from 14.90 to 11.58, or over twenty-two per cent. — THOMAS, *Journal Royal Statistical Society*, lxi, 453.

THE NATIONAL GAME

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

"BASEBALLING," writes Mr. Hashimura Togo, "is National Sport. Walk some distance to suburbs of trolley, when, all of a sudden, you will notice a sound. It is a very congregational lynch-law sound of numerous voices doing it all at once. Silence punctuates this. Then more of."

Addressing himself to a policeman, Mr. Togo solicits enlightenment: "Why all this yell about, unless of mania?"

"Three men have got home," explains the officer.

"So happy to welcome travelers! Have them gentlemen been long absent for such public banzai?"

Thus we perceive that Mr. Togo is as yet no "fan," or, instead of walking to "suburbs of trolley," he would have added himself to the burden of some ancient and doddering electric car, which, languishing else in oblivion, is fetched forth to trundle "red-blooded" citizens toward yon blessed inclosure. A jocund air has that trolley. Though meriting the pathetic grandeur of the Grand Army of the Republic, it goes caroling, "As Young as I Used to Be." Yet the throng aboard, clinging fly-fashion, and jammed gayly man on man, breathes no prankish spirit. Theirs is a calm mood and a dignified. They are buttressing the nation by upholding the national game, and a certain stateliness is permitted to patriots.

Mr. Togo, in his heathen blindness, may question the essential Americanism of baseball. Until recently the game originated in the English schoolboy sport of rounders. To abate that scandal, an oecumenical council of baseball hierarchs has defined the true faith. By order of the Special Commission, it *shall have been* "indigenous." Its American origin, then, resembles the infallibility of the

Pope, which, as a Catholic savant once remarked to me, is "a dogma we unfortunately have to believe."

But, despite its alien lineage, the game has become as characteristically American as bull-fighting is characteristically Spanish, or pelote characteristically Basque, or heresy-hunting characteristically Scotch. Not that our national sport stays pent within our traditional frontiers; it follows the flag, and westward, of course, the umpire takes his way. He is revered in Luzon, as is also the valiant batsman. Persons reluctant to canonize our Philippine policy should observe how five thousand natives will pour down upon the diamond to felicitate the author of a three-bagger, and continue his apotheosis for a solid hour. Meanwhile, baseball has annexed Canada — leaving only the sordid political details to be adjusted — and captured Cuba. "No tiene descripcion el entusiasmo!" cries the Cuban press. "El publico en masa se desborda llenando el inmenso campo, dando Vivas! Hurrahs!" Yet it is in the United States especially that the game thrives and grows and keeps on growing, till now it cheerfully meets an annual cost of \$5,500,000, supports more than thirty leagues, major and minor, sells its 25,000,000 tickets a year, and evolves a treasurer's report that reads like a mathematical psalm. Already it stands among our notable industries. Ere long its capitalization will reach the figure of \$20,000,000, the price we paid Spain for a second-hand war.

This glittering phenomenon, so grateful to all who love their country, though to Mr. Togo a stumbling-block and to the trolley conductor foolishness, invites philosophy. How comes it about? Because the "grandest of nations" must

instinctively espouse "the grandest of games"? Doubtless man might have made a better sport, but doubtless man never did. Man made cricket, enabling it to proceed with the languid tread of a Chinese tragedy, while from time to time some hot-head might arise and exclaim, "Played, sir! Played indeed!" Man made football, endowing it with benign carnage but giving it a season all too brief. Man made golf, wherein the ruminative derive satisfaction from a comparison of records. Man made tennis, a pleasant pastime, yet not for heroes. Man at his best and highest made baseball, which gallops gloriously to its sublime culmination, holds a nation spell-bound from snow to snow, provides always the clash of player against player, and calls for the combined exercise of muscle, brain, skill, and manly daring.

Besides, it appeals sweetly to sentiment. Every American has played baseball in his boyhood, learning the ecstasy of triumph, the unforgettable anguish of defeat. Sings Mme. Calvé:—

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie."

But she would be less confident of the supreme pathos of her theme had she been walloped, anciently, by the Cedar-villes, and slunk supperless to bed.

The child is father of the "fan," and the middle-aged — the aged, even — renew their youth while "rooting" on the bleachers. And yet in such reflections, however exhilarating, we find no adequate interpretation of the paramountcy achieved by this vociferous amusement. Though the game existed in the forties, it promised small delirium; it lacked import; it was team against team, — mere parochial imbroglíos, — and not an entire people struggling mightily all summer toward a golden bourn. Then arose that Moses of the diamond, "Father" Henry Chadwick, who began his career as law-giver a few years before the Civil War, which was a conflict deeply to be regretted, since it deflected the national mind from the pursuit of the na-

tional sport, and devoutly to be praised, since it preserved a nation wherein that sport might disport itself.

After the war came Reconstruction, which gathered up the fragments of a shattered commonwealth, and set them upon the firm foundation of baseball. The country had now a purpose. Henceforth it could develop into a nation of "rooters," the loudest and maddest on earth. For "Father" Chadwick had codified the rules, thus enabling New York to give battle to Philadelphia, Boston to Detroit, Cleveland to St. Louis, while affording the mythopoetic faculty an opportunity not surpassed in our era. No Secretary of Baseball sits in the President's cabinet; it is not by manhood suffrage that municipalities elect their ball-nines; nor do the champions receive the pennant from the secretary's hand with a mediæval accolade and gain dukedoms as rewards for high service; yet in the "fan's" thoughts it might almost be so, despite his knowledge that organized baseball is a business — a business controlled by a trust; that the "clubs" are stock-companies; that the players are rarely sons of the cities whose names they wear over their hearts; and that the progressive series of shows has been adroitly devised to keep him dangling betwixt hope and despair throughout the season, and get his money. So it is no trivial, isolated, ineffectual fray that assembles yonder multitude this afternoon.

As Pisa fought Venice and Venice fought Florence, so the town dearest to our pride is to take up arms against a loathed and hated rival; only, in our case, consider how incomparably more grave the issue! Our city, if victorious, will advance one stage further toward the championship of its league. If it wins that championship, it will meet the champions of the other major league, and battle for the championship of the world. If triumphant then, it will reign in a moral splendor surpassing the sublimity of Nineveh, Carthage, or Imperial Rome, until — perish the thought! — the arbit-

rament of next year's campaign snatches the sceptre from its grasp. In the light of so much glory, one grieves to recall how misguided warriors fought and bled on Italian soil for a mere petty, backyard sovereignty, little worth the fuss, and one sighs for a greater Dante to sing this grander warfare. Still, there is song in the souls of "fans." Said Emerson: "The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics."

Arriving at the gates of glee — gates piercing an otherwise impervious board-fence, cruelly devoid of those cracks and knot-holes which afford solace to impecunious urchinhood — our bards undergo a self-imposed classification. The frivolous, the detached, the shallow — fabricators of "society verse," let us say — purchase tickets for the grandstand; those a shade or two less artificial prefer the fifty-cent bleachers; but the true runic singers, they of the flaming heart and awesome howl, humble themselves to be bleached for a quarter.

Though "Casey at the Bat" has been attributed to all known poets from Homer to Theodosia Garrison, and though its authorship is claimed by a wool merchant named Thayer, it is clear that the ballad reached his pen by a process of metempsychosis, having enjoyed a previous existence in the brain of some twenty-five-cent "rooter." Accordingly, we shall find the uncrowned laureates of baseball among its lowliest devotees. While Mr. Reginald Van Brunt will yell with a fervor conscious of its absurdity and relish this release from convention, Mr. Micky O'Hooligan will yell with impassioned earnestness. Between these gentlemen, however similar their vocal outbursts, you note the same difference as between the carnival Indian and the wild Comanche. Mr. Van Brunt harbors a suspicion that the national game is perhaps a trifle less important than the national destiny. Not so the honest Micky.

Him let us follow. Through the joyous portals, then, with care to retain our rain-checks. In these read the first intimation

of contrast between professional baseball and its collegiate compeer. The powers of the air might spoil a college game and cheat the spectators. Here, if the heavens drip before the middle of the fifth inning, we may go in free at some subsequent game. Thus the management emboldens the over-weather-wise, who, when clouds look ominous, may perchance obtain more baseball, instead of less, for their money. Inside the gate, contrasts not less pronounced. Instead of the modest grandstand, a huge, many-canopied pavilion, over which float ensigns inscribed with the name of our city and that of the despicable municipality for whose destruction we yearn. Instead of the strings of carriages, those vast, austere tribunes, the bleachers. Instead of multitudinous gay hats and gowns, only an occasional dash of color, and that only in the grandstand. Instead of the pennant of our Alma Mater, the nation's flag, fluttering a bit sadly, as if conscious of its subservience to business. Instead of a distant prospect of academic spires and cupolas beyond the meadows, a background composed of bill-boards, where advertisements of whiskey, beer, and heinous cigars almost crowd out the score-board, while above them loom the chimneys of factories. Everywhere an atmosphere bespeaking capitalized enterprise, speculation, commercialism. Upon the ear fall raucous cries: "Hot roasted peanuts, five a bag," "Ice-cold moxie," "Fresh pop-corn" — uttered by savage brats in white coats and white caps. Ministering angels actually, these young persons wear an expression of cruelty, having caught thus early the aggressive spirit of the diamond.

On the bleachers, however, there is much the same talk as among collegians, though mouthed less gently, and absolutely the same belief in the cosmic importance of sport. Have not vanquished football braves been known to weep? Once, when a victorious eleven were shedding their moleskins amid profane

exultings, their trainer burst into the dressing-room, lifted a reverent hand, and cried, "Silence, boys! Now everybody sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'" — which they did, in perfect solemnity. When such excesses occur among seekers after wisdom, why scorn poor Micky for calling baseball the most serious occupation of a serious people? His microcosmos refuses admittance to larger interests. The players now at practice down below — they are lions, heroes, sublime demigods, in Micky's eyes. Pity him, then, for his failure to identify them; "beneath the cupola," Paris is equally at a loss to identify its Forty Immortals; as Monsieur le Ministre appeals to Madame la Maréchale, so Micky appeals to 'Rastus Jones, and 'Rastus to a truckman, who in turn invites elucidation from a freckled office-boy. There are loud assertions, louder contradictions, as is scarcely surprising, so extraordinary is the family resemblance that pervades the profession. Always the lithe, nimble figure; always the shaven face; always the bold nose and assertive chin. Later, when the game is on, we shall know the artists by reference to the score-card.

For artists they are — sensitive as violinists, "temperamental" as painters, emotional as divas. A little detraction will "get their goat," a little adulation prepare them to walk upon pink clouds. As the Presbyterian said of the Methodists, they are "up attic or down cellar all the while." They cherish their dignity, riding only in Pullmans, sleeping only in the hotel's most luxurious apartments. They exact from their manager a consideration as delicate as that displayed toward his mariners by the gallant captain of the *Pinafore*. They demand dazzling emoluments; Corot died rich, Paderewski carries home a fortune every year, yet how insignificant their services to humanity compared with those of a baseball player! Meanwhile the fraternity resents imputations of mere commercialism. Speak not of "Hessians." If you insist upon a military allusion, call

them Swiss, to whom may one day be carven a Lion of Lucerne.

Happy is their lot, since their craftsmanship, unlike that of other artists, wins the most exuberant admiration from those that comprehend it least. Hence their rank as popular idols. The physiological psychologist, who can hardly be said to abound, admires the precision with which the muscular sense judges the whereabouts of a moving object by the tug of tiny muscles as the eyes converge upon it; he admires the accuracy with which the muscles of eye and arm adjudicate and direct the effort required to hurl a missile to its goal after the muscles around and inside the eye have determined the range; he knows that in that solemnest of ball-games, an artillery engagement, ranges must be found mechanically. There, with some incidental enthusiasm over the diligence expended in training the muscular sense to such superb efficiency, his admiration ends. To Micky, however, the skill of a star ball-player savors less of the magnificently natural than of the out-and-out miraculous. And our world consists mainly of Mickys. Ages ago, when it contained no other folk, such wonder-working would have qualified the "wizard" to teach spiritual truth. In our own day, it has enabled a baseball hero to become a popular evangelist.

But see, the game is about to begin! Quick, your score-card! At last it is settled that Murphy, not O'Toole, is to pitch, O'Toole having doubtless a temporary "glass arm;" also that Kelley, though spiked a week ago by a furious base-runner, is again to mount guard over yonder hypertrophied pincushion; who's who, we now know, so far as concerns "our boys," and as for the enemy, seated in a cross-legged, red-legged row on the bench, the score-card will make them out for us as obligingly as the programme that names the actors "in the order of their first appearance on the stage." All is clear, save perhaps to some wretched Togo.

Billiards the Japanese intellect can fathom: "two sticks, three balls, two men. One says 'Damn!' The other says, 'Hard lines!'" But baseball is more intricate. It is billiards in three dimensions (and a fourth, sometimes, namely the umpire), with an uneven field for a table, the ball shot through air and deflected by wind, and the play executed with chain-lightning rapidity, while always nine men are pitted against one. So you will bear with Mr. Togo if his account errs through excess of impressionism. Says he, "One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by sofa-pillows which he wear on hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front of that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. Hon. Pitch in hand hold one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness. He raise that arm lofty — then twist — O sudden!! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon. Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss and them deathly ball shoot Hon. Stop in gloves. 'Struck once!' decry Hon. Umpire, a person who is there to gossip about it in loud voice."

Despite traces of inaccuracy, we have here a transcription from reality. Such titanic efforts, such lifting of huge hopes, such scant fruition! They hurl the ball, but not canonically. They hurl the ball canonically, but the batsman cowers. They hurl the ball canonically, and the batsman smites it, but erroneously. They hurl the ball canonically, the batsman smites it righteously, and then some fellow catches it. This process, varied with the scampering of certain gentlemen in haste, who at best reach only the point they started from, continues through nine innings, while the majority of the eighteen demigods stand beside bags or guard distant outposts, chewing, chewing, or sit all a-row and drink water out

of a pail. Upon what boresome doings, then, hangs the destiny of our cities! How justly has Mr. Steffens celebrated their shame!

To the "fan," this very uneventfulness is in itself an event. One recalls the ardor of the shopkeeper in a college town, who had feared that a football defeat might impoverish the gamesters who owed him money; hearing that it had yielded a score of nothing to nothing, he cried, "Blessed be nothing!" So here. The red-blooded look not kindly upon the "hippodrome" and the "batfest." They desire that skill shall match skill in "an even break." What the performance lacks of melodrama it makes up in show of technique, so that, as Mr. Togo phrases it, "all America persons is settled in state of very hoarse condition." Nor can even he suppress a spasm of admiration for that central luminary, the twirler. "Hon. Pitch prepare to enjoy some deathly agony. He hold that ball outside of twisted arm, turn one half beside himself, throw elbows away, give whirling salute of head, caress ankle with calf of leg, then up-air — quickly shoot!!"

Mr. O'Hooligan, steeped in the lore of the "spitball," the drop curve, the high in-ball, the out-curve, and the "fade-away," and aware that the finger-tips, as the "pill" leaves the hand, endow it with its rotary genius, pays this wizard the homage of a somewhat more enlightened reverence. He will speak of the "cushion of air" that produces the curve, yet gilds his science with gleams of the supernatural. Those enchanted missiles — lo! trailing clouds of glory do they come! And the twirler — what charmer of political conventions, serpents, or railroad stocks commands a higher magic? Behold, for instance, the necromantic spitball, how it drops from the batter's hips to his knees in two feet of forward motion, or "floats up like a chunk of lead till it gets close to the swatting station and then ducks around the corner like a subpcena-dodger!" The mere expectation of a spitball un-

nerves the doughtiest "sons of swat!"

Physicist, though mystic, Mr. O'Hooligan dabbles also in psychology. To him—and to us, for that matter—the pitcher is a "deep thinker," fathoming the batsman's heart, discerning his aversions, and uprooting his courage by proffering what he most detests at the least grateful juncture. To "deep thinking" our twirler adds moral hardihood. It takes character to face a whole dynasty of cudgel-kings, one after another, and not "go up in the air," especially when bayed at the while by a maniacal public.

Likewise it takes character to bat; for the batter views eight allied foes, one of whom prepares to slay him with a look, if not with the "pellet." I recall a portly batsman whose person protruded in a sort of oriel; though slow of foot, he possessed a talent for knocking phenomenally evasive flies. Knowing this, the pitcher smote him with the ball in the region of the watch-chain, and, when rather severely criticised by his victim, remarked, "Perfectly fair ball! Right over the plate!" Just so; but after that this batsman could never face its author with any pleasure. Invariably he "fanned out." And even the slim run some risk. Nevertheless, such is their devotion to country that, when necessity requires, they will defy the rule that forbids self-martyrdom, and deliberately offer their bodies to be hit. Sometimes I wonder if it hurts. I have seen a batter receive a resounding crack on the funny bone, and make for first base with a radiant countenance, limping jocosely all the way. Indeed, one is tempted, while surveying the moral pinnacle attained by cudgelers, to forget those equally lofty artistic summits which loom less splendid because more remote. Not only must the ash meet the horsehide, however fantastic its course; the clash must be so timid, ideally, that the ball will come down in precisely the spot intended—an unguarded region of the "front yard," let us say—or perchance some defenseless section of "left garden." Wielding what

the violinist calls a perfect instrument, the man with the round club must juggle with angles of incidence and reflection, complicated by the manifold eccentricities of an inspired gyroscope, and instantly determine what speed to give his bat as it describes with its tip the arc of a circle, since the hundredth part of a second, whether too soon or too late, will vitiate the entire calculation. Saw you ever a task that called louder for "all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy?"

Time—what a factor in battles! One hates to descend to the trivial, but it was time that decided Waterloo, and here every infinitesimal moment is treasured, as befits the gravity of the issue. Fans understand this, and bear it in mind when appraising the performance. They know why the management has selected a "south-paw" to man first base; the left-handed player has the advantage of being already in a position to throw to second when the ball comes to him from the catcher. They know why base-runners should slide feet first. Says Mr. Togo, "All spectacles in grandstand decry 'O make sliding, Hon. Sir!'"—and "Hon. Striker is sliding to base by the seat of his stummick." Bad policy, think the fans. Not only do basemen cherish a distaste for spiked shoes and a fluttering of the heart on their approach sole out, so that the feet-first onslaught will meet the milder discouragement; the main point is to arrive ready to pick yourself up in an instant and resume your career. Games are lost and won in fractions of a second.

It is time, again, that determines the brilliancy of fielding. When the ball whizzes just above the ground, and a man runs in for it and takes it at his shoelacings, Micky's whole soul rises up to bless him. When the ball soars across the blue, and the "gardener" turns his back on it, darts into the remote distance, and wiles it from over his shoulder into his mitt, Micky relights his pipe. Why this frantic approval of a feat by no means showy, this indifference to a feat

amazingly spectacular? Because time, by its brevity, glorified the one, whereas time, by its prolixity, cheapened the other. Only instantaneous perception and judgment and action can stop the white-hot liner. The very sensationalism of the arching path that a long fly follows will afford time to decide where the ball must alight, time to transfer one's activities to the appointed spot, time composedly to welcome in that fly with gently smiling jaws. As well solicit applause for keeping a tryst with an express train!

Thus it appears that Mr. O'Hooligan appreciates, equally with alacrity of body, alacrity of mind. He would redouble his enthusiasm could he hear astronomers discourse of the "personal equation," how it qualifies an observer to note with greater or lesser precision the moment when the star crosses the hair-line and to press with greater or lesser promptitude the instrument that records its transit. Eminence as a baseball-player presupposes a personal equation any astronomer might envy, and this endowment accounts for the profusion of Kelleys and Caseys, of O's and Mac's on the nation's diamond. The nimble-witted, the quick-tempered, the recklessly daring — in a word, a race given to bulls, half-bricks, and brilliancy on the firing-line — possess the required rapidity of perception and intellection, the required rapidity of nervous reactions. Women, but for those limitations to which humorists attribute the survival of the hen, should play astounding baseball; as regards the personal equation, every woman is an Irishman.

Nowhere a keener demand for such celerity than behind the bat, where the catcher acts as a collector and conservator of twisted thunderbolts and as steersman of the sloop of destiny. Alone able to scan the whole battle, he must shape its strategy in moments of peril. Yet while there exists a code of signals between pitcher and catcher, and while extraneous counsel from coaches mitigates the consternation with which men on

bases are so richly furnished, still further hints and persuasions proceed from the manager. He signs in esoteric symbols, unknown to the foe, though legible to his vassals, so that he who reads may run. Sometimes, to ward off suspicion, he deputes the "signing" to a henchman, but there's risk in that. Once Sweeney, bidden to slide when Lauterbach crossed his feet, beheld the sign and slid, thereby losing the game; Lauterbach, crazed with excitement, had crossed his feet unconsciously. The manager could nevertheless rejoice in the perfection of his discipline, as when, on another occasion, Bad Bill rejoined his comrades at breakfast, saw the horrified manager stroke his beard, and instantly dived under the table. As a posse of waiters were ejecting him, Bill expostulated, "What yous puttin' me out fer? Did n't me manager sign to slide?" His not to reason why, his but to do and die.

Now Micky, despite his knowledge of wireless communications, boards of strategy, and the team-play that alone captures pennants, proffers advice of his own, instructing the players, even the manager; and hereby hangs psychology. A lordly egotist is Micky. He looms vast within his personal universe because that universe is itself so small. Besides, he is a part of all that he sees. He assists the progress of a blood-and-thunder play with cries of "Sick 'em!" and "Cheese it!" On the bleachers he not only comments aloud upon every incident, gasping, "He's out!" or "He's safe;" he relieves a burning heart by howling, "Come on, Pat!" or "Slide, Kelley — slide!" It is not in the initial stages of civilization that humanity acquires the art of thinking with its mouth shut. Meanwhile, his shrewdness enables him to admire a player for disregarding his suggestions. When the man on third, whose whole soul is chanting "Home, Dearie, Home," displays a masterly inactivity, all fans approve with their intellects, while demurring with their emotions.

Conscious of a power within himself making for victory, since his yearnings readily translate themselves into volitions, Micky regards his whoops and yells as by no means impotent. Nor are they always. At a crisis, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" may unnerve a batsman or "rattle" the most stoical of pitchers. The "rooting" of his allies, on the other hand, may calm the quiverings of a distraught spirit and convince a player that the stars in their courses are fighting for him. All the which goes to show that Mr. O'Hooligan has still very much to learn concerning the ethics of sport; yes, and concerning its aesthetics. Both on moral and artistic grounds, good sportsmen denounced the college glee club that serenaded a visiting ball-nine throughout the night preceding a game. On similar grounds, they condemned the half-back who entered into his closet and prayed for victory. It is the theory of clean sport that its participants should conduct their manoeuvres without interference, earthly or celestial, malignant or beneficent. Consequently the higher priesthood of baseball have set their faces sternly against "rooting" and hope to do it away.

Already they have at least partially extinguished a more crying abuse. Writes Hashimura Togo, "Occasionally that large German intelligence what set next to me would say with voice, 'Kill that umperor!' I wait for very large hour to see death of this Hon. Umperor, but it did not occur as I seen. Too bad! I had very good seat to see from!" To umpire is human, to forgive divine; and fans are progressing, however slowly, toward that commendable altitude of morality. Instead of tying tin-cans to his coat-tails, chasing him up trees, bedecking him with tar and feathers, or forcing him to seek asylum in the town jail, they now harry this martyr with rhetoric — accusations of perjury, piracy, and grand larceny, for the most part, with now and then a promise of annihilation. Gradually they have come to understand his modest plea for tolerance.

"The umpire may make mistakes as well as any other mortal," says the renowned Sheridan, "and if he does, it does n't follow that he should hang for it. Here are people seated in a semi-circle around the grounds. On almost every play some of them will be better witnesses than he, yet they imagine he ought to see it exactly as they do; and if he does n't, what a chorus of yells and howls!" Good lack, you would say so! "Robber!" bawl the fans. "Liar! Thief! Kill him!" — till the uproar "has feeding time at the zoo faded to a whisper." And remember, the umpire is the most sensitive of all the beasts of the field. Hence the humiliation with which patriots reflect that this comparative immunity results less from a softening of the heart on the part of fans than from a drastic severity on the management's part toward the players. For the bleachers take their cues from the diamond, and heavy fines have taught players to beware how they unchain the passions of the mob. Left to themselves, our fans bestow upon their salaried arbiter only such abuse as authors, if they had the pluck, would extend to his prototype, the editor.

Happily, you may attribute this vocal umpire-baiting in some measure to mere love of din. To many, his crime is the occasion, rather than the cause, of pandemonium. Not so those thrilling incidents that elicit the wild and terrible "E-e-e-yah," the long drawn "h'ra-a-a-y," the ear-splitting "Hoo-oo-oo-wow!" "More yells of shouts in head," cries Hashimura. "I am an enthusiasm. Such sound of hates! Port Arthur was took with less noise!" Considering the yelps, roars, and growls in which our four-footed ancestors expressed themselves, such reversion to type need hardly perplex us. The marvel is not that the bleachers lie so near the jungle, but that they are separated from it by so vast an interval. The whooping and bawling reflect intelligence, intelligence finer and higher than we are wont to believe the proletarians possessed of.

How comes it that they command sufficient range of consciousness to grasp simultaneously all the phases of a dazzling play or the nimbleness to foresee all its consequences? May we not conjecture that Micky sees one facet of greatness, 'Rastus another, the office-boy a third; that each acclaims what he himself comprehends; and that, by a felicitous contagion, the excitement of each redoubles the excitement of the rest? A false hypothesis. For the game is not particularly complicated, as games go; it is quick — so quick that successive impressions make a palimpsest of the untutored mind (the mind of the philosopher, let us say, to whom a ball-game is a rare indulgence), whereas no palimpsest is inscribed upon Mr. O'Hooligan. Having played baseball, watched baseball, talked baseball, read baseball, dreamed baseball, and devoted little earnest cogitation to anything but baseball ever since he was able to lift a bat, he takes in each new move as swiftly as it occurs, and knows by lifelong experience what it portends. I once passed an evening at a resort peopled exclusively by "greatest living authorities." Were they brilliant, these masters of infinitesimal specialties? They were dull. The same process that makes Micky O'Hooligan an adept in baseball had made them retentive reservoirs of erudition. Micky, had he devoted equal assiduity to mycology, the evolution of the aorist, or the histology of the potato-bug, might have won honorary degrees, I doubt not, and a paragraph in "Who's Who."

Spare the sigh! This scholar craves no laurels. Born a democrat, he adores the simplicity of "rooters' row." Not even in the smoking-car, where hod-carriers hold converse with bankers, does democracy blossom more superbly. Here to every fellow it is permitted to exhibit frightful suspenders, smoke infamous cigars, wield a palm-leaf fan, swear horribly, advance the most unpleasant opinions, and punch the heads of malefactors — that is, those who intercede their

neighbors' peanuts, as the boy tosses up the bag from down below, and those who wantonly stand while the congregation is seated. Fortunately, the congregation boasts a sheeplike suggestibility; in general, when one stands, the rest stand also; otherwise nothing short of legislation analogous to that against the theatre hat could defend the bleacherites against mutual annihilation.

Thus we follow the game in quite tolerable misery. Hot? It was never so hot. Pitilessly the sun beats down from a sky broken only by the fleecy white clouds that the players call "angels," because they afford so benevolent a background for the batted ball. Though sun-stroke seems inevitable, inning succeeds inning, with nine men walking away slowly, nine others coming up on the run, till the ultimate inning is now nearly completed. Jubilant moments there have been — jubilant moments and moments glum; awful suspense, too, and at this the eleventh hour the score stands three to two against us. Amid terrific cheers, great Murphy strikes an attitude as of the Colossus of Rhodes, fire in his eye, desperate determination in his heart. His cudgel menaces the pitcher. Two men on bases dance nervously sidewise, ablaze with excitement. There are cries from the coaches, mingling oddly with "Ice-cold moxie!" and "Fresh popcorn, five a bag!" The pitcher holds the ball meditatively beneath his chin and glares defiance. He coils himself up "like a dissolute bed-spring," lets loose, and then — oh, mad instant! The ring of a bat, flying forms that fling themselves feet-first along the ground in clouds of dust, other forms with heads thrown back and faces upturned, one horror-stricken figure moving across the far, far background, his posture that of anguish hoping against hope — and victory is ours! We howl.

Then a metamorphosis. Patriots become mere sordid seekers after slabs of striped ice-cream, to be purchased out of carts beyond the gates. At first, one

would rebuke those carts; they seem a profanation. Then comes a saner understanding, which crowns them with all the honor due to the Red Cross. And their patrons — well, is not the triumph won, our city's star again in a bright ascendant, the moral order of the universe again vindicated? To die now, with striped ice-cream within reach — why indulge in such *ex post facto* fanaticism? Besides, the nation itself boasts as its chief aim the well-being of its citizens. Without citizens, what would become of the nation, and of its noblest product, the national game?

It now remains to see what the press will say. What, forsooth, can it say? That our team has "lashed another victim to its victorious chariot"? That our boys "look good for the rag"? Precisely. But the journalistic passion for truth will not long content itself with such inadequate phrasing. Presently we shall read how men died on bases; how batsmen took bites out of the pea; how Stivetts blew up in a jiffy, because Schreck had his kidding clothes on; how Sharky poked a bingle; how Murphy and McCabe were wedded to bags; how Schults was buffaloeed by Killian and popped to Coughlin; and how Pfeister tried his hoodoo snake on Crawford and had the hard hitter tied in a knot. This is something like, and we live the battle over again, though the unrighteous affect perplexity. Nonsense! How, save by a gorgeous symbolism, shall language body forth these jumping wonders? How, save by employing a special argot, shall even symbolism do them justice? As men invent vocables wherewith to adorn a ballad or to give splendor to a legend, or to establish communication with a baby, so men shape a new and marvelous verbiage for baseball. Thus only can the heart's deepest emotion find a voice. What if we call the adored ball a "pill," a "pellet," and a "globule;" what if we speak of the home plate as the "pan"? Browning addressed Mrs. Browning as "dear Ba." Besides, remember that base-

ball reports must be penned while the game rages and that they cannot but reflect the noble frenzies of their authors.

Yet think not to-day's game dies with to-day's "extras." In two baseball weeklies it will reëcho; perhaps also in the *Baseball Magazine*; certainly in that sacred history or fan's bible, *Spalding's Guide*; and fans there are who will talk of it years hence, to the joy of men folks, the despair of women folks. For heavy is the burden laid upon the gentler sex by our national game. To the maid, it means being dragged by some amiable though misguided cavalier through what should have been the "time of your life, Nellie," and was boresome beyond words; to the wife, it means a husband tied to the Sporting Page — silent or cryptically ebullient; and, as old age arrives, and the third generation of fans vibrates between the sand-lots and the bleachers, it means mortal peril: —

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
But he unto himself has said,
'My grandmother shall die to-day
And I'll go see the Giants play?'"

Mr. John T. McCutcheon fixes the average daily baseball mortality among grandmothers at seven thousand.

To the bleacherite, however, it means fullness of life — not sport merely, but learning, hero-worship, moral uplift, and a wellspring of national consciousness. He amasses an erudition worthy the Five Academies. What biologist speaks more confidently of Tigers, Cubs, Bisons, Doves, and Orioles? What ethnologist more knowingly of Colonels, Pirates, Red Sox, Quakers, and Cardinals? Was ever manipulator of logarithms and the calculus more ready than the fans with averages and percentages? And there are pretentious enough climatologists who can't explain why the pennant shuns seaboard cities; there are specialists in folk-lore who remain uninformed touching the baleful phenomena that must ensue if a cat walks across the diamond; there are historians — think of it! — who have never traced the evolution

of the ball from the "Bouncing Rock" (well named) to its latest inspired successor; and who to save their necks can't tell who was purchased when, or at what price, or in which of the major, bush or outlaw leagues; or that it was Arthur Cummings, and not the Discobolus, who accidentally invented the curve.

Worse, there are historians who, though learned in the chronology of antiquity, attach no importance to the most significant dates our world has experienced — 1845, when the first baseball club was founded; 1859, when the Excelsiors and the Atlantics undertook a missionary tour of England, vainly hoping to convert the benighted and hard-hearted islanders; and 1876, when patriots organized the National League. But for one's reluctance further to humiliate our chroniclers, one might add still other dates, all of which have been mastered by the fan. Happily, they are modern, very modern, these dates, and therefore comparatively few. They leave the baseball sage somewhat in the position of those mediæval schoolmen to whom, since little had occurred or been found out before their day, encyclopædic sapience was not impossible. Nor is a Micky O'Hooligan less proud in his wisdom than a Duns Scotus. To know all about something, to know that he knows it, and to know that all other information is sheer froth and vanity — what a solace to the ignoramus!

And in Micky's idolatrous reverence for the players there is solace for his well-wishers. Note the Greek symmetry of those athletes' development, as compared with the "strong man's" muscle-bound exaggerations. Observe the clearness of their minds, their quickness, their level-headedness under affliction. Consider their moral qualities — their grit, their self-control, their abstemiousness (at least during the season), their readiness to sacrifice individual glory for the glory of the team, and especially the asceticism with which, to conserve their eyesight, they forswear the luxury of

night-time study! Then ask yourself if, on the whole, Micky — being Micky — could bestow his admiration on a type likelier to influence him favorably.

For encomiums upon the influences of the game itself, consult its now quite voluminous literature. There you will find it belauded for that virtue which is next to godliness. Gambling pollutes the turf and the prize-ring; save in sporadic and insignificant cases of individual betting, it never pollutes the diamond. It can't. Organized gambling, as at the race-track and around the roped arena, presupposes certainties, not chances; a jockey or a pugilist is "fixed." But how are you going to fix eighteen men at once, to say nothing of managers and umpires? Indeed, it is the very certainty that no such roguery can be practiced that makes a ball game so popular. Mr. O'Hooligan is convinced that every player is doing his best, for ever so little listlessness may exchange the St. Cloud of the diamond for the St. Helena of a cigar store, and your baseball Napoleon "would hate awfully to have to go to work." I quote a famous player. Let me also quote, in order to exhibit the ethical perfections that prevail throughout this sport, the remarks of one of its chief sages concerning the purity of its judiciary. "Woe betide the player who falls from grace!" writes that charming philosopher. "Baseball law has Federal law chased clear under the table when it comes to dealing out justice, and no skinny shrimp of a lawyer can protect a crook by objecting to evidence because it is against the letter of the law and contrary to precedent. When they find a crook in baseball, they chase him out so blamed fast his feet get hot hitting the grit!"

So, when "all-America persons is settled in state of very hoarse condition," blending their voices in "a very congregational lynch-law sound," Mr. Hashimura Togo may be assured that those "yells of shouts" proceed from emotions sanctified by moral enthusiasm, and that they promote a sense of national solidar-

ity. The bawling and braying — mayhap, had we a notation sufficiently spiritual to record their meaning, they might gain acceptance as an American "Wacht am Rhein," an American "Marseillaise," and not less potent than the war-songs of older races. Micky O'Hooligan sees more of America at a ball game, and hears more of it, than anywhere else. He knows by its utterances that its heart is right. He is consciously, hilariously, a part of it. And when, with spirit at once softened and elated, he turns toward home and is halted in the street by a

representative of the abhorred "pluto-cratic" class, he overlooks artificial distinctions, as created by a Panama hat, gloves, and a swagger-stick, and ungrudgingly divulges the score. "A mon's a mon, for a' that!" Next day, as he discusses the game with Father Hogan and Morris Rosenberg, with Patrolman McNally and a worker from the settlement, with a scab and a walking delegate, he finds always a glow of fellow-feeling, so strong and so genuine as in some sort to bespeak a realization of that noble American ideal, the brotherhood of man.

MIDSUMMER ABEYANCE

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

STRAMONIUM, dank-breathed and sickly-sweet,
Clings in the fields, with heavier scents and vague
That stifle when the sun peeps forth to plague
The seeding grasses, ripe and parched like wheat.
The air, cast up on writhing waves of heat,
All-impotent to slake each minute's dearth,
Exhausted seems; the whole sun-frenzied earth
With struggling life o'erburdened and replete.

This hour is not Man's hour; in verity
Each weedling of the earth's abundance
Claims ever as of yore its wrested right.
For all thy mind's indomitable might
It now must yield, — to claim what victory
In the clear stillness of some winter's night?

THE YEAR IN FRANCE:

FRENCH FINANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

"In the world at large, France has come to a consciousness of her real power." Written for "The Year in France" of 1905 and 1906,¹ these words have been more than confirmed ever since. At that time they referred to international episodes in which France's possession of a great portion of the world's gold had told decisively for the world's peace. From the beginning of the year 1907 to the money panic of the year's end in America, and afterwards all through the financial and industrial crisis provoked by the panic in European countries, this possession of ready gold by France has again been forced on the world's attention.

Such financial predominance is of far more general interest than the year's commonplace political or social events, or even than the imbroglio in Morocco from which France is not yet extricated, and which cannot be written of understandingly.

It has not only kept unbroken the prosperity of the French people, — it has helped England, which stood in the direct line of commotion, to withstand the rebound of panic and to bring first aid to the wounded in America; it continues enabling Germany to endure an interior crisis as dangerous to the empire and the world as war itself; and it still presents a guarantee of peace against German partisan ambitions. All this has been only to meet the year's extraordinary demand. The ordinary permeation of the universe by French gold has meantime gone on as before.

A dozen years since, while the particu-

lar policy of Crispi was exasperating the general hostility of the Triple Alliance against France, a journalist of Naples wrote belligerently, "We need several milliards to pay our debts. There are two or three in gold or silver in the Bank of France. Let's go and take them." At the end of 1907 Signor Luzzatti, who merits the praise of having put Italian finances on their feet, can think of nothing better to secure easy money for the world than international measures for what has been styled "a more even distribution among other nations of the gold now in the possession of France."

It is neither to the credit nor to the interest of a great nation like the United States to wait on the flux and reflux in the world of ready money, man's invention, as if these were unintelligible acts of God like earthquakes or hurricanes, and so beyond human laws of insurance against accidents. That France is the creditor of all nations and debtor of none, that she is far along the way of becoming the world's banker, is in the line of understandable cause and effect. It is no hazard of new fortune. Neither luck at home nor foolishness abroad has led up to it. It is the natural resultant of a composition of moral forces which may exist in any nation; and they meet the same opposing forces in France as elsewhere.

The financial events of the year centre in certain deliberate operations of the Bank of France, an institution as independent within the limits of its statutory privilege as the Supreme Court of the United States within the limits of the Constitution. The material possibility of such operations, like the riches of France, is due to certain traditional and spon-

¹ By the present writer; published in *The Atlantic* for August, 1906.

taneous habits of the French people. These again are veering more and more toward international finance under pressure of the great "credit" banks, whose phenomenal growth is one of the most disconcerting factors of French progress for a quarter of a century.

The events of the year have brought into play all these financial peculiarities of France. In the darkness of the American situation they start up many burning questions. Luckily they fall under a few ready formulas.

First, there is a practical separation of Bank and State: the Bank of France controls the movement of gold and the circulation of currency as well. Second, the French people have gold in their possession as a reward of obedience to their century-old precept, "When you have four cents spend only two" — the other two going to make up the famous French savings, *l'épargne nationale*. The same caution is ingrained in French commerce and industry, inconveniently for those who prefer gambling risks on the future, but with final profit made clear in times of panic. Third, the great popular banks, which have the investing of their customers' savings (not of their deposits, which are dealt with otherwise in France) and so handle a major portion of the country's liquid capital, are independent of the Bourse — rather, stock-exchange operations depend largely on the banks.

Thanks to such elementary principles, French finance has so far successfully withstood all meddling of politicians in power, even when they give legislation a violent trend toward Socialist upturnings of property. Individual speculation, as mad and swindling as anywhere else, has its ravages circumscribed like itself. Disasters of thousands of millions of francs come and go with no diminution of the vital strength of France. The ransom of the Franco-Prussian war and the penalty of Panama were not too heavy a strain; and there is no reason to think now that any possible bankruptcy of

Russia, in spite of the dozen milliards she owes to the French people, would shatter the financial energy of France.

At the beginning of the year 1907, banks and stock exchanges the world over were involved in a monetary stringency due to manifold causes near and remote, but directly occasioned by the habitual American demand for more ready capital than exists in the whole world. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, a competent authority, estimates the average amount of capital available in the world each year at 12,000,000,000 francs. In a single year the United States clamored for 16,000,000,000 francs. "When Mr. Pierpont Morgan talks figures I grow dizzy," was a remark of the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

The Bank of France, warned by the experience of preceding years, had already taken measures to prevent the draining away of its gold. Notably, it ruled out from its discounts all merely financial paper, — the notorious American "finance bills," — no matter what their personal or company endorsement. For some time, in strict conformity with its statutes, it had been limiting its discounts to short-term and quickly realizable commercial values, such as drafts in payment of purchases actually effected, or bona-fide commodity bills. The terms of the national privilege of the Bank of England do not enable it to protect itself so well; and it bore the brunt of the American demand with difficulty.

The Bank of France had every reason for coming to the help of the Bank of England. Gold, like any other exchangeable article, finally goes to the highest bidder; and the successive rise in discount rates paid in London was sure to draw gold from Paris. If the Bank of France were forced to raise its own rates in self-defense, money would grow dear at home, and French commerce and industry would suffer. To prevent this is the main reason of the exclusive privilege conferred by the State on the Bank of France.

After some difficulties of technical

negotiation—for the world's great banks, like individual capitalists, have their self-love—it was agreed that the Bank of France should apply an unused privilege of its statutes, and open, for the Bank of England alone, a "foreign portfolio." This meant that the Bank of France would release gold to the Bank of England by discounting three-months' sterling bills drawn on London, instead of limiting its discounts to the commercial paper drawn on Paris which makes up its ordinary portfolio. The Bank of England used this gold to meet the demands of the American situation; and in this way some \$15,000,000 in gold soon found its way from Paris through London to New York. The stringency relaxed, but not till the Bank of France, in pursuance of a deliberate policy, had notified the world by an unexpected, though slight, increase in its discount rate, that it too was ready to act in self-defense. By the 1st of July, 1907, the Bank of England had completely reimbursed the Bank of France, either as the sterling bills fell due or after renewal.

The American demand for more money than the world contains had not ceased. In spite of all the measures of self-preservation which the banks of Europe had everywhere taken, nothing was able to withstand the universal recoil from the explosion of American financial dynamite set off in October. The Bank of France again opened a foreign portfolio for the Bank of England. The \$16,000,000 in gold which thus promptly passed from its vaults in Paris through London to New York, was indeed first aid to the wounded both of England and America.

It soon became evident that the pouring of foreign gold into New York was little more than "throwing snowballs into a blast furnace." The crisis affected credit; but credit depends on something more than the material possession of money or of goods exchangeable for money. Credit presupposes confidence; and Americans were devoid of all mental security where money was at stake.

The Bank of England with difficulty protected its own interests by raising steadily its discount rates. In Germany the rise was by jumps more sudden and higher still. Americans, taken up with their domestic troubles, do not realize that the German danger was comparable to their own. There, too, over-industrialization has been accomplished by inflation of capital. In a way, the German inflation seems justified by results; it has been based, for the most part, on valid applications of the laws of supply and demand. It is certainly far removed from the sheer watering of stocks known in American speculation. This did not lessen the immediate danger of the crisis which, through the open market, forced the transfer of large sums of gold from Germany, where they were needed, to America, where the bidding was higher. It is claimed that \$40,000,000 of the gold finally sent from London to New York was thus drawn from Germany. Such a situation involved French capitalists and banks far more directly than did the American crisis. The Bank of France had to take account of it in all its decisions, although its own position was independent enough to allow it to choose its measures.

The Bank of England declared itself unwilling, for the sake of America, further to increase the burden of its liabilities to the Bank of France. American bankers and the American government still held that gold, more gold, was the only, the sufficient remedy for present need. The United States government made known officially that it would see with pleasure the Bank of France release its gold to American banks directly, just as it had been releasing gold for America, with added expense, by the roundabout way of London. The answer of the Bank of France has been misunderstood and misstated.

First, the negotiations in which the American government appeared had naturally to pass through the hands of the French government. They were taken by

Finance Minister Caillaux as an occasion to insist that certain concessions should be made in American customs tariffs. A year earlier the same finance minister is understood to have opposed, as a matter of national policy, the opening of a foreign portfolio by the Bank of France for the Bank of England. In neither case was the bank's decision dictated by this attitude of the government in power. In neither case did the executive pretend to dictate the decision of the Bank of France. For the entire duration of its privilege, once it has been voted by Parliament, the Bank of France is autonomous, limited in its decisions by its statutes alone.

Second, in obedience to these statutes of its privilege, the Bank of France asked that any direct loan of its gold to American private banks should have an American official guarantee corresponding to that of the Bank of England for the direct loan made in 1890 during the Baring difficulties, and, twice within the past few months, for the discounting by the Bank of France of sterling bills drawn on London. In an international matter of this kind, and in default of an official central bank for the purpose, only the American Treasury could act for the United States as the Bank of England did for London.

The government at Washington answered that such an official guarantee on its part would be unconstitutional. The Bank of France could only reply that, without such a guarantee, any loan on its part would be unstatutory — illegal.

Criticism and recrimination, both in America and in France, attended the failure of these negotiations. A heavy issue of short-term treasury notes was made by the American government, to procure facilities for American banks. In Paris it was not understood why similar short-term notes could not have been used as a government guarantee for the Bank of France, taking the place of the sterling bills of the Bank of England.

In America, a special envoy of *La Vie Financière* of Paris reported that Mr. Pierpont Morgan considered the decision of the Bank of France to have been "an unfriendly act." This drew from the financial world a rejoinder in words of M. Arthur Raffalovich: "The great American financier may be very much at home in American business matters . . . but he is ignorant of the organization of central issue banks and of their very strict duties. There was no 'unfriendly act' on the part of the Bank of France, which was quite ready to discount either American treasury notes or commercial paper."

In point of fact, the Bank of France shortly after discounted over five million dollars worth of American commercial paper — all that was presented. In the irritation of the moment, this gold and the sixteen million dollars first aid seem to have been quite forgotten. M. Raffalovich concludes:—

"With such ideas (in the United States), there is no dodging the question whether a 'Central Bank' — even supposing they should ever succeed in founding one, which is not likely — would offer guarantees of stability and observance of statutes."

During all this period of extreme financial tension in the rest of the world, the Bank of France was able to secure easy and safe money for the French people in their domestic commerce and industry. The highest discount rate which it was forced to adopt was three and four per cent lower than the rates imposed in England and Germany.

Most instructive of all was the handling of the country's currency by the Bank of France. It alone issues and controls all circulating media, by virtue of powers directly delegated to it by Parliament when voting its legal privilege. In the exercise of such power, for the entire duration of the privilege, it is independent of passing holders of the executive and legislative power. In one week of the monetary stringency the Bank of

France was able to throw 250,000,000 francs in banknotes into the general circulation; and it still had the right to issue 500,000,000 francs more before reaching the limit prescribed to it in its privilege.

Elasticity of currency was thus secured without publicity or debate. It drew no attention from politicians, who were left free to occupy themselves with topics less dangerous and more within their competence. It passed unnoticed by the people who profited by it. Supposing the financial condition had been critical, there was nothing in such handling of the currency to destroy confidence or provoke panic. Moreover, such measures are taken by the Bank of France in accordance with the best judgment of life-long experts placed at the centre of information from home and abroad, separated from politics by their position, and independent of the stock exchange and all its manoeuvres.

These movements of currency involve no danger of inflation. The banknotes are not guaranteed by any amount of private deposits which the Bank of France may have received, nor by any deposit or possession of public funds or securities. Their sole gauge is the bank's metal reserve (of which the gold without the silver is at all times sufficient) together with the quickly realizable assets of its portfolio (discounted commercial paper).

In June, 1871, from the tribune of the Parliament of the brand-new German empire, Prince Bismarck boasted that he had refused the banknotes of France in payment of the war indemnity. He demanded gold or drafts on other nations, good as gold. "We know to-day's rate of these banknotes," he said; "but what they are going to be worth to-morrow is a thing unknown."

At the beginning of 1908, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear through Moroccan difficulties between the two countries, German securities have once more been refused admission to the Paris Bourse; the year's issue of loans by Prussia and the German empire has

been little better than a moderate failure; German Funds in the market are ten francs lower than the French Rentes, depressed as the latter are by Socialist politics; Germany, to ballast her finances, must increase her public debt within the next five years by a milliard of marks, not francs; and meanwhile German banks are bolstered up, and German industries saved from financial disaster, only by help of French money — in gold or in banknotes of France, good as gold.

A Socialist journal formulates the situation: "France sells 1,200,000,000 francs' worth of goods to England each year and lends 1,600,000,000 francs in money to Germany."

With this question of banknote currency there is sometimes mixed up the subordinate use of silver coin in France. It has to be noticed here, if only for the reason that undying bimetallism exaggerates its play in the money movement.

The lowest limit of paper money issued by the Bank of France is the 50-franc banknote. For all sums under that amount, a circulating medium is found in 20-franc and 10-franc gold pieces, while small change is supplied by 5-franc (\$1), 2 and 1-franc, and 50-centime silver coins. By virtue of the Latin Union, this silver coinage is current and interchangeable among France, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, and, for 5-franc pieces, Italy.

We have here, within a close circle and in low denominations, an international bimetallism. Its working exemplifies the same laws as the international movement of gold. When Paris 'change on Brussels goes down, Belgian silver flows into France; but with 'change low on London it is gold that comes. This flux and reflux of silver is of corresponding use to the Bank of France in its relations with neighbors of the Latin Union.

At home, also, the Bank of France has the right to pay out, at its discretion, silver instead of gold; and this, in a measure, helps it to safeguard the gold reserve on which its international predominance depends.

From October, 1906, to the end of January, 1907, — a period of monetary stringency, through which the Bank of France had to protect its gold reserve, while releasing gold to London and New York, — its silver reserve was diminished by 50,000,000 francs. By the end of January, 1908, — after a further season of American panic and international crisis, — it was reduced by 80,000,000 francs more.

It is not easy to know how much of this round loss of \$25,000,000 in its silver reserve was deliberately incurred by the Bank of France; but its discretionary use of silver, quite apart from its elastic bank-note limit, must have increased its ability to meet the international financial crisis, and, in particular, to keep money easy for people at home. Let it be understood that the Gold Cure is best, unique, for the healing of the nations; but silver, in France at least, is an effective succedaneum.

With the turn of the financial tide gold, obedient to the laws of its motion, flows steadily back to the Bank of France. In the first week of May, 1908, the bank increased its gold reserve by 20,000,000 francs in bars bought in the open market of London, and by 30,000,000 francs in gold exports from America. The following week had a further increase of 33,000,000 francs, mainly from America; and the influx was not yet over. The Bank of England had already discharged its indebtedness, and the foreign portfolio was closed. To draw all this gold to its vaults the Bank of France offered no special facilities. The natural working of the rates of exchange among the nations was sufficient.

With no national envy of its "honest broker's commission," we may take passing note of the prosperity of the Bank of France as a business enterprise, its assured profits in transactions multiplied by the year's disturbances and the steady rise of its shares. The new financial year (May 29, 1908) sees the bank in possession of three milliards — \$600,000,000 —

of gold. This has long been the aim of its deliberate policy; it is the one means of preserving that monetary primacy which the virtues of her people have so laboriously won for France in the world. The other central banks of the nations of Europe have taken this leaf from the policy of the Bank of France — to strengthen and safeguard to the utmost their gold reserves over against the time of need.

The Bank of France controlling the nation's money is one thing. Government's administration of the national receipts and expenditures is another. Upholding both is the French people, thrifty to a degree which Americans with their loose money habits can ill appreciate. A simple comparison of the situation of France in 1908 with the ruin left behind by war thirty-seven years ago will show what a sound financial organization can do for an industrious people that husbands and does not squander its resources.¹

In February, 1871, when war was over, the proper functionary said to the Finance Minister of the Government of National Defence, "My hat will hold all the funds we have to go on with; we have 500,000 francs."

One bank in the world was willing to treat with France for a loan; and Frenchmen are not likely now, merely for a criticism of the Bank of France, to forget what they owe to the house of Morgan — "the only foreign bankers to hold out a hand to us." The Emprunt Morgan was negotiated at the London branch of the great American bank, for 250,000,000 francs. At first it was demanded that France should pledge her state forests and domains. The government, which was as yet scarcely more than provisional, had the strength to refuse: "You must trust the signature of France."

¹ For the following figures I am indebted to M. Alfred Neymarek, *La Situation financière de la France* (October, 1907); to *L'Economiste Européen* of M. Edmond Théry; and to the Budget estimates presented to Parliament by Finance Minister Caillaux (19 May, 1908).

Bonds at 6 per cent, with a face value of 500 francs, were put on the market at 400, 415, and 425; they were to be reimbursed in thirty-four years. Within four years they were paid up in full. France in her need had been able to profit only by the sum of 208,000,000 francs. Interest and other charges had amounted to more than 8 per cent yearly.

Within the same short time the whole war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs was also paid in full to Germany. Domestic loans had successfully appealed to the savings of Frenchmen in the name of the principle which binds them in their private as well as in their public life,—respect for their signature.

In 1869, just before the Franco-Prussian war, the national debt of France reached 13,000,000,000 francs, with an annual charge on the consolidated debt of 320,000,000 francs. War, the war indemnity with the heavy interest it bore, and the expenses of departments suffering from the invasion, cost France 15,000,000,000 francs. War material, arsenals, forts, navy and colonial defenses, all had to be made anew; and this, to the end of 1906, has amounted to 41,850,000,000 francs according to the calculations, year for year, submitted to Parliament by ex-Finance Minister Poincaré in a Budget report for 1908. Ex-Finance Minister Cochery, in his critical examination of the report, brings up the sum to 53,000,000,000 francs. Moreover, from 1870 to 1906, France paid 4,719,018,253 francs in military pensions, and 2,122,338,549 francs in civil pensions.

For railroads, from 1871 to 1905, the French Parliament appropriated more than 11,000,000,000 francs; for canals 2,000,000,000 francs. In 1869 the public school expenses of France amounted to 51,000,000 francs; the yearly appropriation has increased steadily to 270,000,000 francs for 1908. In 1871 posts and telegraphs, both government services, expended 83,000,000 francs; in 1905, with telephones added, the appropriation was 240,000,000 francs (the receipts more

than pay this item). For state subsidies of agriculture, commerce, industry, public assistance and insurance, it is enough to say that the leaps and bounds of late years have often been 100,000,000 francs annually. The tremendous acquisitions of colonial territory have entailed, since 1895, a yearly expense, beyond receipts, of more than 80,000,000 francs.

The French National Debt (January 1, 1907) in exact francs showed the following figures: consolidated 22,406,362,-811.85; amortizable by annuities 6,727,-426,119.07; total debt, 29,133,788,930.92 francs, reduced January 1, 1908, by 74,-964,226.54 francs. To meet the charges of this debt, the finance minister asks Frenchmen in 1909 to pay 655,841,611 francs of interest on the consolidated debt (3 per cent Rentes), and 316,036,220 francs in annuities and interest on short-term treasury notes; to which he adds 291,662,950 francs in pensions also owed by the nation, three-fifths of them being military (\$34,000,000) and the rest for retired civil functionaries.

In 1906 the actual receipts of the government were 3,837,000,186.87 francs (over \$767,400,000), representing 99.50 francs per head of the whole population. That is, the French people are able and willing to pay yearly something like \$20 per man, woman, and child for their public expenditure as an organized civil society. Their per capita proportion of the national debt — \$148 — is approximated only by Portugal; but the average French taxation per head is exceeded in both Germany (over \$27) and England (about \$22).

By themselves, such figures do not show the financial efficiency of the country. Turkey nominally taxes its inhabitants little over 17 francs per head, and the portion of each in the national debt is less than \$25, while each citizen of the Republic of Liberia shares in its national debt to the tune of 1 franc. Taken with other signs of private and public wealth, such state expenditures and liabilities do show that France pays much

because her individual citizens have much. "The riches of France are inexhaustible," said Thiers, to comfort his colleagues against Bismarck.

International finance considers the earning power of France only in relation to actual gold saved up for use and investment abroad. Certain officially established facts for a single year, with others approximately known, show the general earnings of French production, from which, with the interest on savings already invested, new yearly savings come to increase the gold possession and investments of the French people.

France has long held the third place among the wheat-growing countries of the world. In 1905 the intensive cultivation of her soil, which has been made possible by tariff protection, gave a yield of 338,785,000 bushels as against 692,979,000 bushels grown in the United States with immensely greater fields and population. This is but one instance of the successful effort of French agriculture to make itself sufficient to the needs of the French people.

The gold-earning power of French industry must be estimated from the progress of French commerce. Confusion is apt to arise here from a too obvious comparison with new Germany. In 1869 the general foreign commerce of France amounted to 8,000,000,000 francs; in 1906 it had risen to 14,000,000,000 francs — an increase of 75 per cent. The French population had meantime increased less than 4 per cent, while Germany has augmented her population 50 per cent, with consequent industrial and commercial dealings of 20,000,000 more people than France.

This does not mean that along these lines France is keeping up, even proportionally, with the lead of Germany. The French people, after providing for their own wants, do little, in comparison with Germany and America or even England, to create new business. They do use their money savings to lend out to others, willing to run into debt for such

a purpose. Any valid estimate of French progress has to strike the balance among such national equivalences.

An extra channel by which the outside world's gold, more and more each year, pours into France is the day-by-day expenditure of travelers in the country. This is something quite apart from the general commerce of importation and exportation, and it appears in no government statistics. The sale, on the spot, of art objects and articles of luxury, in particular of female attire, has become an ever-increasing source of wealth to Paris. This coincides with the recent growth of tourist habits among the middle classes of Europe and America, for rich people had been in the habit of spending their money in Paris since the Second Empire.

This sumptuary impost is accepted, invited even, by foreigners. It is reasonable and legitimate. It is not made so by French taste alone, to which, as to a sort of gift of God, the envious of other nations like to attribute it. French superiority in such matters is due to long and intelligent training, to willing application to details and patience in combining, with insistence on a routine standard of excellence. The French artisan is worthy of his hire. His work, as a rule, is neither ready-made nor standardized, nor yet cheap and nasty. He will lose his pre-eminence, as John Stuart Mill observed of Lombardy and Flanders in the Middle Ages, only "as other countries successfully attain an equal degree of civilization."

The gayety of French resorts, the attraction of scenery and historic sites, the facilities of automobiling furnished by the mere excellence of roads through every part of the country, — another notch up in civilization, — have more than doubled this revenue from tourists within a few years.

Annual income of this kind is, of course, not all profit; labor, material, and the means of using both, cost heavily and have to be employed freely on the part

of the French. Still, the direct profits are greater than in other industries. And the payments made by foreign travelers are practically always in gold brought by them into the country.

A reasonable estimate, for the single year 1907, of the gold thus imported into France by travelers, to be spent in hotels, transportation, amusements, and purchases, is three milliards of francs (\$600,000,000), a sum equal to the highest gold reserve of the Bank of France. Americans commonly exaggerate both their numbers and their expenditures in France; but one-fifth of this sum (\$120,000,000) may safely be set down as their share.

This state of things in 1908 is a curious commentary on the conclusion drawn in 1830 from reasonings of political economy by John Stuart Mill: "The great trading towns of France would undoubtedly be more flourishing, if France were not frequented by foreigners."

A good part of the gold earned by the thrifty French people goes into their "savings in the house, savings in land, savings in the family, savings in stocks and bonds." The old unproductive hoarding of such money — the peasant's *bas de laine* — has given way in France to the habit of handing it over to banks for investment in foreign securities or for lending out otherwise. This, far more than the regulating influence of the Bank of France and its gold reserve, secures the financial predominance of France in the world. In such a matter figures can approximate to the reality only within limits of hundreds of millions; but even so they form a valid basis of judgment. M. Alfred Neymarck has calculated these yearly savings of French citizens at from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 francs — \$400,000,000 added to the liquid money capital of the French people each year that God gives them.

It is evident that only a portion of this money directly enters international finance. Not to speak of the steady development, however slow in comparison

with other nations, of French industry and commerce by new capital, out of 12,000,000 householders 9,000,000 own their homes, which supposes a large employment of savings in real estate. In 1905 there was a total of 4,655,000,000 francs of deposits in the French savings banks; the surplus has been used of late by government to keep up the French Rentes in the open market, whenever the threat of Socialist legislation by Parliament sends them down.

At the end of 1907, the sight deposits of five Paris credit banks amounted to 3,424,000,000 francs, and those of the Bank of France to 489,000,000 francs. Such deposits are made exclusively in specie or banknotes, or in cheques or drafts to be cashed by the banks. In no case can deposited securities be entered to a depositor's account current, although the credit banks would undertake their sale and afterwards add the proceeds to the account as a sight deposit. If the depositor wishes the bank to use a portion of his money deposits in the purchase of securities, these again cannot be credited to him as a sight deposit, although the bank will advance money on them as a loan on security; but in this case they migrate to the other (asset) side of the bank's balance-sheet and enter into a different account of the customer.

This watch kept over the genuineness of bank deposits is extended to the use of them by the banks. Only short-term operations are allowed, in which quick realization is possible. The discounting of commercial paper, short-term loans on securities, and carry-overs at the stock exchange are the chief uses in present practice. During the past year such short-term loans constituted a good part of the underground aid rendered by the credit banks of Paris to German banks. Offers of 9 per cent interest on direct long loans to German industries were refused.

The year also saw a clash between Paris credit banks and the official stock-exchange agents of the Paris Bourse.

In the marasmus of speculation, the latter began using in carry-overs the large sums originally left in their hands by customers for investments. This explains the excessively low rates which prevailed in Paris while other money markets were still suffering from monetary stringency. But it also deprived the banks of the profitable use of their deposits in a field which they had come to consider as their own. As a consequence, the credit banks ceased their Bourse operations almost entirely, leaving the Paris stock exchange in the state of neurasthenia which so puzzled foreign experts. This passing assertion by French banks of their power in the stock exchange is a sign of the financial times, and possibly of a new departure.

During the year 1907 the Bank of France and the five credit banks discounted 75,000,000 different pieces of commercial paper, representing an effective capital of 50,000,000,000 francs. The total amount of loans on securities and money used in carry-overs by the six banks was 20,000,000,000 francs. This short-term use of their depositors' money (\$14,000,000,000 in all) resulted in two inestimable advantages for the French people — ease in specie payments and constant circulation of ready money.

To show the safety as well as the utility of this method of handling bank deposits, the situation of December 31, 1907, is sufficient. At that date the banknote circulation not covered by the metal reserve of the Bank of France — the sole issue bank — was 1,186,000,000 francs. This, added to the figures already given of its sight deposits and those of the five credit banks, makes up a grand total of 5,099,000,000 francs. To face this, the Bank of France had 1,216,000,000 francs of short-term commercial paper which it had discounted; and the five credit banks held 2,414,000,000 francs more. In outstanding short-term loans on securities and in carry-overs at the Bourse the Bank of France had 580,000,000 francs, and the credit banks 883,000,000

francs. This makes another grand total of 5,093,000,000 francs given out by the banks in ready money for the every-day uses of the French people, while remaining quickly realizable assets against the banks' liabilities of 5,099,000,000 francs received as deposits or issued as uncovered banknotes.

From the point of view of international finance the most interesting thing in the flow of the liquid capital of France has been its deliberate "canalization" in the direction of foreign investment by a dozen great banks, of which the *Crédit Lyonnais* was the first and is still the chief. From 1880 to 1906, the officially assessed holding of foreign securities by Frenchmen more than doubled. At the latter date, M. Neymarck considers that stocks and bonds and national funds to the total amount of 100,000,000,000 francs were held in France; and of these 35,000,000,000 francs (\$7,000,000,000) are debts of foreigners to Frenchmen. Even this does not include the securities — certainly several milliards — which the French *bourgeois* have been hiding of late years in foreign banks to escape threatened Socialist taxes at home.

It would be too long to give the list of government, railway, and industrial loans which the various countries of Europe and America (and Africa) have entirely or in large part placed in France. At the end of April, 1908, even the slice of the Russian loan of 1905 which had nominally been taken by Vienna bankers came over to the Paris Bourse; and the London slice seemed likely to follow suit. The Spanish Exterior debt is held and a great part of the Spanish railways owned in France. So are the national debts and industries of Greece, Portugal, Bulgaria, Egypt, and of many South American states, Mexican banks — and the bank of Morocco. To this would still have to be added the Italian national debt if Italy had not copied French methods of self-sufficiency, thanks to the coöperation of great Paris banks.

There have been many reasons —

legal restrictions rather than distrust of financial methods — which have limited the investment of French gold in the railways and industries of the United States. Here too, however, underground French finance plays a greater part than is commonly supposed, escaping government statistics and taxation.

The past year has seen a renewal of violent attacks on the great French banks for their policy in foreign investments: first, they are accused of risking disaster, — for example, in lending to Russia, — and, next, of hindering the development of home industry by drawing needed new capital out of the country. The risks of the banks are certainly not speculative,

as was the case with Law in old France and with some of the trust companies of the present United States. And any sudden catastrophe would seem impossible from the immense variety of investments — eggs in widely diverse baskets — and from the permanent gold resources of the customers whose money the banks invest.

Such attacks for the most part look toward social revolution. The banking practice of France, like her riches and French financial predominance, rests on individual property-holding and the competition of the nations. They cannot be other than *bourgeois*, capitalist, reactionary as regards Socialism.

THOREAU'S "MAINE WOODS"

BY FANNY HARDY ECKSTORM

It is more than half a century since Henry D. Thoreau made his last visit to Maine. And now the forest which he came to see has all but vanished, and in its place stands a new forest with new customs. No one should expect to find here precisely what Thoreau found; therefore, before all recollection of the old days has passed away, it is fitting that some one who knew their traditions should bear witness to Thoreau's interpretation of the Maine woods.

We hardly appreciate how great are the changes of the last fifty years; how the steamboat, the motor-boat, the locomotive, and even the automobile, have invaded regions which twenty years ago could be reached only by the lumberman's batteau and the hunter's canoe; how cities have arisen, and more are being projected, on the same ground where Thoreau says that "the best shod travel for the most part with wet feet," and that "melons, squashes, sweet-corn, tomatoes, beans, and many other vege-

tables, could not be ripened," because the forest was so dense and moist.

Less than twenty years since there was not a sporting camp in any part of the northern Maine wilderness; now who may number them? Yet, even before the nineties, when one could travel for days and meet no one, the pine tree was gone; the red-shirted lumberman was gone; the axe was about to give place to the saw; and soon, almost upon the clearing where Thoreau reported the elder Fowler, the remotest settler, as wholly content in his solitude and thinking that "neighbors, even the best, were only trouble and expense," was to rise one of the largest pulp mills in the world, catching the logs midway their passage down the river and grinding them into paper. And the pine tree, of which Thoreau made so much? Native to the state and long accustomed to its woods, I cannot remember ever having seen a perfect, old-growth white pine tree; it is doubtful if there is one standing in the state to-day.

So the hamadryad has fled before the demand for ship-timber and Sunday editions, and the unblemished forest has passed beyond recall. There are woods enough still; there is game enough, — more of some kinds than in the old days; there are fish enough; there seems to be room enough for all who come; but the man who has lived here long realizes that the woods are being "camped to death;" and the man who is old enough to remember days departed rustles the leaves of Thoreau's book when he would listen again to the pine tree sighing in the wind.

What is it that *The Maine Woods* brings to us besides? The moods and music of the forest; the vision of white tents beside still waters; of canoes drawn out on pebbly beaches; of camp-fires flickering across rippling rapids; the voice of the red squirrel, "spruce and fine;" the melancholy laughter of the loon, and the mysterious "night warbler," always pursued and never apprehended. Most of all it introduces us to Thoreau himself.

It must be admitted in the beginning that *The Maine Woods* is not a masterpiece. Robert Louis Stevenson discards it as not literature. It is, however, a very good substitute, and had Robert Louis worn it next the skin he might perhaps have absorbed enough of the spirit of the American forest to avoid the gaudy melodrama which closes *The Master of Ballantrae*. *The Maine Woods* is of another world. Literature it may not be, nor one of "the three books of his that will be read with much pleasure;" but it is — the Maine woods. Since Thoreau's day, whoever has looked at these woods to advantage has to some extent seen them through Thoreau's eyes. Certain it is that no other man has ever put the coniferous forest between the leaves of a book.

For that he came — for that and the Indian. Open it where you will — and the little old first edition is by all odds to be chosen if one is fastidious about the

printed page, to get the full savor of it; open where you will and these two speak to you. He finds water "too civilizing;" he wishes to become "selvaggia;" he turns woodworm in his metamorphosis, and loves to hear himself crunching nearer and nearer to the heart of the tree. He is tireless in his efforts to wrench their secrets from the woods; and, in every trial, he endeavors, not to talk about them, but to flash them with lightning vividness into the mind of the reader. "It was the opportunity to be ignorant that I improved. It suggested to me that there was something to be seen if one had eyes. It made a believer of me more than before. I believed that the woods were not tenantless, but choke-full of honest spirits as good as myself any day."

It is sometimes the advantage of a second-rate book that it endears the writer to us. The Thoreau of *Walden*, with his housekeeping all opened up for inspection, refusing the gift of a rug rather than shake it, throwing away his paperweight to avoid dusting it — where's the woman believes he *would* have dusted it? — parades his economies priggishly, like some pious anchorite with a business eye fixed on Heaven. But when he tells us in the appendix to the *Woods* that for a cruise three men need only one large knife and one iron spoon (for all), a four-quart tin pail for kettle, two tin dippers, three tin plates and a fry pan, his economy, if extreme, is manly and convincing. We meet him here among men whom we have known ourselves; we see how he treated them and how they treated him, and he appears to better advantage than when skied among the lesser gods of Concord.

Here is Joe Polis, whose judgment of a man would be as shrewd as any mere literary fellow's, and Joe talks freely, which in those days an Indian rarely did with whites. Here is the late Hiram L. Leonard, "the gentlemanly hunter of the stage," known to all anglers by his famous fishing rods. Those who remember his retiring ways will not doubt that

it was Thoreau who prolonged the conversation. Here is Deacon George A. Thatcher, the "companion" of the first two trips. That second invitation and the deacon's cordial appreciation of "Henry" bespeak agreeable relations outside those of kinship. The Thoreau whom we meet here smiles at us. We see him, a shortish, squarish, brown-bearded, blue-eyed man, in a check shirt, with a black string tie, thick waistcoat, thick trousers, an old Kossuth hat, — for the costume that he recommends for woods wear must needs have been his own, — and over all a brown linen sack, on which, indelible, is the ugly smutch that he got when he hugged the sooty kettle to his side as he raced Polis across Grindstone Carry.

To every man his own Thoreau! But why is not this laughing runner, scattering boots and tinware, as true to life as any? Brusque, rude, repellent no doubt he often was, and beyond the degree excusable; affecting an unnecessary disdain of the comfortable, harmless goods of life; more proud, like Socrates, of the holes in his pockets than young Alcibades of his whole, new coat; wrong very often, and most wrong upon his points of pride; yet he still had his southerly side, more open to the sun than to the wind. It is not easy to travel an unstaked course, against the advice and wishes and in the teeth of the prophecies of all one's friends, when it would be sweet and easy to win their approval — and, Himmel! to stop their mouths! — by burning one's faggot. A fighting faith, sleeping on its arms, often has to be stubborn and ungenial. What Henry Thoreau needed was to be believed in through thick and thin, and then let alone; and the very crabbedness, so often complained of, indicates that, like his own wild apples, in order to get a chance to grow, he had to protect himself by thorny underbrush from his too solicitous friends.

There is a popular notion that Thoreau was a great woodsman, able to go

anywhere by dark or daylight, without path or guide; that he knew all the secrets of the pioneer and the hunter; that he was unequaled as an observer, and almost inerrant in judgment, being able to determine at a glance weight, measure, distance, area, or cubic contents. The odd thing about these popular opinions is that they are not true. Thoreau was not a woodsman; he was not infallible; he was not a scientific observer; he was not a scientist at all. He could do many things better than most men; but the sum of many excellencies is not perfection.

For the over-estimate of Thoreau's abilities, Emerson is chiefly responsible. His noble eulogy of Thoreau has been misconstrued in a way which shows the alarming aptitude of the human mind for making stupid blunders. We all have a way of taking hold of a striking detail — which Mr. Emerson was a rare one for perceiving — and making of it the whole story. We might name it *the fallacy of the significant detail*. Do we not always see Hawthorne, the youth, walking by night? Who thinks of it as any less habitual than eating his dinner? And because Stevenson, in an unguarded moment, confessed that "he had played the sedulous ape" to certain authors, no writer, out of respect to our weariness, has ever forborne to remind us of that pleasant monkey trick of Stevenson's youth. Nor are we ever allowed to forget that Thoreau "saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet," and that "his power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses." It is because the majority of mankind see no difference in values between facts aglow with poetic fervor and facts preserved in the cold storage of census reports, that Emerson's splendid eulogy of his friend, with its vivid, personal characterizations rising like the swift bubbles of a boiling spring all through it, has created the unfortunate impression that Thoreau made no blunders.

Emerson himself did not distinguish between the habitual and the accidental;

between a clever trick, like that of lifting beams guarding their nests, and the power to handle any kind of fish. He even ran short of available facts, and grouped those of unequal value. To be able to grasp an even dozen of pencils requires but little training; to be able to estimate the weight of a pig, or the cordwood in a tree, needs no more than a fairly good judgment; but that "he could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain,"—that is nonsense, for it puts at naught the whole science of surveying. Emerson's data being unequal in rank and kind, the whole sketch is a little out of focus, and consequently the effect is agreeably artistic.

Nor is the matter mended by misquotation. Emerson says, "He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes." There is nothing remarkable in this. How does any one keep the path across his own lawn on a black dark night? But even so careful a man as Stevenson paraphrases thus: "He could guide himself about the woods on the darkest night by the touch of his feet." Here we have a different matter altogether. By taking out that "path," a very ordinary accomplishment is turned into one quite impossible. Because Emerson lacked woods learning, the least variation from his exact words is likely to result in something as absurd or as exaggerated as this.

Thoreau's abilities have been overrated. *The Maine Woods* contains errors in the estimates of distance, area, speed, and the like, too numerous to mention in detail. No Penobscot boatman can run a batteau over falls at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, as Thoreau says; no canoe man can make a hundred miles a day, even on the St. John River. The best records I can discover fall far short of Thoreau's estimate for an average good day's run. Even when he says that his surveyor's eye thrice enabled him to detect the slope of the current, he

magnifies his office. Any woman who can tell when a picture hangs straight can see the slant of the river in all those places.

But his worst error in judgment, and the one most easily appreciated on its own merits, is the error he made in climbing Katahdin. He writes that their camp was "broad off Katahdin and about a dozen miles from the summit," whereas we know that his camp was not five miles in an air-line from the top of the South Slide, and not more than seven from the highest peak. The trail from the stream to the slide has always been called four miles, and Thoreau says that his boatmen told him that it was only four miles to the mountain; "but as I judged, and as it afterwards proved, nearer fourteen." The only reason why it proved "nearer fourteen" was because he did not go the short way. Instead of climbing by the Slide, where all West Branch parties ascend to-day, he laid a northeast course "directly for the base of the highest peak," through all the débris and underbrush at the foot of the mountain, climbing where it is so steep that water hardly dares to run down. He ought to have reasoned that the bare top of a mountain is easy walking, and the nearest practicable point, rather than the peak itself, was the best place to climb.

But surely he was a competent naturalist? There is no space to go over the text in detail, but we may turn directly to the list of birds in the appendix. After making allowance for ornithology in the fifties being one of the inexact sciences, the list must be admitted to be notably bad. It is worse than immediately appears to the student who is not familiar with the older nomenclature. Thoreau names thirty-seven species, and queries four of them as doubtful. Oddly, the most characteristic bird of the region, the Canada jay, which the text mentions as seen, is omitted from the list. Of the doubtful species, the herring gull is a good guess; but the yellow-billed cuckoo and the prairie chicken (of all unlikely guesses the

most improbable) are surely errors, while the white-bellied nuthatch, which he did not see, but thought he heard, rests only upon his conjecture. Mr. William Brewster thinks that it might occur in that region in suitably wooded localities, but I can find no record west of Houlton and north of Katahdin. The tree sparrow, though a common migrant, is more than doubtful as summer resident. The pine warbler must be looked upon with equal suspicion. The wood thrush is impossible — a clear mistake for the hermit. His *Fuligula albicollis* (error for *albeola*) is not the buffle-headed duck, which breeds north of our limits (and Thoreau was here in July); it is most likely the horned grebe in summer plumage, identified after his return by a picture. Similarly his red-headed woodpecker, which he vouches for thus, "Heard and saw, and good to eat," must have been identified by the vernacular name alone. Among our woodsmen the "red-headed woodpecker" is not *Picus erythrocephalus*, as Thoreau names it, but *Ceophloeus pileatus abieticola*, the great pileated woodpecker, or logcock, a bird twice as large, heavily crested, and wholly different in structure and color. Seven out of the thirty-seven birds are too wrong to be disputed; the white-bellied nuthatch stands on wholly negative evidence; and, if we had fuller data of the forest regions, perhaps several of the others might be challenged.

The list proves that, even according to the feeble light of the day, Thoreau was not an ornithologist. As a botanist he did much better; but that was largely by grace of Gray's *Manual*, then recently published. Of the scientific ardor which works without books and collates and classifies innumerable facts for the sake of systematic knowledge, he had not a particle. His notes, though voluminous and of the greatest interest, rarely furnish material for science. If he examined a partridge chick, newly hatched, it was not to give details of weight and color, but to speculate upon the rare clearness of its gaze. If he recorded a battle be-

tween black ants and red, he saw its mock heroic side and wrote an *Antiad* upon the occasion; but he did not wait to see the fight finished, and to count the slain.

It was not as an observer that Thoreau surpassed other men, but as an interpreter. He had the art — and how much of an art it is no one can realize until he has seated himself before an oak or a pine tree and has tried by the hour to write out its equation in terms of humanity — he had the art to see the human values of natural objects, to perceive the ideal elements of unreasoning nature and the service of those ideals to the soul of man. "The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable," wrote Emerson; and it became Thoreau's chief text. It is the philosophy behind Thoreau's words, his attempt to reveal the Me through the Not Me, reversing the ordinary method, which makes his observations of such interest and value.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

This power to see is rare; but mere good observation is not supernatural. We must not attribute to Thoreau's eyes what was wrought in his brain; to call him uniquely gifted in matters wherein a thousand men might equal him is not to increase his fame.

The Maine Woods also shows clearly that Thoreau knew nothing of woodcraft. Do we realize that his longest trip gave him only ten days actually spent in the woods? or that few tourists to-day attempt to cover the same ground in less than two or three weeks? What his own words proclaim there can be no disputing over, and Thoreau admits frankly, and sometimes naively, that he was incapable of caring for himself in the woods, which surely is the least that can be

asked of a man to qualify him as a "woodsman."

In the first place, his mind does not work like a woodsman's. "We had not gone far," he writes, "before I was startled by seeing what I thought was an Indian encampment, covered with a red flag, on the bank, and exclaimed 'Camp!' to my comrades. I was slow to discover that it was a red maple changed by the frost." He ought to have been "slow to discover" that it was anything else.

"I could only occasionally perceive his trail in the moss," he writes of Polis, "yet he did not appear to look down nor hesitate an instant, but led us out exactly to the canoe. This surprised me, for without a compass, or the sight or noise of the river to guide us, we could not have kept our course many minutes, and we could have retraced our steps but a short distance, with a great deal of pains and very slowly, using laborious circumspection. But it was evident that he could go back through the forest wherever he had been during the day." A woodsman may have to use "laborious circumspection" in following the trail of another man, but his own he ought to be able to run back without hesitation.

"Often on bare rocky carries," he says again, "the trail was so indistinct that I repeatedly lost it, but when I walked behind him [Polis] I observed that he could keep it almost like a hound, and rarely hesitated, or, if he paused a moment on a bare rock, his eye immediately detected some sign which would have escaped me. Frequently *we* found no path at all in these places, and were to him unaccountably delayed. He would only say it was 'ver strange.'"

"The carry-paths themselves," he says again, "were more than usually indistinct, often the route being revealed only by countless small holes in the fallen timber made by the tacks in the drivers' boots, or where there *was* a slight trail we did not find it." This is almost funny. In those days the carries were little traveled except by the river-drivers; in sum-

mer they were much choked with shrubbery; but what did the man expect — a king's highway? That spring the whole East Branch drive, probably a hundred men, had tramped the carry for days; and every man had worn boots each of which, in those days, was armed with twenty-nine inch-long steel spikes. The whole carry had been pricked out like an embroidery pattern. Those little "tack-holes" *were* the carry. If Thoreau could have realized that a river-driver never goes far from water, and that his track is as sure as a mink's or an otter's to lead back to water, he would have appreciated how much, instead of how little, those calk-marks were telling him. But Thoreau did not know the facts of woods life, and when he saw a sign he was often incapable of drawing an inference from it.

The proof that Thoreau did not know the alphabet of woodcraft — if further proof is wanted — is that, on Mud Pond Carry, which, in his day, was the most open and well-trodden of all the woods roads beyond North-East Carry, he took a tote-road, used only for winter hauling, showing neither hoof-mark, sled-track, nor footprint in summer, and left the regular carry, worn by human feet, merely because a sign-board on the former pointed to his ultimate destination, Chamberlain Lake. Now in the woods a tote-road is a tote-road, and a carry is a carry; when a man is told to follow one, he is not expected to turn off upon the other; there is no more reason to confuse the two than to mistake a trolley line for a steam-railroad track. No wonder Polis "thought little of their woodcraft."

But aside from this deficiency in woods education, Thoreau never got to feel at home in the Maine wilderness. He was a good "pasture man," but here was something too large for him. He appreciated all the more its wildness and strangeness; and was the more unready to be venturesome. The very closeness of his acquaintance with Concord conspired to keep him from feeling at home where

the surrounding trees, flowers, and birds were largely unfamiliar; for the better a man knows one fauna, the more he is likely to be ill at ease under a different environment. No man has expressed so well the timidity which sometimes assails the stranger when surrounded by the Sabbath peace of the wilderness. "You may penetrate half a dozen rods farther into that twilight wilderness, after some dry bark to kindle your fire with, and wonder what mysteries lie hidden still deeper in it, say at the end of a long day's walk; or you may run down to the shore for a dipper of water, and get a clearer view for a short distance up or down the stream. . . . But there is no sauntering off to see the country, and ten or fifteen rods seems a great way from your companions, and you come back with the air of a much-traveled man, as from a long journey, with adventures to relate, although you may have heard the crackling of the fire all the while, — and at a hundred rods you might be lost past recovery, and have to camp out." That is all very true, but most men do not care to own it. "It was a relief to get back to our smooth and still varied landscape," he writes after a week's trip to Chesuncook, which then, as now, was only the selva of the woods.

I have a friend of the old school who appreciates Thoreau, but who always balks at one point. "Call him a woodsman!" he cries in disgust; "why, he admits himself that he borrowed the axe that he built his Walden shanty with!" (This seems to him as indefensible as borrowing a toothbrush.) — "But," I urge, "he says, too, that he returned it sharper than when he took it." — "It makes no difference, none at all," says he, "for I tell you that a real woodsman owns his axe." The contention is valid; moreover, it is fundamental. A master workman in all trades owns his tools. Those who have praised Thoreau as a woodsman have probably done so under the impression that every man who goes into the woods under the care of a guide

is entitled to the name. They have not understood the connotation of the term, and may have even supposed that there is such a thing as an *amateur* woodsman. But there are some few high professions where whatever is not genuine is counterfeited; half-and-half gentlemen, halting patriots, amateur woodsmen, may safely be set down as no gentlemen, patriots, or woodsmen at all. For in truth woodcraft is a profession which cannot be picked up by browsing in Massachusetts pastures, and no one learns it who does not throw himself into it whole-heartedly.

Yet because Thoreau does not measure up to the standard of the woodsman born and bred, it would be wrong to infer that the average city man could have done as well in his place. Well done for an amateur is often not creditable for a professional; but Thoreau's friends demand the honors of a professional. On the other hand, because he made some mistakes in unimportant details, he must not be accused of being unreliable. How trustworthy Thoreau is may be known by this, — that fifty years after he left the state forever, I can trace out and call by name almost every man whom he even passed while in the woods. He did not know the names of some of them; possibly he did not speak to them; but they can be identified after half a century. And that cannot be done with a slipshod record of events. The wonder is, not that Thoreau did so little here, but that in three brief visits, a stranger, temperamentally alien to these great wildernesses, he got at the heart of so many matters.

Almost any one can see superficial differences; but to perceive the essence of even familiar surroundings requires something akin to genius. To be sure, he was helped by all the books he could obtain, especially by Springer's *Forest Life and Forest Trees*, to which he was indebted for both matter and manner; from which he learned to narrow his field of observation to the woods and the Indian, leaving other topics of interest

unexamined. But how did he know, unless he discerned it in Springer's account of them, that these remote woods farms, in his day (not now), were "winter quarters"? How did he understand (and this he surely did not get from Springer) that it is the moose, and not the bear nor the beaver, which is "primeval man"? How came he to perceive the Homeric quality of the men of the woods? Hardly would the chance tourist see so much. And he can explain the Homeric times by these: "I have no doubt that they lived pretty much the same sort of life in the Homeric age, for men have always thought more of eating than of fighting; then, as now, their minds ran chiefly on 'hot bread and sweet cakes;' and the fur and lumber trade is an old story to Asia and Europe." And, with a sudden illumination, "I doubt if men ever made a trade of heroism. In the days of Achilles, even, they delighted in big barns, and perchance in pressed hay, and he who possessed the most valuable team was the best fellow."

So, though he was neither woodsman nor scientist, Thoreau stood at the gateway of the woods and opened them to all future comers with the key of poetic insight. And after the woods shall have passed away, the vision of them as he saw them will remain. In all that was best in him Thoreau was a poet. The finest passages in this book are poetical, and he is continually striking out some glowing phrase, like a spark out of flint. The logs in the camp are "tuned to each other with the axe." "For beauty give me trees with the fur on." The pines are for the poet, "who loves them like his own shadow in the air." Of the fall of a tree in the forest, he says, "It was a dull, dry, rushing sound, with a solid core to it, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness." Katahdin is "a permanent shadow." And upon it, "rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the silent flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes, without a bleat or low."

I have seen the rocks on many granite hills, but that belongs only to the top of Katahdin.

Indeed, this whole description of Katahdin is unequaled. "Chesuncook" is the best paper of the three, taken as a whole, but these few pages on Katahdin are incomparable. Happily he knew the traditions of the place, the awe and veneration with which the Indians regarded it as the dwelling-place of Pamola, their god of thunder, who was angry at any invasion of his home and resented it in fogs and sudden storms. ("He very angry when you gone up there; you heard him gone oo-oo-oo over top of gun-barrel," they used to say.) Thoreau's Katahdin was a realm of his own, in which for a few hours he lived in primeval solitude above the clouds, invading the throne of Pamola the Thunderer, as Prometheus harried Zeus of his lightning. The gloomy grandeur of Aeschylus rises before him to give him countenance, and he speaks himself as if he wore the buskin. But it is not windy declamation. He does not explode into exclamation points. Katahdin is a strange, lone, savage hill, unlike all others, — a very Indian among mountains. It does not need superlatives to set it off. Better by far is Thoreau's grim humor, his calling it a "cloud factory," where they made their bed "in the nest of a young whirlwind," and lined it with "feathers plucked from the live tree." Had he been one of the Stonish men, those giants with flinty eyebrows, fabled to dwell within the granite vitals of Katahdin, he could not have dealt more stout-heartedly by the home of the Thunder-God.

The best of Thoreau's utterances in this volume are like these, tuned to the rapid and high vibration of the poetic string, but not resolved into rhythm. It is poetry, but not verse. Thoreau's prose stands in a class by itself. There is an honest hardness about it. We may accept or deny Buffon's dictum that the style is the man; but the man of soft and slippery make-up would strive in vain

to acquire the granitic integrity of structure which marks Thoreau's writing. It is not poetical prose in the ordinary scope of that flowery term; but, as the granite rock is rifted and threaded with veins of glistening quartz, this prose is fused at white heat with poetical insights and interpretations. Judged by ordinary standards, he was a poet who failed. He had no grace at metres; he had no æsthetic softness; his sense always overruled the sound of his stanzas. The fragments of

verse which litter his workshop remind one of the chips of flint about an Indian encampment. They might have been the heads of arrows, flying high and singing in their flight, but that the stone was obdurate or the maker's hand was unequal to the shaping of it. But the waste is nothing; there is behind them the Kineo that they came from, this prose of his, a whole mountain of the same stuff, every bit capable of being wrought to ideal uses.

THE SEÑOR'S VIGIL

BY MARY GLASCOCK

AT a tentative suggestion from the man of the house we had agreed in the summer, the four of us, that we would spend Christmas at our old haunt in the mountains.

Don Danuelo said he had outgrown place. With so many severed ties, no place was home: he was free. The Señor replied that all places were home to him, and he would be glad to come home. The Judge hesitated—he lived in a small inland town—and said, "The old are not much missed at Christmas. Your children form ties, and—" there was bitterness in his tone—"your absence is not regretted as much as your company when your home is theirs." I assented because these were my dear friends and I was absolutely alone in a boarding-house, the harbor of feminine derelicts—and a spray of holly over a picture in a nine by ten upper-floor room did n't mean Christmas.

We met on the train, the Señor, Don Danuelo, and I. It was a raw, blustery night; at the last minute I half wished that I had not consented to go; but having agreed I met my promise squarely. I have never quite grown used to setting out alone at night. At the first plunge

into darkness I feel the untried swimmer's instinctive dread; it takes courage to down that shrinking!

I had taken the drawing-room, a luxurious extravagance I really could n't afford,—I called it a Christmas gift to myself,—that we might spend a pleasant evening together undampened by the lofty smile of the superior porter, or stare of fellow traveler. I wished the spirit of Christmas to start with us, to travel with us, to stay with us when we reached the mountains. I have no right to these youthful fancies at my years. Sometimes I am half ashamed that I feel so young; it is indecorous, in ill accord with graying hair. In the same spirit I had brought a box of chocolates for the evening, and I took it from my bag when we settled into place.

Don Danuelo sank heavily against the plush back of the seat and put on his black silk skull-cap, sighing. The Señor sat at the window watching the receding arc of city lights as the train curved the bay.

"It's good to leave this desolation." He nodded when the last twinkle disappeared. "Our beloved city in its ashes has only the spirit of its people to keep

its holiday. Ah! — ah! it is sad to see it laid low."

Don Danuelo twisted uneasily. "I feel a twinge of my rheumatism. I'm not sure that I'm not a fool to leave the city this time of year."

"We are three wise folk journeying afar," the Señor said blithely. "And, madam," — he turned to me, — "we have the happiness of having a lady accompany us on our quest. We are fortunate indeed."

"Not a wise woman, I'm afraid." I shook my head, laughing, and looked out.

Thick clouds darkened the sky; we heard the wind screech as it clawed at the double car-windows. Yet I rather liked flying through the darkness, now that I was not alone. It was so warm and light inside, so deliciously comfortable and cosy. The revolving car-wheels ground out a Christmas refrain, and my heart echoed it. Surely the Christmas spirit hovered near.

The Señor leaned toward me — he was not given to compliment — and pointed to the star shining through a clear space in the wrack of cloud. "Madam, your eyes are bright as the Christmas star. It is a happy journey to you?"

"A happy journey," I repeated. "Tomorrow night will be Christmas eve — and it will not be lonely. It has been for many, many years," I added low to myself.

"I'm sure there's no way of heating the rooms, and my asthma will come back," Don Danuelo grumbled. "Why do they overheat the cars so abominably?" Don Danuelo was plainly out of sorts; his mood followed the gathering storm. He was a little "low in his mind," as he graphically expressed the fall in the barometer of his feelings, and refused sweets. "I take better care of my digestion at my age," he replied, scornfully eyeing the Señor, who was munching chocolate creams in evident enjoyment. "A merciful man is merciful to his stomach," he continued in grim disapproval.

The swaying of the car was soothing, and, under the acetylene lamp, Don Danuelo was soon nodding, his head drooping forward on his breast. He had aged since summer, but he looked peaceful; the Christmas spirit was whispering pleasant dreams, from the smile on his lips.

"Do not wake him." The Señor laid finger to his lip. "It is blessed to sleep. I envy Don Danuelo. The nights are long to us who wake and think. But we shall all rest in the mountains, madam."

The mountains raised naked hands to us next morning in the gray, sullen light. Tree and bush, save evergreen, were stripped to the bone of leaf; bare branches stood stark against the sky. A light snowfall had whitened the higher peaks; sombre green of tall pines looked black against the white. The river flowed dark and swollen, gnawing at granite boulders, snarling in foamy rage like a great cat tearing at its bonds. Across Shasta, threatening clouds were drawn. It was a changed world, from the bright glow of summer to this lowering winter. Yet the shorn mountains held a strange dignity. I felt depressed as I shook hands with the man of the house, but the cheeriness of his greeting made sunshine. You knew he was glad to see you. Even Don Danuelo smiled at the old welcoming jokes. And Christmas was in the air, Christmas fragrance rose from every green thing, filling the earth. Swaying limbs were Christmas branches resinous and sweet, and young Christmas trees were set like altar tapers thick on the edge of the field.

"It's been raining a week solid," the man of the house said, urging the patient horses up the sticky hill-road. "The roads have been most washed out. We were afraid you might n't come, and —"

"We came to greet the little baby," the Señor said, "to see the beautiful gift laid at your door."

The pleased father's face rippled with proud good humor.

"We're going to make a fisherman

out of him." He turned to Don Danuelo. "You ought to see him grip his fingers round 'old reliable.'" "Old reliable" was Don Danuelo's favorite stout bam-boo bait-rod.

"A fisherman!" Don Danuelo's expression was consternation itself. "Man alive!" he ejaculated — "Caramba! — I brought him a doll — a *doll*. When you wrote, you said a *baby* —" He pounded the stalwart man of the house on the back. "Why did n't you say a *boy*, man. Lordy, lordy — a *doll*!" He chuckled to himself all the way up the hill. "He shall have 'old reliable,' sir, when he grows up to it. I hope he may land as many fine trout with it as I have lifted from the Sacramento." The old man became reminiscent between chuckles. "Oh, lordy, a *doll*!" he kept repeating.

We brought smiling faces to greet the Judge, who met us at the gate, gaunter, thinner, more bowed than when we left him in the summer.

The storm burst toward night. Rain fell as it can fall only in the northern mountains, in hard, persistent slant. The wind shrieked from the top of the hills, and rushed in wild elation down the cañons where sullen boom of river joined the roar. The big fir shading the porch rasped the shingles of the roof. Windows shook in their frames, and one pane of glass in the best room smashed into bits. The old house trembled, afraid; the world was full of crash of sound. On a far mountain-side the splintering of a tree came sharp as a rifle-shot. Outside it grew black, dense black, storm-whipped, and full of confused strife. You could feel the darkness; it was thick, palpable. When I went to the door I could not see a finger's length across the porch. The vines flapped like chained things writhing to be loosed. The door was torn from my grasp and swung back and forth on its hinges.

Inside the gathering-room a huge fire leaped. The whole room swam in light, warmth. The door of the adjoining room

was ajar, so that we could see the little child asleep in its rude cradle. The calendars on the wall — there were many — were wreathed in fir. Great branches of toyon berries, our Californian holly, banked the high mantel-piece — rich, glossy branches thick with lustrous red berries making the heart glad with their glow. I filled the top of the pine desk with the overflow, and every space was bright with fir and berry.

We were watching red apples, from last fall's trees, turn and sizzle on strings before the blaze. The Señor broke the silence.

"What a glorious Christmas eve! What a grand *Te Deum* the forest and river are singing."

After he spoke, somehow, we forgot the strife and cold and fretted nerves.

The master of the house brought out a graphophone and set it on a table in the corner.

"We'll have music to-night," he said. "I bought this for the baby."

"Lordy, lordy — a *doll*!" I overheard Don Danuelo chuckle to himself.

"If you wish to hark back to youth, play the old tunes," I whispered to the Judge, as the man of the house started the machine with "Down on the Suwannee River." Don Danuelo's eyes brightened, and he turned to the little woman, who sat where she could watch her baby.

"If it will not trouble you, may we have some eggs and cream and sugar? I have some fine whiskey in my room. We'll have a famous egg-nog to-night, just as we used to have on the old plantation when I was a boy."

To the grinding out of the "Suwannee River" Don Danuelo beat eggs; no one else could be intrusted with that delicate task. I was permitted, as a special privilege, to beat the whites to proper stiffness under strict supervision. The Judge was detailed to pour the whiskey carefully, drop by drop. Don Danuelo sat before the fire, a kitchen apron tied about his neck, stirring the mixture in the yellow

bowl, issuing orders. The Señor hovered about interestedly, for the compound was new to him. Don Danuelo's foot kept time to the stir of the spoon.

"I can hear old Uncle Billy outside, rattling the glasses on his tray!" he sighed reminiscently; "and I recollect," he turned to us, his eyes glistening, "when I was a boy, sneaking out to the pantry and putting a big dinner goblet in place of the small glass meant for me. And Uncle Billy was *white*: he never told, but put his big hand round that corner of the tray, when Marse Dan's turn came. Lordy!"

The graphophone wheezed. The man of the house took up the brush to smooth the flow of sound. "Here, Judge, not so fast," Don Danuelo called. "Whiskey's like oil; it must be poured slowly to mix well." I showed my foamy bank. "Hm, madam, a little bit stiffer. It must be stiff enough to stick if you turn the platter upside down." His hearty laugh deadened the roar of the storm. "Turn the crank of your machine again, man. I can hear my mother playing that tune on the old piano — and the governor snoring in the corner — and Uncle Billy listening behind the pantry door — I'm young again to-night. Your beating of the whites does credit to you, madam; they are light enough to have been done in the south."

My wrist ached, but I was foolishly pleased at praise in even so trifling a thing; not many bones of approbation are flung to us when we are growing old. Don Danuelo filled a glass, and with a stately bow, not at all impaired by the broadness of his girth, handed it to me.

"I shall play Uncle Billy to-night. I appeal to your excellent judgment, madam."

"Nectar!" I exclaimed as I drank. Why nectar? But that seems to be the summit of all things drinkable, and I am not of an inventive mind.

"To the blessed Christmas Eve." The Señor's glass touched mine, and all the little circle in the firelight clinked glasses

merrily in chime of good fellowship. The Judge's gaunt face softened, his crustiness crumbled, and he toasted Don Danuelo.

"To the best fisher on the river," he pledged gallantly.

"With bait, sir, with bait!" Don Danuelo disclaimed, but swaggered at the compliment.

"The best mixer of the best drink on earth," the Judge added, draining his glass.

"Hear — hear!" the rest of us clamored in hearty assent.

Don Danuelo refilled our glasses from the yellow bowl with a kitchen spoon. What did it matter? We, too, were in that old drawing-room; we, too, heard the ancient piano and were served by Uncle Billy with the thin silver ladle from the Canton bowl. We, too, were young. The Señor drew up his slender figure and stood.

"I wish," he said, "to drink a very good health to my good, good friends; to the little babe in the other room. May peace be his portion of the drink of life; may that cup be ever at his lips; may peace be with all of us to-night, and forever."

The words were not many, but the soul wished it so earnestly that a transfigured look was in his face. For a moment a hush; then the wail of the storm smote across the silence. The man of the house started the instrument again. "Old Dan Tucker" rollicked among the rafters; Don Danuelo's foot patted the bare board floor.

"Come on, madam." He held out his hands to me. "Come on, all. We're going to have a Virginia reel. We always ended Christmas Eve with it on the old plantation — and many's the reel we had at the Mexican hacienda, *ay de mi!*"

I hesitated. He drew me from my seat. I was not unwilling; my feet twitched; I felt the invitation of the music. The Judge unbent and took his place in line. The Señor, willing pupil, followed the Judge's instructions. No

one was old; age was a myth — youth, youth, eternal youth, bubbled like wine in our veins. There was color in the Señor's pale cheeks, his deep eyes sparkled. The Judge! It was a slender young man who bowed graciously before me; and I dipped and curtsied, full of the joy of it, the joy of motion and high flood of life. When we halted, for pure lack of breath and a break in the music, Don Danuelo cut the finest pigeon-wing. Transfixed, we watched the rhythmical intricacies of his steps. No one was old — we had all gone back! I held my breath in fear that the joy of it would bring tears.

We may tell you adolescents that it is wisdom, ambition, fortune we care for. We may tell you this, but all the time it is youth our hearts are craving, youth with its beliefs, its trust, its glow, its magic — youth, the lost pence we spent so prodigally — and will never have the chance of spending again. Had a miracle happened? My body was as light as my heart; my heart beat rapturously. I saw youth in all those faces in the circle about the fire; the lines born of the travail of life were smoothed away. Don Danuelo hummed the air the graphophone was playing; the Judge's eyes snapped fire, and mischief smothered his usual gravity; the Señor looked serene and blessed — and I — I vow I felt twenty. My hair was loosened, my cheeks glowed; I felt the burn that was not from fire; I did not care. I turned to the Señor — it is always to the Señor we turn — to ask if it were really true — this blessedness — when the door was flung open; the section boss in oilskins was swept in with the wind, and a trail of rain followed him. A wet dog crawled to the hearth and settled limply, his head between his paws. We made way for both and waited. A lantern swung in the man's hand; his face was troubled, anxious. Don Danuelo rose to shut the door, and limped; I noticed it. He put his hand to his knee — the old gesture. My heart grew gray. Was it all over? It could n't last!

The man addressed the man of the house: —

"Jim, the bridge below the station has been washed away, and the down train's stalled. The suspension foot-bridge 'cross to my cabin's gone, too. The river's running bank-full. My wife's alone on t'other side; it's a nasty night."

All these troubles not a mile away, and we had been disporting ourselves like old — Don Danuelo limped painfully when he ladled the last drop from the yellow bowl and gave it to the man, who swallowed it gratefully, not minding that it no longer foamed.

"My wife is scared," he said. "I can't get to her; I can't try; it's my duty to look after the other folks who don't need me. Jim, you're the best friend I've got, and I've come to you to see if you can do anything. She's alone; there's a California lion on the hill back of the house."

So quietly the Señor left, I did not hear him go. He came back wrapped in an oilskin coat much too big for him.

"I will go with you and see what can be done."

The baby woke; the little woman went to hush it. Don Danuelo offered to hold it while the mother searched for a lantern for the man of the house, and I saw a check folded in the tiny hand. He motioned me to silence.

"It's nothing — a little Christmas gift; there's a mortgage on the ranch, you know," he whispered, passing the baby over to me. "Lordy, lordy, a doll!" again he chuckled to himself. "I owe the little rascal this apology." When I would have praised him, he muttered fretfully, "I told you on the train that I should n't have come, madam. It's beastly weather, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife." But I knew that in his heart nothing could have torn from him the memory of that last hour.

When the mother returned, I hastened for wraps and my heavy boots. The Judge came in, storm-equipped. We both declared, in spite of protest, our

determination to go. I knew that I was foolish and of no earthly use except for the comfort that a woman's presence might give to another woman separated from the world by a mad river. Young blood still coursed in my veins, and I was keen for adventure.

When we went out, following in the wake of the lanterns, it was quite still. With a sudden shift of wind the gust had blown itself out. It had turned bitter cold; the cold bit at your face and tweaked at your ears, chilling your blood to ice. The rain had stopped; sleet and snow were falling, a hateful mixture. I put out my hand and felt the sting of the icy drops. The road was ankle-deep in slushy red mud. You had to wrest your shoe from one clammy imprint to make another; the ooze made a sucking sound. Fortunately it would freeze before we came back. The thick darkness was dimly lightened by the veil of fine snow flung against it. The only way to cling to the road was to follow the tiny, blurred points of the two lanterns ahead. I fell behind and lost the light at a bend crowded close by a dense growth of sapling pine. I halted; I was not afraid, for fear was a thing of the past. The Señor spoke; I had not noticed that he had fallen back with me.

"Had you not better return, madam?"

I struggled for breath to answer negatively, and increased my pace.

The station was filled with railroad officials and impatient travelers; telegraph instruments ticked rapidly. Here, the section boss left us.

"Do what you can to get her over, but run no risks," he cautioned sternly, and went to his duty toward the stalled train.

Snow was coming down thicker; cedar and fir showed white-topped branches; the slush was already stiffening; the thermometer, hanging at the station door, was racing past freezing point. You had to swing your arms to keep the blood moving. I shivered in my warm wraps as we walked down the

track to the clump of redbuds where the end of the slight bridge had been anchored to a rock. The roar of the river kept us from speaking; we had to shout to be heard a foot away.

Through the wet redbuds, now shedding snow upon us, we came to the river. In black rage it was boiling close to the top of the bank, the surface massed with wreckage. One huge pine-trunk jarred the bank near where I stood; I felt the earth shiver. The woman, with a shawl pinned over her head, stood on the opposite bank, lantern in hand, peering through the dark. At the flash of our lantern she swung hers in return. A firm hand signaled us; I was proud of my sex, and stepped where she could see that there was a woman ready to help. We tried to shout, making trumpets of our hands. In that swirl of sound, a human voice was powerless — no more than the pipe of a reed.

The men went lower to examine the fastenings of the wire cable thrown across the river by the McCloud Country Club for the purpose of carrying over its heavy freight — the only communication with the other side left intact by the storm.

"It's impossible to get a human being across to-night," the man of the house said when they returned. "The car's on this side, but it would be almost certain death; the cable's not six feet above the water now."

They signaled to the waiting woman on the bank, who interpreted their purpose by signs. She held the lantern near her face, and I never saw despair more plainly written on human features. I saw her press her hand to her heart, then straighten and smile. That smile strengthened me. I confess I was crying and letting tears freeze on my cheeks. It seemed so lone, and she was young. The dark mountain back of her rose straight as a wall, black with mystery, — and creeping furry things seek shelter in storm they say, — and who knew what the black trees held? It is these mountain folk who can teach us city-bred weaklings

to endure. She pointed toward the cable. The Señor stepped to the nearest point and shook his head. He clasped his hands together and closed his eyes. We bent our heads. And to the woman standing in the thickening fall of snow I felt that new courage came.

The man of the house again tried to shout; it was useless, his words were tossed, mocking, back across the widening water. How the cold cut!

"We'd better go home," he said gruffly, swallowing hard; "we can do no good."

"A moment. May I have your lantern?" the Señor begged, and went away. He came back with heaped arms. Stretching between two fir saplings a piece of canvas he had borrowed from the station-master, he laid a few sticks and paper on the ground, and started a blaze that spluttered feebly on the wet earth.

"It will burn presently," he said, "when the pine needles dry out. Now if you can leave me your lantern, the station-master gave me oil, and I will keep my Christmas vigil here."

He threw an old sack on the ground and smiled at us, lighting a cigar.

"But —" we protested.

"It is my wish, my pleasure," he said, with a finality no one could question.

The woman opposite watched him. Then, as we turned to leave, she went into her cabin, swinging the lantern almost gayly. I knew that, as usual, the Señor had brought peace. And surely what else was the blessed Christmas Eve given to us for — peace on earth, goodwill to men! The remembrance of the deed made easy the dark climb up the hill. But suddenly, when I came into light and warmth, I felt the weariness of flesh; I was very tired and numb from cold. Don Danuelo sat nursing his knee before the flame, his face twisted in pain.

"We none of us can escape our inheritance; our make-believes are pitiful," I said half to myself, hugging the fire.

"I've got what any fool might expect — capering at my age," Don Danuelo growled. "Might have known I was a doddering idiot coming to the mountains this time of year. It's cold enough to freeze — the infernal regions to-night."

"Would you give up the last hours?" I asked slyly. For even in my heaviness of body I still was thankful for the thrill of youth that had been.

The man of the house slipped to the graphophone; the record was still on. A broad, peaceful smile shone on Don Danuelo's face, and he nodded gently to sleep in time with the tune.

I could not sleep late; my mind was troubled over the watcher at the river. He was old and not over-strong. The world was white, unbroken white; dawn was late breaking in the mountains. When it came it poured slowly like silver over peak, crag, and meadow. I heard a stir in the gathering-room, and, hastening to dress, went down.

The Señor, helping a dripping woman, had just come in.

"A merry Christmas," he called to me gayly and took off the broad-brimmed hat with the old sweeping bow. "Here is a Christmas heroine for you. Mrs. Sant crossed on the cable at daybreak. The intense cold has kept the snow from melting, and the river is no higher — and, thank God — the cable held."

The woman shivered.

"I could never have crossed alone," she said. "The Señor" — they all knew him along the river, and called him by that name — "came over for me." He held up his hand to silence her. The woman went on. "He crossed at daybreak. None of you," her voice was very grave, "can know what that meant. The river was racing like mad, and the cable was frozen and slippery, the wheels clogged with ice. Look at his hands," she pointed; "they're cut and bleeding." The Señor smiled and clasped them behind his back. "I heard a knock on my door at the break of day. For a minute

I was frightened. But I'd had a safe night. Whenever I felt afraid I went to the window and looked across the river where I could see his fire; that made me feel safe; it steadied my nerves. You don't know what company it was to me to see that light! Women are n't made like men, we don't have to have things right at hand to believe in 'em. It was just *feeling* somebody was near made me easy in my mind. I could have cried when the Señor stood at my door, and I thought nobody but wildcats and me were on that side of the river. Was n't it lucky the car was on the other side? After I'd made coffee he told me that he was going to pull me over. Then my courage nearly petered out."

"Madam, madam," the Señor interrupted, "allow me, your courage was admirable — you never cried out, you helped —"

"Don't let's talk of it — yet. I can still hear the noise of that water; I can

feel the car swinging, the awful fear when that big tree swept by us. And when the car stopped in the middle of the river and you stood up, I thought —" She buried her face in her hands, shuddering.

The little woman led her away for dry clothing.

"Let me see your hands," I demanded of the Señor.

He shook his head.

"It is nothing, madam, nothing but a few insignificant scratches. But the little lady — her courage was splendid. It was a terrible trip for a woman; it meant creeping like a snail, with a chance of never getting over, with a whirlpool roaring underneath, so close it swayed the car. And what do you think she said when I asked her if she were not afraid. She said that she would do it again to spend Christmas day with her husband. You American women are a brave race, madam." And the Señor bowed.

MUSIC, GOING HOME

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

THE vale is crowding up with stars,

And I am stealing home —

While everywhere the "chirps" and "chirrs"

From secret cellars come!

The dusk is busy with applause —

The crickets most rejoice!

And everything that had to pause

Has found a cheering voice!

Oh! have I really come so near

The risen Shades of Things,

So near the Spirits that I hear

The music of their wings?

THE IBSEN HARVEST

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

UNTIL after the death of Henrik Ibsen, the literature concerned with his life and work dealt almost solely with a traditional figure. This legendary being was a little crabbed old man, taciturn, uncommunicative, even bearish, who occasionally broke the silence only to lash out with venomous rage at his enemies or else to offend gratuitously the friends and admirers who sought to do him public honor. Now that we are left alone with memories, and reminiscences, both kindly and malicious, the spiritual lineaments of the Norwegian seer tend to define themselves to popular vision. For the first time, it is becoming possible to discover the man in his works, and to trace a few of the many vital threads in the close-meshed fabric of his dramatic art. While such biographies as those of Vasenius, Henrik Jaeger, and Passonge are immediately accurate in recounting the leading events of Ibsen's exterior life, while such studies as those of Brandes, Ebrhard, Shaw, and others are brilliant biographies of Ibsen's mind, so far no effort has been made to relate the man to his work. It would be more accurate to say that there has been no systematic attempt to discover the real human being who lurks behind the cartoons of Vallotton, Laerum, and Scotson-Clark, the real human heart beating beneath the formidable frock-coat of the "little buttoned-up man."

The first biography of Ibsen written by Englishman or American is the work of Haldane MacFall,¹ who confesses with becoming modesty that he attempts "but to give an impressionistic picture of the man, a record of the accidents of his living that we call life, and a rough esti-

¹ *Ibsen*. New York and San Francisco: Morgan Shepard Company. 1907.

mate of his genius and his significance." The narrow range of Mr. MacFall's intercourse with the Ibsen literature is compensated for neither by signal critical perception nor by personal acquaintance with the subject of his biography; and in using the new material furnished by the *Letters*, he has quoted them as so many records of fact, without imagination or interpretation. Supported by the initial declaration that "to understand Ibsen's full significance in art, it is necessary to read Ibsen's plays," he blithely proceeds to propound Ibsen's "full significance" after the mere perusal of the plays; and devotes twenty-eight pages to *An Enemy of the People*, cutting off *The Master Builder* with a paltry twelve. The Ibsen riddle is complacently ignored; another truism is shattered, and at last we have an *Ibsen* which is "spoon-meat for babes."

In critical studies of Ibsen, treating constructively of his dramatic art from a chosen point of view, America has been singularly deficient. To Ibsen, the countries which have concerned themselves with his life and art have given a defining title or character: Norway thought of him first as a Conservative and later as a Radical; Germany was divided between those who classed him, respectively, as naturalist, individualist, and socialist; and France abhorred his anarchy while celebrating his symbolism. In England, Ibsen has been classed as a literary muck-raker, as a thinker of abnormally astute intellect, or simply as a dramatist quite innocent of polemical, ethical, or redemptive intent. In America, Ibsen as champion of individual emancipation came too late, one might almost say with truth; although the literature of exposure is never *mal à propos* in a civilization whose

protection rests upon perpetual publicity.

America surpasses the civilizations of the Ibsen social dramas in the production of self-assertive individualists; the Ibsenic iconoclasm made no noise in America, for with us Ibsen was hammering at an open door. It is quite natural and logical to find the interest in Ibsen in America confined almost exclusively to the minor public of intellectual and literary affiliations, and to American scholars. The recent American studies upon Ibsen are concerned, as might be expected, with specialized phases of his art as a dramatist, rather than with disquisitions on his life, politics, religion, or philosophy.

It is cause for gratification that *The Ibsen Secret*¹ is sub-entitled, not *The*, but *A Key to the Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen*. The grim, sardonic smile with which Ibsen greeted interpretations of, or inquiries as to the purport of, his art works might well deter one from complacently claiming to have discovered the Ibsen secret. Bernard Shaw once said that if people knew all that a dramatist thought, they would kill him; and Ibsen, like Sargent, always means far more than he says. Ibsen is doubtless in the confessional mood when he puts into the mouth of Professor Rubek the words concerning his own sculptures: "All the same, they are no mere *portrait* busts. . . . There is something equivocal, cryptic, lurking in and behind these busts — a secret something that the people themselves cannot see." In Ibsen's plays, Professor Lee has found something cryptic, lurking in and behind the mechanical framework — the symbol. Her theory is novel, not for the assertion of Ibsen's utilization of symbol, but for the insistence upon the invariability of its employment. The ingenuity she displays in demonstrating her thesis is equaled only by her success in draining the plays of red blood and humanly vital significance.

I find it as destructive of the life

of Ibsen's plays and of his characters to identify *A Doll's House* with a tarantella, Hedda Gabler with a pistol, or Oswald Alving with a burning orphanage, as to identify (after Erich Holm) Solness with the Bourgeoisie, Ragnor with Socialism, the burning of the old home with the French Revolution, and Hilda with Freedom. Ibsen's art is universal enough to embrace symbol as one of its attributes; and the latest and most reputable light on Ibsen illuminates the intimate bond allying his art with actual experience. Life contains no symbols save those we read into it; and the secret of an art, purporting to be an exact replica of contemporary life, is something far more human and universal than the symbol.

However opinions may differ in regard to Ibsen as symbolist, poet, philosopher, polemist, or man, critics as a rule are agreed that Ibsen was a great master of stagecraft. The world now awaits the elaborate critical study, of which Professor Brander Matthews has given the popular outline.² The author of such a study, when it appears, will treat exhaustively of Ibsen as technician. While Ibsen's early plays were faulty in technique, modeled chiefly upon French plays which Ibsen himself produced or saw produced, certain it is that he developed, comparatively early in his career, that indifference to rules and categories of which he speaks in one of his letters; and even if *Lady Inger of Ostraat*, with its entangling intrigues, and *The League of Youth*, with its artificial arrangement, do follow the model set by Scribe, the first betrays great dramatic power and the second is the harbinger of a series of masterpieces in the new manner. Before *A Doll's House* (1879), Ibsen accommodated himself to the best prevailing standards of dramatic art, gradually freeing himself of such unreal theatric devices as the soliloquy and the aside. And it must be borne in mind that Ibsen was a

¹ *The Ibsen Secret*. By JENNETTE LEE. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

² *Inquiries and Opinions*; article, "Ibsen the Playwright." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

great constructive thinker and creator, not a mere disciple of Scribe; and it should also be remembered that Ibsen vehemently repudiated the suggestion of the slightest indebtedness to Dumas fils, who, it must be confessed, heartily returned Ibsen's detestation. In spite of Professor Matthews's ripe scholarship, which he barely succeeds in concealing, his essay betrays so strong a lack of sympathy with Ibsen and so manifest a predilection for French standards and models, that one is forced to conclude that he regards Ibsen as anti-social, "really the most extreme of reactionaries." And this study of Ibsen, in respect to his capacity as playwright, leaves something to be desired, in the lack of elaboration of the technical faults and virtues of the social dramas, and in its betrayal of the author's unfamiliarity with important data and studies bearing upon the evolution of Ibsen's art as playwright.

In England, Ibsen has been interpreted principally by three men. In vigorous controversy, in the Fabian Society, and on the lecture platform, Bernard Shaw pronounced Ibsen the superior of Shakespeare, and through the columns of the *Saturday Review* poured a torrent of devastating satire upon Ibsen's detractors (who had gallantly dubbed Shaw, Archer, and the other Ibsen adherents "muck-ferreting dogs"). Shaw's book on Ibsen, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, is a brilliant distillation of the Ibsenic philosophy from the standpoint of the anti-idealist, concerning itself with Ibsen neither as poet nor dramatist. Edmund Gosse, whose *Northern Studies* first made Ibsen known to English readers, appeared to be interested in Ibsen chiefly as poet and dramatic path-breaker; this is likewise indicated by his other interpretative essays which appeared in leading reviews. His eagerly awaited biography of Ibsen¹ has recently appeared, serving as a companion volume to the Archer edition of Ibsen's plays. "What

¹ *Henrik Ibsen*. By EDMUND GOSSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

has been written about Ibsen in England and France," Mr. Gosse observes in the preface, "has often missed something of its historical value by not taking into consideration that movement of intellectual life in Norway which has surrounded him and which he has stimulated. Perhaps I may be allowed to say of my little book that this side of the subject has been particularly borne in mind in the course of its composition." In this respect, his book is admirable and unique among books about Ibsen written in English.

There is, however, a curious aloofness about Gosse's interpretation of Ibsen, which causes one to wonder how two writers so fundamentally dissimilar — one so conservative, the other so startlingly daring — could ever have discovered the bond of mutual admiration and personal acquaintance. An air of curious insecurity is given to Gosse's judgment by the fact that, in any attempt to relate Ibsen to his century by comparison with writers not Scandinavian, he sets him in juxtaposition to writers quite alien to him in spirit. One has the feeling that, to Mr. Gosse, the nineteenth century represents less the epoch of the evolution of contemporary civilization than a rather pleasant literary age in which flourished a group of writers with whose works he is conversant. There is, moreover, an unpleasant, rather repelling, impression produced upon one — especially upon one who long ago recognized the genuine humanity in Ibsen's soul — by Gosse's interpretation of Ibsen as a personality.

The lay reader puts down the book with the distressing conviction that Clement Scott was right after all: that Ibsen was at bottom suburban and provincial, at worst venomous and egotistic, at best shy, secretive, undemonstrative, ignorant of literature, kindly disposed to those who paid him homage, a reflective doubter who allowed his dubiety to extend even to the value of his own work. Many incidents recently narrated, tending to show the charm of Ibsen's personality when he felt himself in the presence

of a truly congenial spirit, — his genuine love for his wife, despite his amusing affectation of independence, his power to make warm personal friends of his admirers, — these and like incidents either do not appear in Gosse's book, or, at least, are not given the stress pertinent to them in view of Ibsen's "popular" character. Mr. Gosse has drawn an admirable portrait of Ibsen — from a definite point of view; and it goes without saying that this point of view is entirely Mr. Gosse's own. But there are many humanizing details which are not in the picture; Ibsen *in toto* is not a perfect fit in the Gossian frame of mind.

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, utilizing the latter's collection of Ibseniana and all the important material up to the date of publication, have produced a set of books revelatory of the life, art, and significance of Henrik Ibsen, which bid fair to remain the definitive works in English for many years to come. In the introduction to his *Henrik Ibsen*. Mr. Gosse says of Mr. Archer's edition of the plays: "If we may judge of the whole work by those volumes of it which have already appeared, I have little hesitation in saying that no other foreign author of the second half of the nineteenth century has been so ably and exhaustively edited in English as Ibsen has been in this instance."¹

The Archer edition concerns itself solely with Ibsen's dramatic works; and even in this respect, it lacks the completeness of the German and Scandinavian editions in regard to the omission of Ibsen's earliest tragedy, *Catilina*. It is to be regretted that this play, immature as it is, should have been omitted, in view of Ibsen's own confession that it was full of self-revelation. In every other respect, the Archer edition is notable, alike for the richness of the brief introductions, in which so much information

and valuable criticism is packed into such small compass, and for the accuracy of the translations. It is also to be regretted that the introductions contain less of Mr. Archer's own personal reminiscences of Ibsen than one would wish; but Mr. Archer has been rigorous in his exclusion of all material not precisely conforming to the conditions set for the introductions. The translations of the plays, revised and worked over most thoroughly from former translations by himself and others, are admirable for precision and straightforwardness; and, save for occasional awkwardness or bookishness of expression, are models of their kind. If we have the feeling that, in *Peer Gynt* for example, the pristine sheen of native expression is rubbed off in translation, let us at least recall that we have much the same feeling in comparing *Peer Gynt* as produced by Mr. Mansfield with the same play as produced by Norwegian players.

Some years ago, in an article entitled "The Real Ibsen," Mr. Archer declared that Ibsen is "not pessimist or optimist or primarily a moralist, though he keeps thinking about morals. He is simply a dramatist, looking with piercing eyes at the world of men and women, and translating into poetry this episode and that from the inexhaustible pageant." To such a broad conception as is here displayed is due the excellence of Mr. Archer's treatment of Ibsen; and in his general introduction he takes occasion to express a similar view: "It was not Ibsen the man of ideas or doctrines that meant so much to me; it was Ibsen the pure poet, the creator of men and women, the searcher of hearts, the weaver of strange webs of destiny." There are passages in the *Letters*, there are recent reminiscences, which tend to validate the sanity of Mr. Archer's view, and to prove that Ibsen's prose ideal was, above all things, to produce the illusion of reality. Take, for example, that paragraph in the letter replying to Passong's inquiry about *Peer Gynt*, in which Ibsen says:

¹ *The New Edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen*. Edited, with Introductions, biographical and critical, by WILLIAM ARCHER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907. In eleven volumes.

"Everything that I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience; in every new poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification — for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs. Hence I wrote the following dedicatory lines in a copy of one of my books: —

"To live — is to war with fiends
That infest the brain and the heart;
To write — is to summon one's self,
And play the judge's part."

The significance of the expression "lived through" is not to be over-estimated for its importance as an actual statement of the form Ibsen's imaginative contemplation was accustomed to take. Incidents, personal traits, characters in real life were all pondered over, sometimes for several years, with the utmost deliberation; if the *idea* did come first, it was fully incarnated in the chosen characters and incidents; and in the utilization of material Ibsen employed the strictest economy. He once acknowledged one of Herman Bang's stories, *Am Wege*, with the statement: "I see all these people; I once met your station-agent at Vendsyssel."¹

The same trait is printed by Brandes in an incident he relates of a certain dinner once given to Ibsen. One of the banqueters, who had taken in the beautiful actress, Fräulein Constance Brunn, arose at the banquet and said, "My partner requests me to present to you, Dr. Ibsen, the thanks of the actresses of the Christiania Theatre and to tell you that there are no rôles which she would rather play, or from which she can learn more, than yours." To which Ibsen immediately replied, "I must state, at the outset, that I do not write rôles, but represent human beings; and that never in my life during the creation

of a play have I had before my eyes an actor or actress."²

From the early days when Ibsen realized himself as Catiline, and incarnated Henrikke Holst in Eline, to the later days of Emilie Bardach and her resurrection in the figure of Hilda Wangel, Ibsen always managed somehow to "get hold of" people for his dramatic works.

The future biographer of Ibsen must work out the hints given by Brandes and others, and discover the real names, true history, and actual connection with Ibsen of many now nameless people who served as models for Ibsen's leading characters. Perhaps this will be a very difficult task, in view of the suspicion that Ibsen probably learned many traits of human character through the numerous letters, often from women, that he received, and of the fact that he was a relentless destroyer of letters. If those little figures that stood on his desk could suddenly be endowed with the power of speech, what strange stories they might have to tell! On the table beside Ibsen's inkstand, we are told, was a small tray. In this tray were extraordinary little toys — "some little carved wooden Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin."

What did Ibsen do with these little figures — identify each one with a human being, talk with them in the solitude of his room, shift them hither and thither, to take their parts and places in the new drama then preparing? "I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table," Ibsen once remarked. "I could not write without them. It may seem strange — perhaps it is — but I cannot write without them." And, with a quiet laugh, he mysteriously added, "Why I use them is my own secret."

¹ *Erinnerungen an Henrik Ibsen*. Von HERMAN BANG. *Die Neue Rundschau*, December, 1906. This "Ibsen Number" contains much valuable information about Ibsen.

² *Henrik Ibsen*. By GEORG BRANDES. *Die Literatur*, vol. xxiii. Berlin: Bord, Marquardt & Co. 1906.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN COMPOUND:

A MORNING PICTURE

BY MARY ANABLE CHAMBERLAIN

IN the memory of one who has lived long in India, there cannot fail to be a vivid picture of the Indian compound in the early morning hours, with its strange noises and stranger activities, with its varied and peculiar characteristics of man, beast, and insect tribe, all rushing and jostling to make the most of the short time in which work may be done in this land of the tropical sun.

The dawn comes early. You hear it getting up about four o'clock in the morning, heralding its approach by a single discordant, scraping, penetrating note, a cross between that of a bagpipe and a worn-out violin, accompanied by strange thumpings and poundings. It is the music of the tom-tom in the distant bazaar, celebrating some one of the innumerable Hindu festivals. Then the nearby oil-mill, its clumsy wooden shaft turned by a pair of lean, half-starved bullocks, begins to revolve, screeching unmercifully in its orbit. Everything in the compound commences to stir, for the sun is no dallier in these regions, and who hopes to keep pace with him must not tarry. For, when that first faint purple light on the hillsides begins to lift, the impetuous bridegroom will come forth from his tabernacle, and the race will begin.

Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, is one so impressed as in India with the fitness and force of that familiar figure used by the Psalmist, in which the sun is portrayed as a "bridegroom coming out of his chamber," and rejoicing "as a strong man to run a race;" for while it might not have occurred to the uninspired imagination to conceive of him, anywhere, in the guise of a bride-

groom, one is bound to be struck, in India, not only with the superb dash of his "going forth," and with the unlimited extent of his "circuit," but with the still more conspicuous fact that, when the race is once on, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

Five o'clock strikes. The tom-tom and the oil-mill have played their tune over and over, and you know it not only by heart, but by every nerve in your body. That gentle squeak in the punkah rope, too, is becoming monotonous. The punkah-wallah, stretched at ease on his back in the outside veranda, fitfully jerks the rope suspended between his useful, but now benumbed, toes, while his partner conjectures in low, but perfectly audible tones as to how much longer you are likely to slumber. The mosquitoes sing a song of rejoicing that the energies of the punkah are waning. The squirrels in the roof overhead discourse in piercing squeaks of the duty of early rising. The monkeys in the banyan without illustrate that lying in bed was not the vice of our ancestors. The eye-flies, swarming above you, proclaim that, in their opinion, your eyes should open to admit them. The sweeper in the adjacent bathroom clatters and bangs with her chatties. The waterman, filling your tub, implies that it is time for your bath.

Realizing the futility of further resistance, you rise, bathe, and dress quickly, and, appearing upon the veranda, greet the punkah-wallahs with courtesies not quite so benevolent as the Anglo-Saxon "Good-morning," which has the effect of relieving you instantly of their presence, and leaves you at leisure, while waiting

for your "chota hazri," to view the landscape o'er.

And if you scan the world over, you will find little better worth looking at in that half-light. On three sides, rising from two to six hundred feet above the broad, flat plain, are hills, shadowy, melting, mobile hills, lying tender and soft in the purple light of the Indian dawn. Dotting their jungle-clad sides are small white temples, suggesting, in the distance, and in the soft light, marble colonnades. Silhouetted against the sky, on the crest of the highest hill, is an ancient fort, a common feature in Indian landscapes, testifying that the scene now before you is a part of the stage upon which Chanda Sahib, Hyder Ali, Tippoo Sultan, the Tiger of Mysore, and that great Englishman, Clive, once were actors.

The hills slope gently down past paddy-fields of the greenest green ever seen, to a big Mofussil town that fills in the fourth side of the picture, and out from which runs a straight white line, passing close by the compound wall. It is the great highway on its route due south to Tuticorin, a smooth, hard, polished road such as Englishmen, the world over, know how to build, a road that makes bicycling a joyous, winged flight, and that will some day, doubtless, attract the touring car of the globe-trotter.

All over the compound, from verandas and "go-downs," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea, in doing so, of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but for the simpler, if less poetic, reason that these draperies constitute his bedding by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that, because the requirements of the Hindu's costume are scanty, his toilet is, therefore, a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of

that great, yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound. Divested of the draperies already referred to, and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Disc Thrower" to that of the most resolute "squatter" upon a Western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. In the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curried, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and splashing, such a rubbing and scrubbing, such a *molishing* and polishing, as leaves nothing to be desired, except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindu, who, priding himself upon being, externally, the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back, and with unerring aim, pours the crystal libation in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his germ-proof interior. This done, his draperies are resumed, and he departs to his work.

Suddenly, as out of a catapult, the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.

The "females" now begin to wend their way, chatties on hips, to the well, each one fully attired, for whatever their matutinal custom may be as regards bathing, their mission to the compound well is not for that purpose. They fill their chatties from the same purling stream in which their lords have just

bathed, and bear them aloft on their perfectly poised heads to their "go-downs," where this same immaculate fluid is used for cleaning the household vessels, for washing and boiling the rice, and for filling the earthen water-jars with the day's supply of drinking water. It is not, however, deemed sufficiently cleansing for washing the floors, the universal agent employed in native houses for that purpose being a saturated solution of the excrement of the cow, the most indispensable antiseptic and germicidal substance known to the Hindu.

In an Indian compound one's first visit in the morning is, usually, to the stables, or stalls, where the horses are kept. Open and accessible alike to air, rain, and robbers, they are protected by a thatched roof from the ravages of the sun. There is no door and no manger, but each stall has three sides and a top, and a horse within, if the sahib's income allows him to afford one in each. The horses are of different nationalities, species, and values, in an ascending scale from the despised "country-bred," which may be bought for a couple of hundred rupees, and subjected to all kinds of abuse by the syce without greatly impairing its value; the Pegu, which comes higher, and which, if handled too roughly, knows how to show the syce a trick or two, unexpectedly; the Australian pony, which, though a peg or two above the "country-bred" and the Pegu, shows a great aptitude for imitating their ways; the Australian cob, fat, sleepy, and lazy, which seems to think it has done its whole duty in costing a round sum to start with; up to the Waler, whose price may run up into the thousands, and the care of which is ever the first consideration with the sahib and the memsahib, after, perhaps, that of the children.

All these are alike subjected by the syce, whose discretion is far in excess of his valor, to the indignity, not of a halter, but of heel-ropes, by which they are firmly tied to their stalls in such a way as to make kicking out of the question. And

the result is, not unnaturally, that a horse which has never thought of kicking before, develops, under this treatment, a conspicuous talent for it, and the syce may consider himself lucky if a taste for biting, as well, does not add itself to its accomplishments in due course. The syce is, by nature, cruel, and by practice becomes so habituated to the exercise of his inborn gifts, that to witness the morning rub-down of her horse is a part of "inspection" duty which the memsahib cheerfully omits. With the head of the animal firmly tied to the stall and its feet lashed securely, he begins operations with an iron hand which has never felt the touch of a velvet glove. He rubs and he scrubs with curry and comb, pokes the horse's ribs, kicks its sides and tickles its belly to within an inch of its life, threatening it, the while, with such terrors as only a syce's voice can foretell, until the poor beast, its eyes starting from their sockets, every tooth showing, and quivering in every limb, shows only too plainly what it would do if the ropes gave way. You have only to witness this scene between the horse and the syce to be left in no doubt as to which of the two is the brute.

Each horse has its syce, whose first duty it is in the morning to curry and molish his beast until its coat is like satin, in proof whereof he is required by the exacting memsahib not only to present the animal in shining condition, but also to produce the hair which has been curried and brushed away, it being well known to the initiated that for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the heathen Hindu is no less "peculiar" than the "heathen Chinese." Accordingly, the syce is required to place the horse's hair in a small heap on the ground where the memsahib, or, if the day be an unpropitious one, the sahib himself, can "inspect" it, compare its color with that of the horse, and, in the event of there being an east wind, or anything else wrong with the sahib, he may obtain relief by looking into the matter of the syce's short-

comings. After this, the little piles are all carefully burned, with, perhaps, the exception of one or two remote and inconspicuous ones which lend themselves to easy removal while the sahib's back is turned, and which may thus be rendered available for the next day's inspection.

It is understood that each horse must be furnished with clean bed-straw and a large bundle of dried grass daily, which needs, also, to be watched and inspected, for the syce's wife, the grass-cutter, whose function it is to provide these accessories, is, although unknown to fame, a person endowed with an amount of creative genius sufficient to place her in the front rank of fiction authors, had the lines fallen to her in their place instead of her own. She can make one bundle of dried grass, by shaking it out, and turning it over, and doing it up again upside down, and inserting a few stones to preserve its weight, and by the judicious introduction of one or two really new elements, go further in the production of dramatic effects between herself and the memsahib than the average fiction writer could achieve with all the materials in the universe at his command.

The most burning question, however, in connection with the horse is its gram. This grain, a species of pulse, is endowed with the thrifty but not altogether peaceable virtue of increasing largely in bulk in the process of cooking: the syce says twofold, the sahib three, and the memsahib four. It has, moreover, the still more questionable endowment of being edible for syces as well as for horses, and when you take into consideration the fact that the syce does the cooking and measuring, the memsahib the inspecting, and the sahib the objecting, with the butler for referee, the complications arising need scarcely be pointed out. They are such as to leave the memsahib, usually, with no resource but the time-saving one of abusing the butler.

A striking feature of the morning routine of the compound is the method of

extracting milk from the domestic cow. This animal, though of the feminine gender, is, as is well known, sacred in India, and the attitude of the Hindu towards her, in spite of her sex, is one of extreme tenderness and consideration. It is in sharp contrast, indeed, to the spirit of cruelty which he evinces towards the horse, the care of which he relegates to the lowest pariah in the community, while the cow, on the other hand, always has a caste man for her keeper. I see him approaching now, leading his sacred charge gingerly by a rope. He, though a high-caste Hindu, affects the "simple life" openly, by wearing a turban, chiefly, for costume. She, though ever so sacred, makes no pretense to holiness in her conduct. As he moves forward she pulls back, straining every fibre of the by no means invincible cord. He is a tallish man, for a Hindu, erect in carriage, and, in spite of the limitations of his costume, not undignified in bearing. She is a handsome beast, tall, stately, raw-boned, impressive, apt to be white, sure to be humped, and imported, as a rule, from Nellore.

A glance shows you that you are about to be treated, for once, to that unwonted spectacle, in India, of a male subdued by a female. The man's — and a caste man's, at that — demeanor is humble. The cow's is defiant. He coaxes her, coaxes her, indicates tactfully which way he would have her go. She shakes her head, tosses it scornfully, indicates unmistakably that she will go where she pleases. He tries persuasion. Adjusting his lips, tongue, and teeth in a manner known only to Hindus, and by them employed only with cows, he evolves a series of seductive sounds designed to reduce her to reason, but which, as is not unheard-of with females in other walks of life, have the unfortunate effect of only enraging her the more. She makes a break for the bungalow, dragging the man after her by the rope, spies the memsahib "inspecting," is offended that she should wear skirts instead of a tying-cloth, and charges, head down, in

her direction, with a resultant of screams and confusion that brings every servant in the compound to the rescue. Then they all (with the exception of the memsahib) surround the cow, and with pushings and pullings and a full chorus of the soothing sounds I have mentioned, and with, perhaps, a few gentle tail-twistings, bring her, at last, to the back veranda, where she is to be milked. Here again the caste man's frame of mind is one of humble submission.

It is interesting, indeed, to observe how, under the spell of religious or other inherited custom, he who, with one-half the provocation, would mete out and apportion a round of chastisements to the females of his own bosom and go-down, never thinks of resorting to such measures with his cow. He gives her time to collect herself and to forget the memsahib's skirts, and approaches her in a spirit of the entire friendliness of which he assures her by the dulcet tones of his voice.

He has no milking-stool, but takes his seat easily on the calves of his legs, borne aloft on the tips of his toes, where he remains throughout the milking in an attitude possible to the Westerner only after long practice in the gymnasium. His pail, lightly upheld between his bent knees, is a tin cup holding, at most, a quart. The cow declines to part with a drop of her milk until her calf has been sent for. Now her offspring may be just born, half-grown, or dead, it matters not which, save that, in the event of the last contingency, she insists upon having it stuffed. If quite new, the calf is allowed a few moments' indulgence at the maternal udder; if half-grown, it is permitted a sniff at it; after which, in both cases, it is dragged away and tied to its mother's fore leg, where she caresses it throughout the milking. If dead, the skin is stuffed with straw and anchored within her reach, where it appears to give quite as much satisfaction as when alive. These concessions accorded, she consents to impart her milk, — a thin, colorless

fluid which, in the most liberal estimate, does not exceed a pint or two.

The milking concluded, the caste man, who knows that a pint of milk or even two will not go far in supplying an English menu, takes a look round, and if it appears that his horoscope for the day has arranged favorable conjunctions of the memsahib and the butler in other parts of the compound, he benevolently increases the quantity of milk from a chatty previously filled at the compound well and deftly concealed in the folds of his tying-cloth: for, although he is a caste man, himself, and, therefore, particular to drink water in which only those of his own caste have bathed, he knows that the sahib and the memsahib are not caste people, and, indeed, do not believe in it, wherefore they may, without jeopardy to their souls, drink water in which all the world has bathed.

And this brings us to the subject of the drinking-water supply, a question even more burning than that of the horse's grain; for, given three hundred millions of devout Hindus, all sincerely convinced, not that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but that *it is* godliness, and given, also, the fact that, in India, ninety-nine rivers out of a hundred are dry, one can see what a tax there must be on the wells. You may build round your well, if you will, a wall of chunam: you may cover its top with a lid, locked and bolted; you may plaster it over with threats of what you will do to all trespassers, but you cannot get rid of the stubborn truth that water is scarce and bathing compulsory in India. You may set up in your back veranda, as every one does, tripods of bamboo wound round with straw, bearing chatties filled to the brim with charcoal and sand, through which your water is filtered, drop by drop; but you cannot filter your facts.

The best the memsahib can do is to choose a well distant enough for her never to see who bathes in it, and then to command the butler to see that the water-

bearer gets to it first in the morning. This he will profess always to do; but, since the memsahib's imagination is a wayward thing, and hard to control, and since the water-bearer is a being also addicted to bathing, she usually adds to her peace by first boiling the water and then filtering it; after which, to make sure, she boils it again, and then drinks soda water.

By the time these ceremonies have all been performed, the sun is well on his way towards the "home stretch," and the memsahib is well on hers towards distraction with the morning's "inspecting," while the whole compound is in a whirl of industry to get the work done before the sun reaches the meridian and calls a halt for refreshments.

The "malas" are sweeping the walks with handfuls of brush, the water-bearers are deluging pots with avalanches of water. The cook is hurrying home from the bazaar with the day's supplies, his wife in his rear meekly bearing his bundles. Bullocks are dizzily turning the crank at the well that hauls up the buffalo hide filled with water to flood the channels that lead to the gardens and tanks. The dharzee hastens in to his seat in the front veranda to copy his mistress's latest costume from London. Native barbers, squatting upon the ground, are shaving the heads of those who have leisure. Women are pounding paddy and grinding curry-stuffs between stones in the open doors of their go-downs. Others, sometimes three deep, are frankly employed in the open, each with the head of the other, in those entomological researches known as "The Madras Hunt."

Jugglers in the drive in front of the bungalow strive to catch the eye of the memsahib by performing their tricks. With no better appliances than a few shallow baskets, a dirty cloth or two, a network of cords, and a few fangless cobras, they contrive, under the inspiration of the ear-splitting strains from a gourd pipe, to turn the cobras into doves, the doves into rupees, to

swallow the rupees and recover them from their ears, to eat fire and eject it from nostrils and eyes, to devour swords without visible damage to their internal economy, to create mango trees out of nothing and cause them to blossom and fruit before the memsahib's unconvinced eyes, to burn live coals on a woman's bare head (the memsahib observes that their most murderous tricks are always done on a woman), to make balls jump up and down in the air unassisted, which they appear to do joyfully; and, if the memsahib betrays the slightest symptom of interest, to arrest her horrified attention by doing the "basket trick." In this they tie up a woman in a basket and run the basket through and through with swords, and when the blood gushes out and the woman's screams are about to produce the police, the top is lifted from the empty basket and the woman is laughing at the indignant memsahib from behind the hedge yonder.

Nor should we forget the hawker who appears about breakfast time upon the veranda. If a Madras hawker, he will have in his bundle the crude but not unwelcome items of needles and thread, pins, hooks and eyes, stockings and handkerchiefs, hairpins and shoestrings, muslins and long cloths of which the memsahib often has need. If a Bombay hawker, he will fill every square inch of the veranda with brass from Benares, silver from Cutch and Madras, alabaster from Agra, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, turquoise, and jade, curtains and rugs from Cashmere, jewelry and precious stones from Ceylon, and embroideries from the Middle Ages, all of which he offers to the memsahib at exorbitant prices, growing more moderate as her indifference increases, until, at last, he begs her to take any or all of them at her own price rather than bring him ill luck for a whole season by refusing to buy of him on this, his first call at her bungalow.

The road that runs by the compound wall is, by this time, a scene of motley confusion. Upon it in an unending

stream are to be seen the springless, two-wheeled jutka of the Madrassee, who, seated in the open front of his vehicle, tightly embraces with his bare legs the flanks of his madly galloping "country-bred" steed; the heavy, lumbering ox-cart, laden with bags of rice, drawn by the slow and stately bullocks, whose speed is encouraged but hardly accelerated by their drivers' vehement tail-twisting; the long line of bamboo-covered or thatched-roofed "bandies," or carts, heavily weighted with rice, ragi, cholam, gram, cocoanuts, wheat, and what not, on their journey to the bazaar; the droves of densely packed, slowly moving, deeply meditating, miraculously ugly female buffaloes on the way to their dry and arid pasture; the faster moving, more comely looking, but most vicious-tempered domestic cow pursuing the same route as her less prepossessing but more amiable sister; the smart native official in his English-looking "trap," clothed in a little brief authority, and in European dress, above which his never discarded turban adds the last touch to a curiously incongruous picture; the English official in his shining white helmet, dashing by in his high, well-appointed dog-cart, his syce standing up behind and shouting as only a syce can to everything in heaven and earth to make way for his master's big, Australian Waler; the marriage company laden with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers, and joyful with tom-toms, accompanying the bridal party home; the funeral procession on its way to the burning ghât, laden, also, with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers for the soul's long journey, wending its way with weirdest noise of drum-beat and cymbal, conventional wailing and woe, the stiff, stark body covered with garlands and borne aloft on the shoulders of men, the dead face lifted, fixed and unflinching, to meet the blazing eye of the sun; and the never-ceasing tramp and soft, dull thud in the dust of the bare human feet of the coolie seeking work and the pilgrim seeking rest. All are hurrying forward to reach

some shade or shelter before the sun marks high noon and calls the race off for the day.

In the back veranda maties and syces, gardeners and punkah-wallahs, are tumbling over one another in the exercise of their various functions and in obedience to the butler's orders, preparatory to serving breakfast, the concluding feature of the morning's activities. And, although it is by no means so stately a function as dinner, it is reposeful after the morning scramble. The punkah waves tranquilly over the gracefully decorated table. The butler and maties, clad in spotless muslins and bright turbans, their bare feet stepping softly, voices hushed and speaking in whispers, are soothing to tired nerves. The cook, too, is a chef of no mean ability, though it is best not to inquire too closely into his methods. The chicks have been lowered in the veranda to shut out the sun and the hawkers, and an atmosphere of quiet and peace begins to prevail.

The memsahib, worn out with the heat and the morning's "inspecting," takes her seat wearily at the head of the table. Her conversation is domestic, and is unhindered by the presence of the butler and maties. The sahib, fresh from his tub, after a run with his hounds followed by several hours of hard "inspecting" in his own department, listens while she recounts her morning's experiences. She speaks of the episode of the cow, records her doubts as to the integrity of the milk, reveals her suspicions about the gram, and the little heaps of horsehair in the stalls, describes the tantrums she had with the grass-cutter over the bundles of grass for the horses, mentions her quarrel with the cook over his bazaar account, condemns the carelessness of the chokra in breaking the last tumbler but one, states her conviction that the kerosene oil has been extracted from the lamps by other means than combustion, and tells of her horror at finding that, after all the boiling and filtering, the drinking water was alive that morning

with mosquito larvæ, and quite capable of walking alone if so disposed, — all in plain English and regardless of the fact that the butler's command of that language was the chief accomplishment mentioned in the "character" for which she engaged him. She makes fervent allusion, also, to those "vile brutes," the jugglers, and to those "nasty creatures," the hawkers, to all of which the butler, while listening attentively, appears outwardly unobservant.

The sahib, too, has had a morning of it. Being an Englishman, he has been trained to "cross-country" riding in England, which pastime he has imported with himself into India with as few modifications as possible. But unfortunately neither the horses nor the country in India have been properly trained to such sports. Instead of the neat hedges, trim fences, five-barred gates, and open fields of his native isles, this impossible substitute for a country consists chiefly of jungles, paddy-fields, tank bunds, and prickly pear. The horses, far from taking their bunkers easily and in good form, seem to be hopelessly fixed in the habit of coming down on their noses. And, worst of all, in lieu of the willing and well-tamed fox of the home land, he is compelled to make shift with that unaccountable creature, the jackal, which, unaccustomed to playing the game, and being, moreover, well posted on the "lay of the land," has that morning led him and his hounds a chase involving a trail through dense jungles, a trip through paddy-fields knee-deep in water and mud, a run round a tank bund copiously bordered with venomous cacti, and a final dash to cover in a thicket of prickly pear, — a very irregular and objectionable finish from the point of view of hounds and sahib alike.

The sahib recounts all this to the memsahib, commenting freely upon the character of the country, the nature of jackals, and the general disposition of horses and syces in India. He makes frequent use in his discourse of the word "infernal," which in no wise disturbs the serenity of the butler, who is used to it, and who understands that the word represents a condition of things introduced into the country by the English, and for which he is, therefore, not responsible. It appears, also, from the sahib's remarks that the "brute" creation must have multiplied considerably since the days when Noah went into the ark. He applies the word impartially to his horse, to his syce, to the jackal, to the prickly pear, and to the country in general, which has the effect of arousing a high though suppressed degree of interest in the minds of the butler and maties, whose ancestors were all advanced evolutionists.

It happens, therefore, as a fitting though painful finale to the scenes of the morning that the butler, becoming absorbed in the conversation, forgets how low hangs the punkah, and failing to evade it on its return swing, suddenly finds himself bareheaded, a situation far more embarrassing to a Hindu than to be caught coatless would be to a European. He also has the unspeakable pain of beholding his turban acting as a centre piece for the table, and as an all too capacious cover to the butter dish.

Exit the butler, his serenity greatly impaired, to the back veranda; the memsahib, after a time, in despair, to her apartments; and the sahib, gloomily, to his office, where his "tappal" awaits him. It is best not to inquire too particularly into what awaits his clerks.

VOICES

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime.

THERE is a vibration of command in the fine-strung human voice. It demands the answering auditory quality, thereby completing the circuit.

And yet, any articulate demand of value cannot stop at the verge of the sensory powers. Its rhythmical questionings go sounding over the waters of our being, stirring the long sea-grasses of our fancy, that seem so fragile, and are yet deep-rooted and vigorous. They are dependent on the sturdy waves that flutter open the petals of their submental flowers, as the surges by our shore unfold the rock-anemone.

Such is the eternal curiosity of this blinded depth, that it awaits the tide of sound with the avidity and wistfulness of a Helen Keller, spelling out messages from the touch of a hand.

Each new voice, to a sensitive listener, betrays the owner. By its largesse, capricious leaps, sedate levels, overflows of laughter, undertones of days lived and lovable, promises, assurances, and reserves, you are already far on the road to acquaintance, when this new sprite of a voice knocks first at your door. He cannot help it! Better flee than attempt disguise. All that is subtle beneath, the silver tongue has just hinted. Whatever is there of sad or slow-blossoming he can scarcely disguise. We say, "Dear me, how he has suffered!" We cry, "Ah, there's a happy man for you!" and neither knows that he is limned as clearly to us through his resounding syllables as the special character of elm and willow through our window-pane. In spite of this, degrees and possibilities are still to be discovered, and cynicism or a brave heart, a fad or willful reserve, may build the close-fitted armor protecting

his depths even as the barrier in certain eyes is like a veil over the soul.

I think Jeanne d'Arc listened for her voices with no deeper eagerness than we when the newcomer nears our circle. We are interested each in the other. Irretrievably inclosed in our shell of beautiful tissues and moving blood, the lonely soul within the clay, informed of all that passes, enlarged or restricted as that clay may be modeled, is listening constantly from that central solitude for whatever may cheer, awaken, or illuminate.

The woodland beasts that crept around Apollo and found voice for their inarticulacy in that divinity of sound, needed no more to be entreated than does the human when it scents the divine.

Certain voices level away the steeps of darkness; all is light. Like Vittoria singing against the black pines, her voice calm and full as the white moon's calmness there, they shine. Like Elsa above Ortrud's guilty shadow, they are syllables of light. Or, like bells touched in the late night, they are clear, round-throated, calling up the dawn across dim shadowy hollows, where cold mist hovers about dew-frosted thyme and ivy by mills yet silent.

Voices of such resonant vibration have absolutely the quality of the bell in the tower, already silent, still quivering, but filling the air with a melodious humming of bronze — the bees of sound at work at their honey-making about the airy hive.

Such the voice of power. Not incomplete, or unawakened. However restricted once the personality now seeking expression, we are sure that no light experience of years must have perfected chimes like these. Whatever is mellow in their ringing, or far-piercing, or poig-

nant, there the fire brought it, left it, — fire of the gods. Heroes are tempered therein, and the sober sound that flames utter on wintry hearth is theirs and also the soft singing that apple-boughs are wont to break into there, — of dead summers when drought and heat lay on the land, and yet the apple ripened.

But one can imagine only with difficulty the complete voice. It should range throughout life and life's mysteries, crudities, solemnities, noble rages, ignoble terrors, — and as the sound races in our ears, it should be so much larger a fancy than our own, so incalculably dominant, that we, too, are on foot and away, illimitable ourselves, at the moment. Controlled, it must be, yet thereby no stranger to life. He that rides all day from dawn to the gray of evening has heard many a cross-road cry and many a Philomela. He has faltered and fallen. He is knight and rescuer, slow plodder under storm, willing traveler beside ambulant pilgrim or priest. Betrayed, succored, never betraying, never quite losing kerchief or shield, he wanders near at last, bringing the world to our ears through his voicing of its medley.

"I care not whether you listen," says the Voice Beautiful. "Soon or late, you cannot resist me. Varied as the Magician commanded am I. Perhaps I am fathoming for you a beauty deeper than that I simulate. I am not quite perfection. I am the instrument that suggests to you the ideal; through my scope you dream. Are you unsouled like the Ice-Queen, it is for me to unlock those crystal portals through which your heart shall feel the warmth of my aria. Surely, at times I belong to beings of no great or peculiar power. I speak in the sunny phrases of the hill-women when they have basked long on the massive shoulder of Italy, and musical are the slow words they let fall as you pass. I am the voice of Calvé, blotted against the great stage wings, seductive, velvet. I am the shepherd tongue that counts its lambs at twilight, the pastoral tongue of content. Sir Philip

Sidney am I, in thirst and honor dying, or the hundred Lohengrins of life, those young Swans that float away. Pilgrims and penitents have known my voice as theirs. Many a nymph have I inspired: many a dryad, leaf-crowned by old Pan, has, with him, shared my whispering. I range from the reed of a poet to the bolt of a Jove of mankind — leader, exhorter, law-giver. I croon with the cow-boy as he holds the restive cattle by his chant under the stars on the unbarred prairies, where the far mesa casts no shadow at dawn. When your dearest lie down to sleep, I am that faint Good-night! When they are drifting forever from you, my own voice is that last breathing of your name. When the priest calls up the beauty of deed and life of one in rest before him, my peace dwells in his tone. For some one of you I become, at last, most intimate, most dear, in the note that, with you and the Spirit, closes the chord."

Get you dreams — ye work-a-day! Hark to the Voice! But only by intuition, by sympathy, by holy love, may you win.

One accent of the Holy Ghost

The heedless world hath never lost.

The full power of the Vox Humana calls, and at last ye understand, for life has taught you. But at first ye understood not, though from earliest time it called.

Curious the effect of many voices in a crowd. The sibilance and reiteration of similar sounds rattle at last in the ear, hiss and subside, and rear again the hydra-heads. And suddenly, a single voice is born out of this tumult. You are instantly quite secure in a little special peaceful atmosphere of your own and some one's else, produced entirely by the key of tone to which your own sensitiveness is attuned, and which in some mysterious way, under all its dailiness, says Beautiful! to you. And the voice heard from a distance, the owner quite invisible, is the veritable voice reduced to its own merits; no lift of eyebrow, no familiar flicker of the lips, no laughter below the

crumpling eyes. Swiftly adaptive and flexible, the supple throat follows the convolutions of its deft mind, and you stand as if with eyes closed, hearing the soul play close to unsewn lips, they translating all sorts of hidden languages and folk-lore and loveliness to you, though bare words themselves are unheard.

There are harp strings in the human throat. Personality plays upon them. When its hands are firm, white, and accustomed, you shall hear marvelous melodies. And if they throb and thrum for one alone, he shall know the vibration of the spheres.

The young voice, a disembodied treble floating over all that is to be, as yet, latent, unborn, — is curiously clear, un-stirring and limpid, as if you looked into a spring so untroubled that it cast back the pure spaciousness above quite undisturbed. It is so untried that it cannot vibrate yet with the strength of endeavor and the pride of victory. There is no shadow-wing of defeat, retreating across the sky. However passionless and irresponsible these child-like vocables, they hold you to an upper scale of charm, to the highlands of youth, where the young lambs play and the sun rises early and has many hours to run! Well may you dream of dew and freshness, for here is the real morning voice.

But the voice that is awakening and trying its chords, running, half-fearfully, on scales that are swiftly responsive, astoundingly vigorous, develops magical assonances, startling and novel rearrangements of jaded harmonies. When such a voice is not yet overlaid with usage, custom, weariness, or bitterness, the daily rites of dissimulation and fact, the accretions of other accents, other minds, when it speaks in its own clarity and purity on a range as yet slight, it is most musical, most haunting in its brief cadences and springing laughter. So, while such a young soul is unconsciously uttering itself, all turn to hear, for conqueror and conquered alike are thirsty for the sound.

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However, the great instrument that is utterly alive and awake has a richness comparable to nothing daily. Only wild and rare similes may suffice. Somewhat exotic it has, like the flash of a Bird of Paradise in the forest. Or it curves to dazzling extremes of color, like the necklace of Isabella d'Este, — "black amber beads and gold and enamelled roses," luxuriously sliding one against the other. It is Miriam. It is that Vittoria of Colonna when he of the Chapel was listening to her. It is Beatrice. And, not least of these — Diana Warwick.

There was once a Padre Giovanni in Rome who sang with such charm and potency that Jealousy stilled that voice to the world. Yet the other soul, the evil one, died too. What of the voice of Jealousy still singing from such depths of hatred and murder within? But how many accents have perished through a dying soul! What wrecks of men lie below the shambling tones, the irrational vagaries of diction we hear! Through dry rot and mildew, parasite and slothful sap, they failed and, at last, the great wind in the night broke them at the woodland border, strewing the lane with litter for the pot, that creaked but woefully as it fell.

Saddest of all is to hearken to the voice — young, and yet never to be young again — passing below in the night of a great city. Pleading, sobbing, half-wild, wholly alone forever, it yet clings to what it has best known. The poignancy and terror of such silver weeping sweep across the brief segment of dark, an answering deep note soothing, sustaining, pleading as well, while the ghostly duo fades into that night from which it sprang. It is like an apparition from Dante's brain. And that grave mind that saw so deeply into hearts and passions of men must have pitied, had it ever heard such sobbing in the night.

Golden is the gift of Silence, for the golden tongue is rare. Rare the orator, the speaker, who shall own both pearls of diction, and well of experience. If he

croak or lisp, hesitate or drawl, then his jewels are set in such clumsy wise they must, of need, be reset in type, shining then with fairer lustre, farther thrown. Yet at times he is born to hold and charm his people with a voice fully expressive of his own powers. If he speak of farthest Thibet or Nyanza, describe to you the flickering Aurora or the camp-fire flaming on rough totems; if he divine some accustomt poet or interpret anew the world's old wisdom; or if at last, he chant so clearly the laws of being, of living, doing, and loving, that all tired or hopeless eyes see suddenly the culmination of a Happy Age; if he stir men to deeds, or shock them from selfishness; arouse from sloth, shame the miser's hand from grip on purse-strings, lead some to peace and others to nobility, what shall be more truly golden than an organ such as this?

How, in the night, the sounds of memoried voices go leaping through one's brain!

Blind Jean croons by the espaliered pear in the old Breton garden. In low crypts and under naves where painted glass turns gray walls to prismatic sunlight, the kneeling women whisper softly. In San Marco, the antique saints about the domes hang above chants rising from beside that glowing altar of transparencies, gems and gold. Voices in dark alleys caroling. The gruff cries of coal-heavers below harbored ships at night. Fishermen calling across the little bay, as twilight shuts down upon their furling sails. The mast-head cry. The tone of her that still is "stepping westward." Reuben in the swamp, calling the red cow home from redder sumach. Beagles in dry autumn grass, and the gay halloo behind. The shepherd, brown upon his browner moor,—a faint touch on its immensity,—his voice a plover cry across it. And the roundelays in harvest field or vineyard.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

A few bees make populous the brown moor. It is no longer lonely. A single thrush in the greenest hollows of the

woods makes the palisaded glooms companionable. It shall go hard if you share not your rock by the sea with one voice of the untamed wing.

But the Voice Impalpable! It is that which lives not, yet is immortal, which has never quite died, having been once born, bearing a fame like that of the arms of Helen, the peak of Ætna, the shoulders of Olympian Hermes, Hylas below the trailing maiden-hair — things that sang not, yet are sung and voiced forever.

Such potencies are the springs of poets. These are their Alps. The glacier of Time stores all things in its subterranean heart. But he who watches far off where Time's laggard stream drops the freshness of its reservoirs in his own springs, hears the Voice Impalpable from those dim caverns, and the very intoxication of their antique wine hangs about the lips that, in a divinity of passion, speak of ideal loneliness, or strength, or purity of soaring line, or fables of the elder world.

The real singers were primal Pan and his forest friends. Polyphemus, too, lamented by the sea, and his rough voice is beauty now. Bacchantes cried out, ranging the forest. The Strayed Reveler whispered under the white portico. There were voices in Athens, burning tongues in Rome. There was the hushed murmur in the narrow dark crowded streets about that first picture of Cimabue. What gasping words of hatred when Scotch Mary's breath was cloven! What sound was that of the long wolf howl by the Bastille! What acclamations rose from serf and slave when told of freedom!

Of the Voice Impalpable is one living thing,—the Voice of Song. It is eternal. One tiniest rough scrap of clay has given it tongue. For in one of the oldest and poorest streets of that city in France once called Marsalia, running above the crowded port where the beaks of great ships hang above the quai, is the shop of Rafael. He was born in Amalfi, in that sunny town of the great church steps and cliff *viale*, built along the islanded sea below Ravello's Moorish Towers and

the steep *salite* where hill-women bear heavy burdens on their shoulders. And here, in this alien town, in a shop so restricted that one small table by a single window must hold his primitive moulds and tools, he has found space to hang a few colored prints of his home, and his face will light up when you notice them.

He is an artist of the Santons or Santouns — the clay images made in thousands for the Christmas *crèches* and sold along the boulevards in the December fair. But he goes not to the fair with his work — being an artist!

And when you have finished looking at the curious little pots of color, earthy in foundation, the tiny brushes, moulds, clay models, and saints as yet untuned, that litter the dim little bench, you find all the Santons arranged on shelves, of two or even three sizes, from the smallest pink baby Jesus who could lie so sweetly in a tiny manger, to a swarthy stalwart King, all spotted ermine and gold, clasping a vase of treasures. Here is Mary,

adoring. Here, the countrywoman, come to admire, with her gift of poultry. There, the wanderer with bagpipe and swathed legs like the Campagna peasants, or a cluster of angels, ready to suspend from some neat wire. And there, that day, stood the Voice of Song. He was a little shepherd. You could see he was sitting on a rock of the hillside, flocks not far away. The pipes were at his childish lips, and his little face had so young and fair an aspect that you could imagine it looking up into that clear bright heaven where hung the Star above Judea. To the Deliverer, the Expected, the Good, was he piping, and yet, just the love of the double throat was really at the bottom of this heart; and in that breathing-out of art fulfilled, lay his joy over the Unknown and the Good.

There is a Paradisal murmuring in the voice that demands the aureole of the Star. Bound on the forehead, it sanctifies the lips.

The little Voice of Song, — it sleeps all night below the Star.

GEORGE BANCROFT

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

THIS magisterial and critical life¹ of a great historian is very welcome. By subtle touches and careful selection of letters, the biographer has created the environment of the man, the background against which he was seen by the men of his own race-stock, the movement of politics in America during the pregnant period of his life, and the triumphant efforts of American diplomacy which he put forth.

The outer Bancroft is also well modeled in the book: the slender elegance of

his form; the intellectual features; the manners and mannerisms of ambitious youth; the harmless but trying pose due to a foreign-trained mind and receptive nature; the countenance that expressed disdain of parochialism; the rather unskillful attitude of an apostle proclaiming the gospel of nationality, democracy, and expansion; the irritating assurance of the experienced politician, a political non-conformist dispensing favors to the members of a political sect foreign to eastern Massachusetts; the triumphant historian of American democracy, the citizen of the world. All this is in the book, and its impartiality is such that, weighing and

¹ *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft.* By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

balancing, the reader wonders a little whether this was or was not a sincere and lovable man; whether he was a statesman or a politician, a great historian or an historical pleader, not to say romancer.

It was not the task of the biographer to set forth at length and in bold outline the characteristics of the nineteenth century in thought and aspirations, or the reaction of the new Europe upon the old, and the reverse. Yet we venture to think that no adequate judgment of Bancroft can be formed without great emphasis on the fact that he lived in an epoch so close to ours in time, and yet so remote in sentiment that it is hard to be comprehended. The century just past was the age of utopias: the effort to realize them was earnest, serious, incessant. The very concepts of liberty, democracy, nationality, were utopian; the words connote a state of mind; experiment, rather than concrete reality, in the means and ends, is dominant. Representation, discussion, extension of the suffrage; unity of speech, institutions, laws; natural boundaries, human perfectibility, the average man, patriotism and self-denial for the general good, all these are ideals capable only of partial realization. But to our fathers and forefathers they appeared attainable goals, for those generations were idealistic, full of faith, hope, confidence. They had seen a mighty deliverance from ignorance and ecclesiasticism, they were convinced that regenerate man would make a regenerate world; they did not see the reaction to unbelief, self-indulgence, and flippancy which gives us new standards and new sanctions. From this standpoint it is very easy to misunderstand Bancroft's life and work, for he was a man of his own age, with its style, its aspirations, its methods of work; a leader moreover, always a little in advance of the social movement.

Sincerity of manner consorts but partially and imperfectly with the outward appearance of the idealist and optimist. He is himself convinced, but he is rather

deprecatory, since there is so little co-operation of the will, either personal or collective; his convictions, based on religion and philosophy, are not convincing to the materialistic time-server and muck-raker, not even to the majority of conservative, matter-of-fact persons, who are the overwhelming majority; still less so to the pessimistic elect of students and thinkers. To be at once an idealist and a man of affairs, dealing with selfish interest on every side, is to challenge the stigma of insincerity, and Bancroft was a perfect illustration of such a double activity. In learning he aimed higher than he could hit, in education he saw a vision of the unattainable, in his science the facts he so laboriously accumulated were interpreted in the light of imagination, in politics he was not of New England, but of America, — not of America, but of the civilized world. It is given to very few to be alike patriotic and cosmopolitan; to write history not only for those who have lived it, but also in the perspective of philosophical generalization.

This was the only sense in which Bancroft can be misinterpreted. His ambitions were insatiate but honorable; his social aspirations were chivalrous and aristocratic; but, though given to gallantry, he never forgot the democracy and prudery of his Puritan blood; the means by which he attained to a certain opulence were exactly those which were practiced and approved by the great of his age, — thrift, office-holding, judicious investment, and honorable marriage. Born under conditions severe and simple, he affected and cultivated, first, the manners of the university hierarchy, here and abroad; then, those of the opulent and governing classes among whom he lived in both Europe and America. He was not born to this manner, and his style was the garb, not of his spirit, but of his person. Many felt it and remarked it; envy made it a source of unkind criticism. What he did, and professed, and wrote, was scrutinized with a search for artificiality and pose. Yet he was neither

artificial nor poseur: his life was a continuous evolution of all that is highest in man; his mistakes were rectified, his mannerisms were shed, his learning was fortified and enlarged, his hold on verities was strengthened, and his social capacities were refreshed and broadened throughout. It was not his fault that others disliked the process, and disapproved of an inconsistency which is really loyalty to new truths as they emerge; adaptability, however, is not necessarily insincerity.

Furthermore, in order that justice may be done to such a man, attention must be given to the evolution of method in writing history. Call history literature, or science, or discipline, evolution as a mode of thought was discovered and cultivated by historians long before natural science proclaimed it from the house-top as a novelty. The ancients had definite conceptions of the change from simplicity to complexity in every department of human life. They did not, for manifest reasons, carry that doctrine into the field of comparative politics. Indeed, the inception of natural science was due to the observation and classification of human phenomena. There was not only man, but there was his home; how did this habitat come into existence, and what was the evolution of its form? So a science of nature emerged through use of the comparative method; out of many haphazard questionings sprang Vico's attempt at another advance, that to historical evolution. He failed likewise in securing any fruitful system, because, like his predecessors, he did not lay hold of the comparative method. Aristotle had marked the organic nature of human society; Voltaire, by satire, criticism, and doubt, discovered the unity of history. But it was not until the opening of the last century that to the conception of organic unity in separate societies was added the revolutionary thought of organic unity in the totality of human association.

This was the phase of historical philosophy which the young Bancroft en-

countered at Goettingen. The doctrine had both limit and proportion, as tentatively set forth by Heeren, but in the writings of Herder and Hegel the tiny craft was launched on a boundless ocean of speculation. Both were optimistic fatalists, or, rather, teleologists. They falsely conceived of progress as both a material and a moral product: it was Kant who proved it to be only the latter. Whoever may be the adventurer of the twentieth century bold enough to explore the ponderous tomes of philosophy in history, and of history in philosophy containing the speculation of those days, he will give vast credit to the young Bancroft for emerging from all that disorderly tropical luxuriance with a clear head and definite notions. The mystery in the soul of human society he frankly accepted, but his thesis was sane and sound: that in spite of this, there is an evolution to be accomplished by human effort; that the race persists, however men may disappear; that advance is possible, however strong the shackles of habit, prejudice, and nature; that in conflict with the past, mankind renews its vital energies. This was for him the focal concept in the study of the past by the comparative method.

The equipment for work along such lines demands a vast erudition; not the unorganized mass of uncouth, unrelated knowledge under which the universal scholar of the eighteenth and preceding centuries staggered along, scattering its wisps and bundles as he marched, but the classified orderly knowledge produced by all the ancillary sciences which had come and still were coming into being: archæology, geography, sociology, philology, mythology, and ethnology, all working by the comparison of group with group, age with age. To the acquisition of these results Bancroft girded himself, and throughout his long life he was untiring in his acquisitions. But he did more: he sought not merely knowledge, he sought wisdom; in French phrase, he desired to be not alone an "érudit" but

a "savant." Accordingly he was a successful student, both theoretically and historically. He labored to learn and he labored to think. In both respects he commanded the admiration and respect of his greatest contemporaries in England, Germany, and the larger America. "Er kennt Kant durchaus," said Trendelenburg to an American scholar. There is abundant evidence of his high standing within the covers of these handsome volumes, patent to every reader.

These brief hints are given with profound respect for the most fundamental maxim of historical ethics: Represent every man from his own standpoint; judge him, if you like, from your own. It must be clear that in no respect was Bancroft's standpoint that of his critics. Most of them never even had a glimpse of the heights which he stormed. He certainly did represent the actors of history from their own standpoint, but with equal certainty he also judged them from his own, which was not theirs nor that of their descendants. And in the wordy letters which ensued, his pamphlets, rejoinders, rebuttals, and sur-rebuttals were weapons at least as keen as were those of his opponents. Such warfare leaves many wounds, many irritating bruises and scratches on the self-esteem of the antagonists. But it does not argue anything dubious or artificial in the defender of a citadel.

"Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben." These words were often on Bancroft's lips, and they were the explanation of his conduct. He had an insatiable curiosity about the great facts of life. The chart on which he spread the base lines and correlated what he learned was capacious, and he had no series of set formulas by which he examined his material. The painstaking and almost painful composition, the equally meticulous revision of his book, the varying positions in which at every period of life he placed himself, from which to view both the details of his book and its unity; the changes, suppressions, rearrangements,

additions, down to the very last edition, all exhibit the habit and grasp of his mind; they constituted the labors of advancing years, and are creditable to his candor and to his versatility. He had no timidity at any time in the face of then accepted axioms, so many of which have since proved to be subtle assumptions. "I defy a man to penetrate the secrets and laws of events without something of faith. He may look on and see, as it were, the twinkling of stars and planets, and measure their distances and motions; but the life of history will escape him. He may pile a heap of stones, he will not get at the soul."

When Ranke told him that his history was the best book ever written from the democratic point of view, and that he must continue consistent in adhesion to his methods, he received the dictum as the speaker intended, and with polite attention, but without comment. A few days later, however, he wrote, "I deny the charge; if there is democracy in the book it is not subjective, but objective as they say here, and so has necessarily its place in history and gives its color as it should." These are complementary passages, and make clear the antinomy which besets every faithful, candid worker in the field of history: to secure the accurate record of facts and not to shirk the manifest judgments which emerge from the connected tale. Meaning there is in the pages of history, but there should be the very least possible of intention to make a special plea or to exhibit prejudice in weaving the fabric.

The conclusion and summary of the biographer, though short, are comprehensive and dispassionate. They probably represent the judgments of the hour with all accuracy. But these judgments are, in the nature of the case, cold and unsympathetic to those who knew the man; to readers who did not know him they give, as some have told me, a sense of hesitancy. Some years of daily intercourse with Bancroft and the circle of his

famous friends in Berlin, considerable acquaintance with survivors of the circle in which he moved during his residence in New York, and visits of some frequency during his life in Washington and Newport, such are the claims of the writer to speak from the personal standpoint; no other is possible for him. It is with this reserve, and with some hesitancy, that he yet feels impelled to express a certain sense of disappointment that the total impression of the book should, for him, be what it is.

The greatest men are human, and the publication of petty details such as our forbears were wont to consign to oblivion has become the engrossing occupation of hundreds who aspire to be historians. The horizon of men is distinctly proportionate to their elevation of soul. The best society knows its own and debars the rest. It would be well for the readers of this biography to lay some emphasis on the fact that the doorstep reputation of most men is quite different from such an one as that which was lavishly, appreciatively bestowed upon Bancroft by his contemporaries everywhere, except in Eastern Massachusetts, where the elect chose for some time to regard him as a "sport," with "fantastic" ideas and manners. This bias prolonged itself. I heard the few cold words with which, some years ago, Richter's portrait of Bancroft was announced as a gift to Harvard, and marked the frosty indifference of the graduate assemblage to the circumstance.

When New Jersey was erecting the battle monument at Trenton and proposed, on the authority of Bancroft's pages, to inscribe on the base Lord George German's terse words about "that unhappy affair" which had "blasted all our hopes," it was a Boston historian who dryly remarked in a letter that this was one of the things Bancroft thought ought to have been said, but there was no proof that it ever was said. The phrase so eruditely dismissed as invention was promptly found by a friendly fellow

student of the historian in the pages of the parliamentary debates.

All literature, even history, is the style not merely of the man but of his age. Who now reads the once widely-read Gibbon? Specialists and critics only. The storms which raged about Bancroft's research, and his use of the sources, only served to show that the age of Greco-Roman classicism, in which he was born and trained, was yielding in his maturer life before an age of stricter science. What was fair and true as the currency of one generation seemed dubious and spurious to another. He was only too eager to change his whole method of representation, and did it.

It was also possible that the evolution of his Protestant faith—from a type of conservative Unitarianism based on little more than a set of metaphysical distinctions, to a Congregationalism which, in his own phrase, attested that the "Elder Brother, as the link between man and God, between the finite and the infinite, was divine"—that this progressive confirmation of orthodoxy and abandonment of liberalism may have subjected him to misapprehension among those who held, in an ultra-Puritan form, the doctrine of immediacy. This is a pure surmise, but it seems likely; and there is no odium so acrid as the theological, unless it be the scientific. However this may be, it is unquestionably true that those of like origin with himself were disposed to think him a deserter, especially when he declined membership in a Unitarian union and reasserted that he was a Congregationalist. Bancroft was never in sympathy with the pride of birth and intellect which saw in the history of his country a history of Puritan expansion; that the sea-board colonies were Calvinistic in politics he set forth in a vigorous essay, but he appreciated the qualities of cavalier as well as of roundhead, of Scot and Irish as well as of East Anglian, of the established churches as well as of the dissenting sects. Their respective contributions to the resultant of American con-

ditions are all woven in due proportion on the woof of his narrative: and justice is done to Quaker, Baptist, and Methodist, whatever the ecclesiastical establishment of New England may feel, or may have felt rather, to the contrary.

What a commentary it is on the force of opinion, what an admission of sensitiveness, that apology should come unbidden to the writer where the note of triumph should be dominant! Bancroft's associates in the days of his maturity knew him as a bold man, strong in battle with himself and with others; the expression of his face when at rest mirrored his sanguine, happy disposition; possibly he had little humor (most thought so), but he was both quizzical and witty; he was alike nervous and passionate, but he was neither sullen nor vindictive; controversy he thoroughly enjoyed, yet he was sensitive to even worthless criticism; what appears labored and florid in his style was largely due to his writing English in foreign countries; he would spend many minutes in his efforts to avoid a teutonism or a gallicism, and the result was too often a loss of spontaneity. Many chapters of his tenth volume were, after apparent completion, rewritten seven times, and each time his joy in the changes showed his conviction that he had conquered infelicities of expression.

The habitual use of foreign tongues is destructive of simplicity and directness in the use of our own. Widely as Matthew Arnold traveled on the Continent, nothing but dire necessity, not even politeness, could force from him a written or spoken word in any tongue save his own. His English style was his very life. The degree of mastery in the great continental tongues which Bancroft possessed and his delight in intellectual gymnastics, as well as an innate consideration for others, led him in conversation to use German, French, and even Italian, to an extent which greatly disturbed the clarity both of his thought and of his expression. Yet he fairly reveled in the expansion of horizon which accompanied his acqui-

sition and use of modern languages. It was a choice which he had to make, and he made it deliberately. Whatever the result, there is a definite meaning in all his sentences, though it is sometimes necessary to search for it; when found, it is generally poignant and sometimes even disconcerting in its trenchancy.

Our biographer accepts and emphasizes his author's declaration of a desire to write an "epic of liberty," and twice in the book attention is called to the criticisms of Carlyle and Ranke on the performance of the task, excusing Bancroft's procedure with his material by the plea that epic writing required epic methods. It is a kindly purpose that the biographer has in view, but the excuse is unnecessary. There was not a contemporary, including both critics, who was able to dispense with the mosaic collocation of material, to avoid the adoption and appropriation of compilations from manuscript and oratorical matter, or whose aim it was to furnish at once a living text and a series of verified references. Carlyle's misrepresentations of the events in the French Revolution have been mercilessly exposed, and Ranke's voluminous output can be judged only by the examination of all the manuscripts he consulted, not by the references he gives. In all his later works footnotes are conspicuously absent. The assembling of detail is antiquarian, the truth of general effect alone is historical. To produce the latter is masterly; the former is mechanical investigation, and its reproduction for the laity misleads far more frequently than it guides.

The question of footnotes has been undergoing searching examination, and the greatest writers of so-called scientific history in our own times have minimized the use of them to such a degree that, in the last analysis, they challenge the test of a historical product as lying in the personal character of the author. They indicate their sources, but they do not excerpt and print them, because scraps are not samples of the whole; expert judg-

ments must stand or fall by the general effect of the work. It is only where authors present new facts which radically affect or change the view of focal events and heroic men that an excursus on the evidence or a series of references is essential, or even desirable. We cannot share the biographer's regret that Bancroft at a certain point abandoned the ostentation of elaborate footnotes. The subject is too broad for treatment here, but let us remember that a passing remark which assumes as settled what is very unsettled, is not conclusive.

But this brief appreciation of the book must end where it began, with hearty commendation. The points which have been examined concern largely personal feeling and the matter of emphasis. Our author forgets no single one of them, and says everything that should be said about his subject as a statesman and a man; creating, by selection from original papers and running commentary, both

atmosphere and perspective for the capable man of affairs. The art of practical politics is the art of compromise. Bancroft's procedure in public life was essentially that, though he would have been shocked by any charge of variableness or turning.

To live serenely is to be adaptable, and this was Bancroft's effort, though it was not without envious remark that he passed from stage to stage of the social hierarchy. But his successes did not diminish his value as a working citizen, they heightened it. Similarly, as a historian, his reputation, great in his own day and throughout the world, may be slightly obscured in the present generation, because of vacillating standards in criticism. I have only ventured to suggest that it is likely to shine forth after local and partial eclipse, with undiminished brightness, and to emphasize the reasons for the local obscurity in certain minds.

GOING BLIND

BY JOHN B. TABB

BACK to the primal gloom
 Where life began,
 As to my mother's womb,
 Must I a man
 Return:
 Not to be born again,
 But to remain;
 And in the School of Darkness learn
 What mean
 "The things unseen."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OUR TOWN

IN the minds of many of us, Our Town is still the homely ideal of two long centuries, overgrown from year to year with the woodbine and honeysuckle of pleasant traditions. For example, we refuse to realize that Main Street, once broad and striped down the middle with an oblong island of grass and flowers, has been shod with the brutal æs triplex of trolley-tracks, and that a section of new-laid cobblestones joggles passing buggies with modern vivacity. I remember that when they abolished the former man-slaughtering grade-crossing, where the tall white fingers of the gates swung down to the warning of a gong and the nearing locomotive whistle, Christopher Camp, the most paternal of city fathers, opposed the innovation fiercely, writing many letters to the *Springfield Republican* without avail. He always drove around a quarter of a mile by Market Street, and rattled joyfully over the tracks there. But, just before Mr. Christopher died, the railroad bridged that place too — the old man did not live to avoid it — and the funeral passed under. "It's good he ain't alive," Mrs. Sally Clark said as we drove to the cemetery.

Our Town owns a past glorious only locally with the memories of Indian wars, and a big man or two in state affairs, who, we proudly feel, "knew everybody" at the capital. We had one great preacher — the Congregational Church set up a tablet in his honor last year. Of course we did some things too ourselves, — built a town-hall and a library, started up mills, sold postage-stamps — as every town must. But we have always imagined ourselves somehow golden where the world perhaps sees only dross. We are a gigantic Narcissus hanging over the stealthy river below the hills. And the flower of

our metamorphosis is already reflected — to some of us at least.

The river has a good deal to do with it. In the centre of a level rim of mountains Our Town clusters on a round hill, running down here and there to the broad stream winding in shiny swinging loops through the flat lands. If you go up on the hill, you see, over the fringe of elms, a patchwork of cornfields, sharp green in the sun, row after row of heavy green tobacco leaves, tanning grass, nearly hay now, and the lithe yellow wheat. Once in a while a tree spreading wide for shade. Beyond and sometimes, to your surprise, in the midst of all, the river again, curving patiently towards the South, where it seems to lie in the gap of the mountains like a polished cimeter that has done its work. Although few use the river, except the Lumber Company, which browns its surface in the dog-days with logs, it is there. Our Town considers the river in a brotherly way, as a fishing-place, a swimming-hole, or a boundary between us and the eastern towns. But in the Spring the river comes to us, bubbling rudely over the meadows and scraping white lines on our orchard trees with its flotilla of débris. Then we behold our reflections in the mottled waters, and laugh at the curious distortions.

Where the river ranges little change comes except the gradual shift of beach and sand-bar, but in Our Town itself the alterations increase. One man still cuts hay on Elm Street, where the cars shake the ground constantly, and big automobiles throw up their temporary earthworks of dust in a moment and go. He cuts hay there behind his picket-fence on the big lot back of which the little peaked yellow house stands as if it had shrunk thence in terror. Moreover, he declares it's good hay, though Town Proverb saith that the rain always rains

when he cuts it. We all have some hay to shelter here, so to speak — something we like to do because it makes us feel, not different, not traditional, not exactly as if we affected old-fashioned ways, but I suspect it arouses the same sentiment which certain musty flowers and creased ribbons arouse in an old lover as he opens his box to gloat once more. One lady cuts her hay — to use that figure — by going for her mail every day in the year. A gentleman, not very old either, plays bridge with the newest and richest folks in Our Town, and then goes to bed by candle, disdaining the electric lights his son has had put in. Royalists under a new régime they are — who have kept a little of their own realm to bow and scrape in.

I do not think we are wrinkled or dried up in our antiquity; the river keeps us from that, for Narcissus would not have pined for himself if he had not been interesting. But we honestly like what we used to be, and temper the inevitable change as fast as it comes with the staid ripeness we feel sure Our Town possesses. We fought trolleys, but found that when the old horse died, these noisy breakers-in on our country haunts "did" pretty well. When the girls' school landed in the night, as it were, and grew under our eyes into a college, we stretched our arms conclusively after proving that "female" education was pernicious, — and invited the President to tea. So it goes. Naturally, simply, though some thought it was wanton at first. The minister — he was born in Our Town — preached on that one Sunday and showed why.

I did n't agree with him — logically. But the next night I rode in the newest and fastest motor-car in Our Town, a thing which seemed a sacrilege escaped from a paint-shop when it came. It still seemed a sacrilege as we slewed past the Curtis place under the trees, flared into the silent Main Street, and so out over the river on the covered white bridge; then across the meadows on the other side. But there I became reconciled.

The long hummocky ridge of dark mountains lay to the South, under the moon, floating easily in the clouds. The musty fields smelled sweet of the new-cut grass and the up-turned furrow. Sections of white state-road fence dove by, curving into the culverts they guarded. Once in a while, from somewhere in the throat of the beast, came the singularly clear, insistent, at first tremulous call, speaking of road and mist and of the soul of the country whereof Our Town lay glistening on the hill — its heart. It may be foolish, it is illogical — I may have been carried away — but I returned again, jaded and jostled and sleepy, more in love with My Town than before, though I'd been,

"Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back."

Delos was Our Town, and we were back. The automobile slid off somewhere into the darkness, and as its red tail-lamp melted out, I walked up the board-walk (that is *our* hay crop), and watched the moon, — foolishly enough. Presently Our Town slept. The College clock struck ten.

THE POND-PASTURE

THROUGH the open farm-house window, with its old-fashioned framework, cracked by sun and time and freshened by clean thick white paint, I looked into the summer rain, falling fast and straight, and vivifying all the green of field and woodland, of tall elms and oaks, till the very moisture of the air seemed green. Across the road, with its wide irregular border of grass, the low stone walls hemmed in the different fields; the hill-pasture, the pasture where the low-bush blackberries ripened in a tangle of vines, the pond-pasture, with its row of great oaks standing beside a little circle of water, gray in the falling rain, and its mossy cart-track leading under the oaks, toward the high blueberry bushes and the background of young birch and alder.

All that was outside the window. Inside was the book, a small brown volume,

one of a dun-clad set which had claimed me by their titles on my first rapid, initiatory glance over the bookshelves a week or two before. The *Conduct of Life*; *Nature*; how they beckoned to the thin half-grown soul which at fifteen found the conduct of life already a matter of unspeakable difficulty, and nature a beautiful radiance somewhere outside of it, hinting, in its sun rays, at a golden clue! Between the covers of those brown volumes I had struggled and soared ever since, fiercely combatting passages which, measured by the tiny rule of previous readings and teachings, were surely untrue, clutching at others to try to wrest from them a meaning before they vanished from me forever, amazed and enchanted at the greatness, here and there, of brief, glorious, convincing truths. And more and more there came upon me the sense, such as the climber may have of his summit, of a region behind it all in which these opposites stood reconciled, from which they all came in one sense and spirit, the great open upland which was the mind of Emerson.

What was the meaning of those light, but lofty, allusions to idealism, to its possibility, its truth? It was not for the first time that I met the word. There was another older brown book on the shelf at home, Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*, in which I had browsed with much relish of its anecdotes and arguments against the idealists. I had heard of materialism too: it had loomed up mightily convincing in the account of the early unconverted state of Charnay in *Picciola*; his subsequent conversion was a dénouement flattened to the ordinary plane of church and Sunday school, of teachings received without opposition, but with no result save in vague yearnings toward an improved conduct of life. Could a great man, — for he was great and the adjective meant everything to me in those days, — in our nineteenth-century New England, deliberately ignore the worm origin of the silk, so repugnantly convincing to

Saintine's fastidious count, and indifferently expose himself, like the ancient philosopher of Reid's mocking anecdotes, to the ridicule of asserting the unreality of matter, yet getting out of the way of the chariot? What did it all mean?

The rain had ceased and the afternoon sun burst suddenly out of the clouds. I put the book away and ran out of doors, across the road and through the bars into the pond-pasture. The birds had taken up their interrupted song. The little sheet of water caught at once the blue of the sky and the glint of the sun, and danced in tiny wavelets under the fresh breeze. The bushes shook off in gusts their weight of rain, and rose again sparkling all over in iridescent drops. The sky was swept blue, and the remaining clouds hastened away, thinning at the edges, as they went, into silvery mist. Everything shone and triumphed. Its glory was a vision, the glory of a moment: in a little while it would be as if it had not been. Did it call the mind to rejoice, or did the mind, rejoicing, make it? Might not the reality of which we believed it to be composed, be itself a more persistent vision, in my retina, in other retinas, in the gaze of some vast universal mind? A light shone from the little brown book, akin to, but beyond the glory of the pond-pasture. Up to that time I had lived in a town, with streets laid out and houses built upon the brown common surface of the earth: from that moment and henceforth I was a humble denizen of a universe.

A BIT OF COMPARATIVE CRITICISM

THE pleasantest thing about writing for "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* lies in the fact that one enjoys such unblushing liberty to use the personal pronoun, "I," and feels no call to dilute it into the milk-and-water of "We."

Now, at this present juncture, I — and not somebody else — feel impelled to

indulge in a purely egoistic bit of comparative criticism, based on no other shred of warrant than abnormal individual experience. My theme of comment is suggested by the startling description given by the famous African explorer, Livingstone, of his peculiar sensations when suddenly sprung upon, felled to the ground, pawed over, and breathed upon by the blasting pants of torrid breath from the lungs of an enormous lion.

He was not — so he insists — in the least terrified. On the contrary, he at once insensibly lapsed into a pleasing, half-dreamy state of consciousness of all that was going on; viewing, however, the whole transaction from an objective, rather than a subjective, point of view, as though the tragic scene were entirely concerned with a certain Dr. Livingstone in whose personal fate he felt at best a merely intellectual curiosity, and a not at all selfishly biased interest.

"Sheer absurdity!" exclaimed thousands of readers of the narrative. Livingstone's yarn is essentially incredible, and a simple slap in the face to every recognized law of human nature. His terrible African lion must have been some chance tabby cat, astray from a missionary station. The bare idea of his amusedly contemplating himself, when the helpless victim of a ferocious carnivorous beast, as though he were somebody else! Tell that to the marines! — of whom there are on shore quite as many as on shipboard.

Not content, moreover, with such monstrous tax on human credulity, this self-same Livingstone proceeds to expatiate on the immense moral relief he later derived from his peculiar experience, through its philanthropic bearing on a class of seemingly cruel transactions in the realm of nature. The ways of a cat, for example, in lingering out the torture of a palpitating little mouse, had always been a sore oppression to his heart. Thenceforth, however, he had taken unspeakable comfort in the conviction that the mouse in

the claws of the cat was not really suffering, any more than he had been in the claws of the lion.

The mouse was simply hypnotized. The initial shock of fear had acted as a soothing anodyne, practically benumbing certain large tracts of feeling, but, like opium, imparting intensified vividness to dream-consciousness; in fine, so we suppose Livingstone would have his readers believe, translating the mouse into a miniature Thomas De Quincey, lacking only the dower of literary gift to write a no less fascinating book than Thomas on the peculiar felicities of opium-eating.

Now for one, on the score of kindred personal experience, I stand ready to back up Livingstone in the substantial accuracy of every statement he makes, and even to embrace his consolatory doctrine of the private sentiments of the mouse.

Some ten years ago, when in India, I drove out at early dawn with a friend, from the city of Jeypore, to visit one of those enormous subterranean reservoirs for the storage of water, so common in that drought-infested land. On our drive back, we had gone about five miles, when the road made a semicircular turn around a high rock-precipice, and in an instant our eyes were greeted with an appalling sight, and our ears stunned with a terrific roar.

Before detailing, however, what this formidable sight and roar came from, it is absolutely necessary to call a brief halt at this seemingly climacteric point of my story, for a description of the equipage we were driving in. I do so solely on the admitted logical principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

The equipage was an open barouche drawn by two horses. On the box in front sat a Hindu driver as nearly naked as Adam was before the happy suggestion of the fig-leaf, while on the platform behind stood erect another Hindu, in the same condition of "angel inno-

gency." The rich blood-shot brown of the skin of each presented a color study that would have ravished the soul of Titian. Meanwhile, inside the carriage, sat my friend and myself, as blanched and anæmic in contrast as a couple of white potato-blossoms against a brace of resplendent cardinal flowers.

Well, the appalling sight and terrific roaring came from an enormous leopard, not more than fifty feet from us. He had lashed himself into a frantic rage, and the yarr and snarl of his bestial throat were reverberated from the rocks of the cliffs in a way fit to rip off an avalanche of splintered shards. All the wild beasts I had ever seen in menageries seemed in comparison purring kittens, and besides, there had been iron bars between them and us. Four or five of his terrific leaps and he would be upon us. And he plainly meant breakfast.

Was I frightened? Not for a moment. I was simply hypnotized, and at once thrown into a pleasing, dreamy state, in which visual imagination became preternaturally quickened, while no sense of terror survived. The ferocious brute had acted on my mind as a soothing anodyne taken before a night of threatened insomnia; and at once a series of agreeable pictures began to float through my consciousness.

Curiously enough, I saw and felt myself seated at the head of a long, festive dining-table over which I presided as host, while at the opposite end of the table sat upright the leopard. On either side were ranged the two rows of guests. As hospitable master of the feast, I was intently engaged in carving a large turkey, and as I would cut off a sufficient portion, I would turn in due order to each successive guest and courteously ask, "Which do you prefer, white meat or dark?" All proceeded regularly till at last the turn came of the leopard, who, meanwhile, had displayed none but the most urbane and irreproachable table manners. "And which do you prefer, white or dark?" I politely asked. "Dark

if you please," was his immediate answer, with a gracious inclination of his head, an answer which diffused a vague but ineffable sense of peace through my whole being, I hardly knew why.

Afterwards, the data in actual sense-impression of this curious hypnotic dream became abundantly clear to me. They rooted of course in the sudden apparition of the ferocious leopard, and in the rich dark skins of our Hindu driver and footman and their contrast with the blanched and anæmic complexions of my friend and myself. But no trace of distinct recollection of any of these startling items — all the while, none the less, appalling actualities of the immediate outside world — obtruded itself on the present purely visionary scene. All had "suffered a sea change, into something rich and strange." The dining-table was real, the turkey real, the courteous question to each guest real; and the prompt reply, "Dark meat if you please!" from the gentlemanly leopard, was no less real.

LA CIGALE IN ECONOMICS

FOR a considerable time past, the writer has viewed, with increased misgiving, the tendency in modern ethics toward the Glorification of the Industrial. Not alone from the headlines of penny-dreadfuls, but from those of our most conservative and altruistic periodicals, does it stare at me in large-typed, not to say violent, reproach, this spectre, *How to Become Economically Precious*.

It was not always brought home to me thus unkindly. "In my day —" (how thankful am I to be no longer a very young person, and accordingly privileged to speak in such reminiscent vein!) there was none of this inexorable accounting of one's self as a commercial proposition. A love of beauty, an instinct for artistic and æsthetic creation, was not only encouraged, but enthusiastically applauded by our friends and doting elders, as being the finishing touch to the

"compleat" curriculum of that delightful period.

Is it to be wondered, therefore, that while contrasting the former with our latter-day educative ideals, I am sometimes filled with a poignant and shuddering sense of Thanksgiving — such as the survivor doubtless feels when he sees the engulfing of the friendly plank o'er which he has just passed to safety? I have "had my day," but I do not repine thereupon.

For — alas! rather from instinct than from any process of ratiocination, I realize that I am not industrially valuable: that from the economic standpoint I am not precious. I cannot doubt my status in the great world of commercial efficiency to be practically nil; my *raison d'être* meagre and unconvincing.

Moreover, it is with deep humiliation and even with some degree of alarm that I have discovered the difficulty to be congenital. I find my very noblest efforts at self-improvement invariably balked by a certain curious defect of temperament; an element so fatally irrelevant and mercurial as to be at odds with all recognized methods of systematic accomplishment.

Routine is disquieting to me. Disquieting, did I say? it is distressing; it is positively painful! According to my own diagnosis, I am afflicted with what may be termed an inherent aversion to the Methodical.

Think not, oh, kindly reader! that I have not sorrowed most heavily over the phenomenon. Times innumerable have I expostulated with this erratic and irresponsible Self, wrestling with it (as it were with what good old Socrates would style my "daemon"), and imploring it to get behind me, the while I humbly strive to become a better industrial unit.

But in vain. "*Es hat nicht sollen sein.*" Poor, happy-go-lucky, improvident Cigale! Forever the creature of glowing fancies — inveterate dreamer of dreams! Of a certainty, there is something ineradicable in this passion for the mystic; this absurd and unreasonable joy of living; and for her sense of humor — really, it

seems hardly respectable that it should have outlived so much of sorrow and disillusion, which by all decent rules should have killed it off long ago!

Occasionally, it is true, she has had glimpses of a better order of things. Take, for example, those rare moments of household drudgery, when, thrilled by the proud consciousness of fulfilling necessary, if unpleasant, workaday tasks, she experiences a delightful glow of self-righteousness, coupled with a proportionate severity toward all of her fellow mortals who may be of a more æsthetic habit of mind.

"Idle dreamers! slothful cumberers of the earth! clogs in the noble scheme of commercial progress!" she apostrophizes them, in a fine frenzy of righteous denunciation.

Alas for the pharisaical cigale, and her brief spasm of economic respectability!

Of a sudden, the thrush pours its rapturous note from the blue above, or perhaps the smell of lilacs, pure, cool, and intoxicatingly sweet, sweeps in upon the wet spring air; or the sunset bursts into a glorious riot of gold and crimson flame in the West. And lo! Instantly the old thrall is upon her once more; the old heart, awake and eager, and wild again in its passionate joyance of life, and color and imagination!

The duty that lies nearest is forgotten.

The prosaic dust-mop slips unnoticed to the floor; the array of golden biscuit (tender, nascent young things of lovely promise) are unhesitatingly abandoned to their fate. For the cicada has flown outside, into the open, and pauses there, breathless, ecstatic, prisoned by what Ruskin would term an "iron glow" of delight. Wondrous the fantasies she is weaving; magic the dream-vistas she beholds! Like Baudelaire and the child-like Verlaine, she feels an "unassuageable nostalgia for the places she has never visited!"

And only the insistent voice of duty recalls her at last to mundane conditions. To the discarded dust-mop, that must

now be wielded with increased energy to meet increased demands; to the biscuit of gold augury—oh, sorry spectacle!—become demoralized and shriveled to a decadent brown, long past the psychological moment of triumph.

An undesirable citizeness she, forsooth!

And so the thing goes on, despite her fervent contrition, not only seven times, but seventy times seven.

It may be that a new umbrella is needed, against the fateful rainy day. But such a luxury has to be indefinitely postponed. For, displayed with all possible ostentatiousness in the window of the big bookstore she passes daily—is there not that rare first edition of her best-beloved? (Ah, if only it were not tree calf, besides!)

Moreover, there is that matter of the little Corot she has already bespoken in a moment of dire temptation. While next week must be managed that ticket to the great symphony, whose divine strains are as nectar to her music-hungered soul. No, La Cigale has no choice! These things are necessities, and umbrellas and like frivolities must be deferred.

Especially so, since her earnings from her Art constitute a mere pittance—"next to nothing" as she herself con-

fesses, albeit without a thought of disloyalty toward her loved work ("Du Meine Wonn'—oh, Du Mein Schmerz").

But what if the bare pittance suffice? What if it mean the nourishment of the soul as well as the body? the living of the life beautiful and everlasting?

On this matter, she finds herself pondering deeply of late. In all humility, and only when stirred to meek protest by the invective of some uncommonly fiery spirit among the sublimated *journalists*, she (in deprecatory mood and solely for the sake of information) would venture to inquire,—

Whether, after all, there is no word to be said on behalf of the idealist, the lover of art, and truth, and grace, for their own sakes? The æsthetically unemployed! Would society be so rich without them—their aspirations, their vividness, their emotions and sympathies? May they not also serve, who only feel, and love, and create beautiful things out of their glowing dreams? Yea, even though they constitute so negligible assets in the great cosmos of commercial efficiency?

The world of visions! oh, but the long, long time that it shall last, after the industrious and glorified *journalists* shall have forever disappeared "beyond the veil!"

